February 15, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

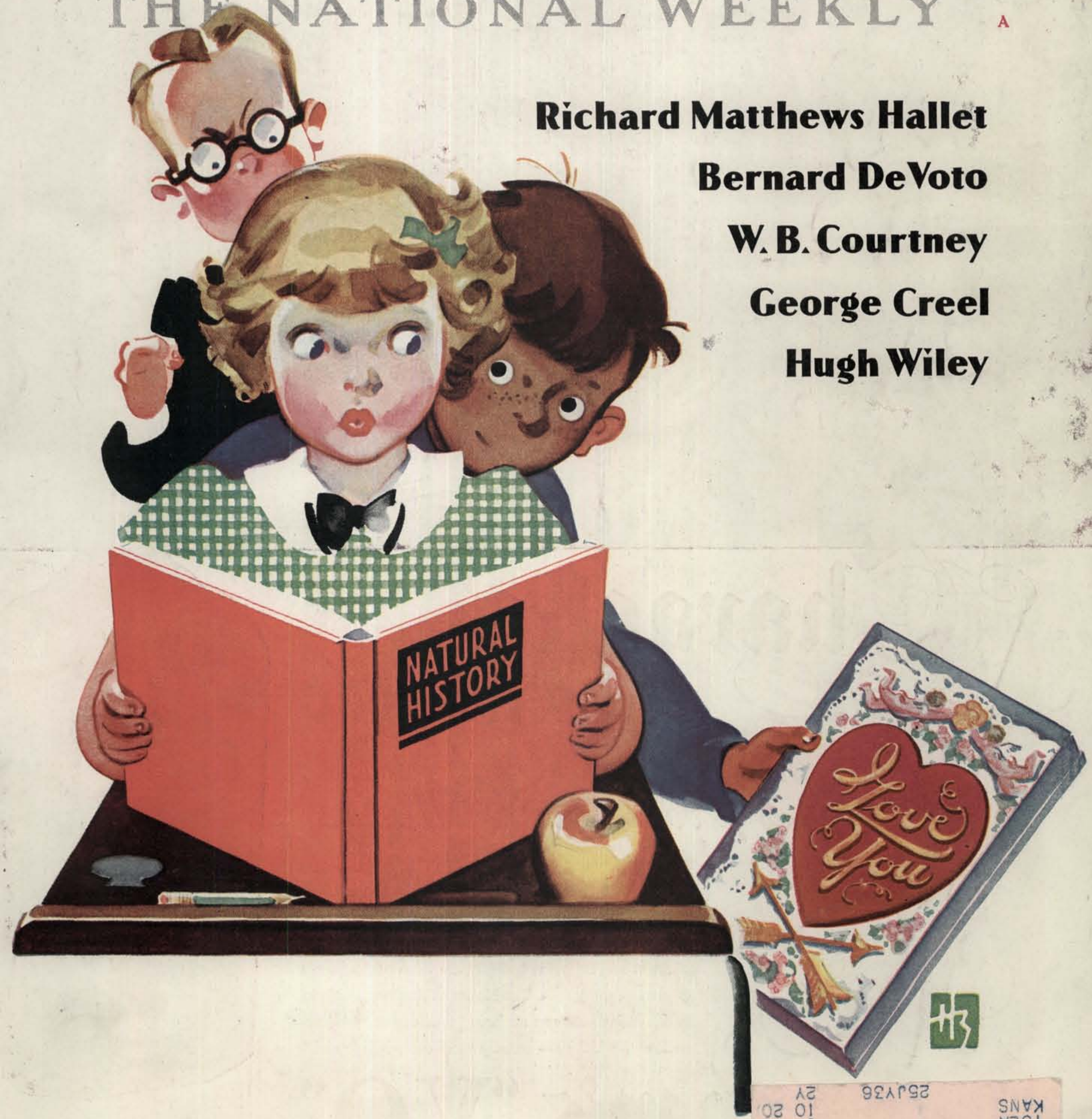
Richard Matthews Hallet

Bernard DeVoto

W. B. Courtney

George Creel

Hugh Wiley


NATURAL HISTORY
I Love You

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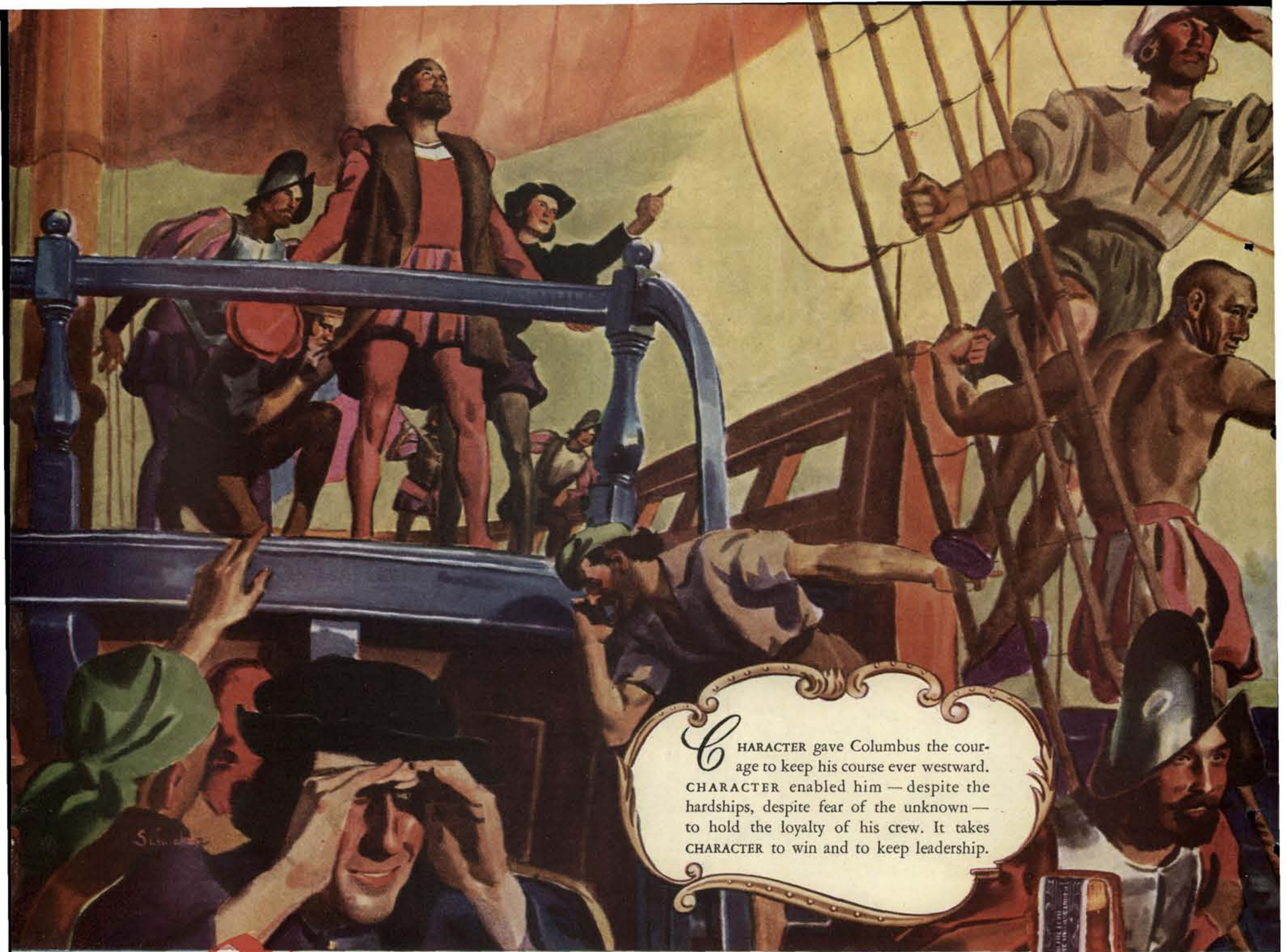

CHARACTER gave Columbus the courage to keep his course ever westward. CHARACTER enabled him — despite the hardships, despite fear of the unknown — to hold the loyalty of his crew. It takes CHARACTER to win and to keep leadership.

Character takes the lead

... and Character makes "V.O." America's favorite Bonded Whiskey

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From the very first day of Repeal "V.O." has been the leader ... first in sales of all bonded whiskies in America. Taste this distinguished 6-year-old and discover the reason. The distinctive character of "V.O.", its rich mildness and its warm bouquet, are born of Seagram's 79 years of experience. The House of Seagram holds in its bonded warehouses millions of gallons of rare time-mellowed whiskies — literally "treasure without end."

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Seagram's "V.O."

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Seagram-Distillers Corporation — Executive Offices: New York

A June Bride of 1955 can take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

ON THE "day of days" she'll have a smile as clear and lovely as any woman that lives. Dental science says she will. Her teacher—who taught her "Ipana and massage"—says she will. And the actual experience of millions of parents with Ipana and massage confirms these assertions.

Do *you* safeguard your own health and good looks as wisely? Remember that "pink tooth brush" is more than an unpleasant condition of dingy teeth and tender gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a serious dental warning. And your dentist says: "Never ignore it."

The reason is simple. The soft foods everyone eats nowadays do *not* exercise the gums properly. Gums get lazy, flabby, ailing. And when that warning tinge of "pink" appears upon your brush—it's a sign that you're an immediate prospect for Ipana and massage.

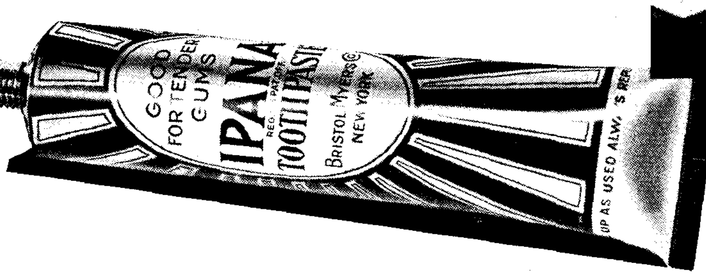
Ipana and massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the teeth and gums. For a little extra Ipana rubbed into your gums every time you brush your teeth brings new circulation into the gum walls. They feel stronger, better, healthier. They feel more alive because they *are* more alive.

Ipana is especially made to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. So begin today to avoid the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease—with this sensible and easy treatment for oral health, Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

• Modern schools everywhere are starting children on the road to a life-time of oral health by teaching them to massage their gums every time they clean their teeth.

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

MUSSOLINI'S scouts, scouring Europe for ships, resurrected an ancient German freighter, the General von Meter, from the quiet mud flats of the River Elbe. They waved their hands over her and, presto, she became the Sannio, a transport for the Roman legions bound for Abyssinia, the promised land.

Recently when the Sannio put out from Naples and wallowed off on her long course to the Red Sea port of Massaua, she carried, in addition to her contingent of cheering troops and laborers, W. B. Courtney, Collier's staff writer. In "To Hell by Troopship" he tells the story of the voyage, the story of disillusionment borne on the hot winds of the tropics, of a bright dream dimming before the bitter realities of Africa.

TAKE the case of a girl named Betty Detwiler, who had spent most of her life in Hilldale, Kansas, and was in love with a young man whose principal interest was a movie star named Violet Dawn. A sad case, you would say. Not hopeless, perhaps, but one that only time could cure. Betty thought otherwise. She developed a technique of her own for dealing with a "Movie Menace." In a delightful short story Jerome Beatty lays bare her method.

AT THE last state election in Ohio economy was in the air. Citizens had grown weary of seeing the tax money they parted with so painfully tossed about by politicians with so much gay insouciance. Something was done about it. At least a plan was drawn up for operating state government with business efficiency. Quentin Reynolds and John Breiel explain this "Business of State."

IT IS our hope that you have never come across anyone so tough as Richard Stone. A hard man, a brutal and ruthless man, we wouldn't mention him except for "Richard Stone's Wife" and their swift melodrama in the Canadian wilds. The story is told by Burnham Carter.

THE skipper of the Cynthia said: "A man can always put out to sea and get clear of the widows." It's open to question whether that's what he really wanted. At all events, James B. Connolly in a rollicking story of the Grand Banks shows you how "The Widow's Choice" almost cost him a very fine cook.

THE Short Short Story is by MacKinlay Kantor. Ruth Seinfel, R. D. Fanta and Freling Foster add a sprinkling of facts. And in fiction you will find Ernest Haycox, Bernard DeVoto, Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche. And also Philbert, diligent as ever.

This Week

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February 15, 1936

Cover by Howard Butler

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EDITORIAL
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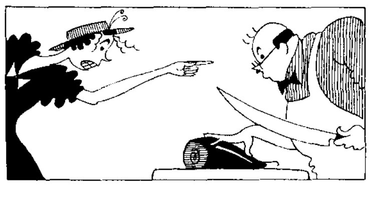
●

Any Week

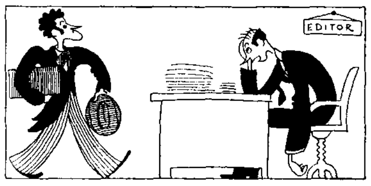
MAYBE the trouble is that we lack imagination. Lots of good men standing around ready to be put to work setting things straight. Kemal Ataturk of Istanbul, for example. The idea comes from Mr. H. C. Drayton of Pennllyn, Pennsylvania, who is particularly struck by the way Kemal has abolished old Turkish customs on the theory that the plight of the Turk must be due to his modes and customs. Therefore, get rid of said modes and customs and see what happens. Mr. Drayton thinks — and probably quite accurately—that with a little building-up and poetizing, this current Turkish Delight might become as famous and useful as that great, hardy, fearless and reckless Son of The Prophet, Abdul the Bulbul Ameer. He was always one of our heroes too.

YET we fear there'd be trouble unless we altered the Abdul's name a bit. Lots of us don't trust those foreigners. Mrs. Ula F. Folsome of Los Angeles, California, says she overheard a nasty passage between a butcher named Hausberger and a customer whose name she is unable to report. Apparently the customer owed Mr. Hausberger a long-overdue bill and he was a trifle reluctant to extend further credit, pleading that his creditors were pressing him. "All right," shouted the customer, "from now on I'll buy my meat elsewhere. I should have known better than to expect true American courtesy from a foreigner. But just you wait. We are going to get rid of all foreigners next election and restore the country to Americans."



WE ARE now on the verge of what Mr. George Nehmus of Portland, Oregon, calls "the open season for the political hack." Thousands of these "incurable jobholders and jobseekers" scattered all along the dreary trail from the sheriff's office to Congress are about to tell us how to save the country from a tremendous variety of calamities. But Mr. Nehmus is a just man. "Believe it or not," says Mr. Nehmus, "there is a class more stupid than the average political jobholder. Oh yes, there is. This class is the hack voter. The hack voter casts his ballot for the hack jobseeker because he himself is just as dumb, just as inefficient and just as venal. The hack voter's only indignation is that he isn't the hack jobholder."

MR. J. RICHARD WALDEN of Indianapolis, Indiana, has sent us four short stories. And we, being rigidly honest, have sent four stories back to Mr. Walden. The same stories too. We had forgotten all about the incident until reminded by Mr. Walden. But he wasn't satisfied. He started an investigation. He finds that we are a "combination in restraint of trade" and that "all your magazines are in cahoots against young and unknown writers." Therefore, he is going to ask somebody in Washington to invoke the anti-trust laws "against all editors and their pasty-faced assistants who live in daily dread that new blood will come along and force them out of their chairs."



THEREFORE, we think we'd better stick to such domestic matters as pensions and work-dodging and boondoggling. "I," cries Miss J. Froelick, of Paducah, Kentucky, "want a pension while I'm young and can get some fun out of it. What's the use giving money to people who are so old that they have neither the legs nor the stomachs to enjoy it?" And Mr. J. R. Council of Norfolk, Virginia, wants us to help him become President on a semi-Townsend platform. "I would pay them two hundred dollars a month," says he, "but also require them to pay a hundred and fifty dollars a month income taxes. Thus the government would collect about forty billions a year which would permit us to pay the soldiers a bonus every month. As for where the money would come from in the first place, that is something to be decided after I take office. That's the usual way, isn't it?"

NOTHING surprises us. We take in our stride even such discoveries as this one from Mr. Theo. T. Abels of Butte, Montana. "I have been informed," says Mr. Abels, "that the President of the United States pays no rent. Is this true? If so, why should a man just because he is a public servant be exempt from paying rent like the rest of us? I do not know how much the nation should charge in rent for the White House but if a President did not think he could afford it or if it was too much for him let him rent a cheaper place. Only ministers of the Gospel should get free rent."

AMEN.

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SHE is one of 850,000 owners of Bell System securities. They are typical Americans—some young, some middle age, some old. They live in every part of the nation.

One may be a housewife in Pennsylvania. Another a physician in Oregon—a clerk in Illinois—an engineer in Texas—a merchant in Massachusetts—a miner in Nevada—a stenographer in Missouri—a teacher in California—or a telephone employee in Michigan.

For the most part, Bell System stockholders are men and women who have put aside small sums for saving. More than half of them have held their shares for five years or longer. More than 650,000 of these 850,000 security holders own stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company—the parent company of the Bell System. More than 225,000 own five shares or less. Over fifty per cent are women. No one owns as much as one per cent of the stock of A. T. & T.

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HALF AND HALF

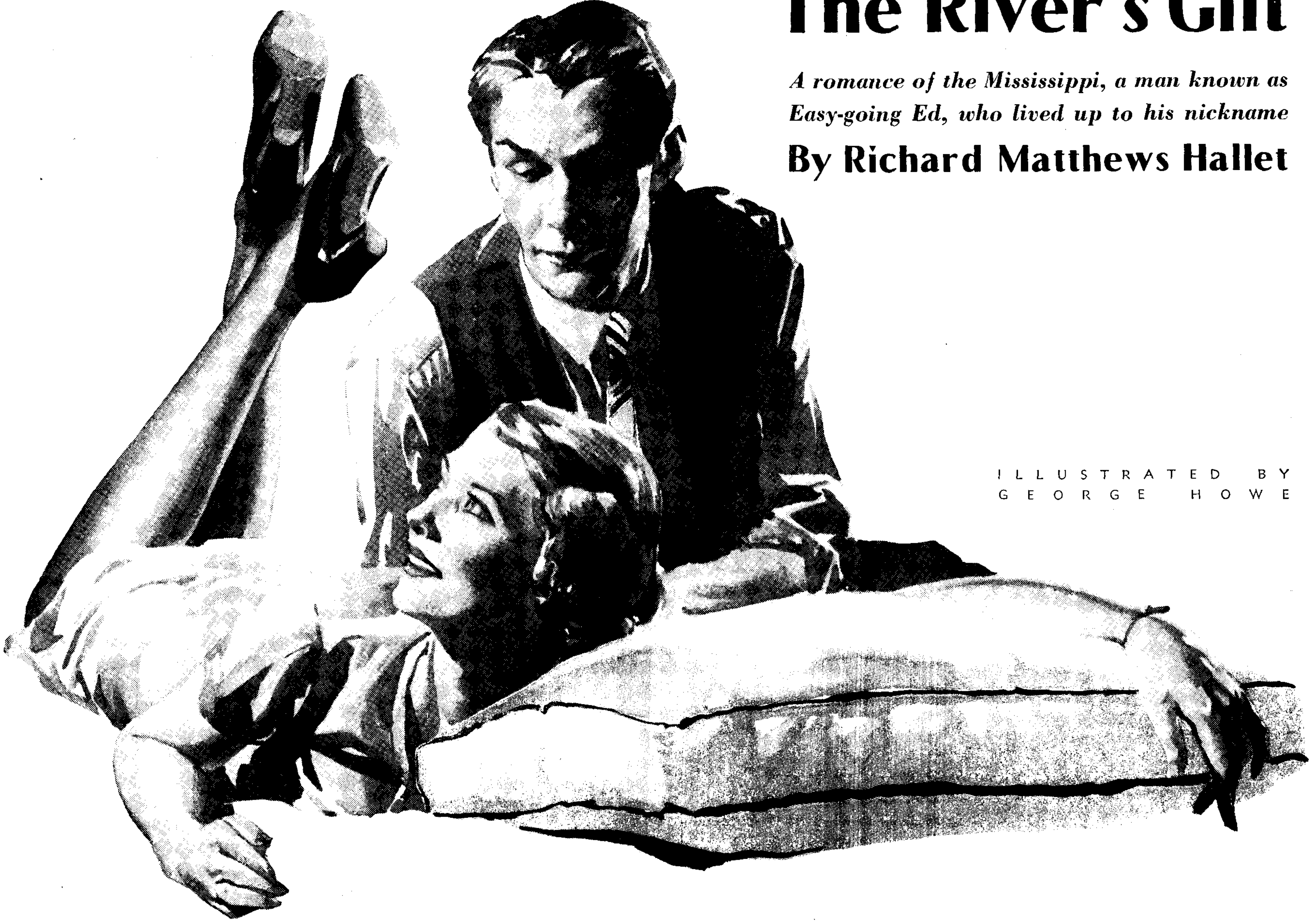
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

The River's Gift

A romance of the Mississippi, a man known as Easy-going Ed, who lived up to his nickname

By Richard Matthews Hallet



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

He made a little preliminary shuffle and then gave her head an abrupt twist

ED BARLOW was washed into Long Staple City on the ridgepole of a combination dwelling and grocery—owner unknown—that he had managed to lay hold of when the flood was at its crest. Easy-going Ed, they called him in Long Staple, because he just washed along with the river and never tried to go against the current.

Joe Barbey, the fire chief, used to take up arms for Ed.

"It was a good thing for Long Staple," Joe told Bud McNeil, "that Ed came along just when he did."

Bud was a razor-blade salesman.

"Ed made a good impression, did he?" Bud inquired.

"Sure did. He grounded out his grocery store with about half the town's population starving on the levee; and right away he was open for business, handing out cans of condensed milk and cans of marrowfat peas, just like he had a special dispensation from on high to save people's lives."

"Still, it wasn't Ed's grocery store," Bud pointed out.

"Say it wasn't. It was as much Ed's as anybody's."

"Maybe a man can afford to be generous with someone else's goods," Bud muttered. He was in the barber's chair.

"It was the way he done it," Joe urged, "cheering up the old people, and playing with the kids, and taking their minds off their troubles. He painted a sign that says, 'Noah lived through it, why can't we?' and stuck it in the levee; and it went great."

"Must have. Wasn't it about that time that he took Chris Thorwaldsen and her father in to live with him?" McNeil inquired.

Joe Barbey agreed that that was so. Chris was a tow-headed, starry-eyed spindle-shanks of a girl, say sixteen; and her father Axel was a meatcutter by trade. He saved his French saws and cleaver from the flood; and when the water went down, Ed Barlow hired Axel as his meatcutter, and set up as a groceryman in Long Staple.

BUD McNEIL took a shine to Chris—she was maybe seventeen by that time—and he used to loaf in the grocery, and do her algebra for her, while Ed was sitting in the inner office, reading the Long Staple Leader. It was a small-town newspaper, and had a lot of paragraphs in it that didn't go with anything that went before or came after. Plate matter, don't they call it? Plate matter gave Ed the answer to questions like "Do insects think?" and "Why do baby bats cling to Mother?" Plate matter told him that in the West Indies Chinese geese have been trained to act as watchdogs; and that the African bushman uses so many signs in speaking that he can't talk in the dark.

"In fact, it says here that on the island of Fernando Po, people can't even talk after *twilight*," Ed informed Chris Thorwaldsen one night after McNeil had departed.

"We'll have to have a rule like that for Long Staple City's citizens," Chris flashed at him. She adored Ed, but she was in high school and she didn't want him pestering her when she was in the midst of English composition.

"She's growing up," Ed told Axel Thorwaldsen. "Lot of deep stuff in these compositions of hers."

It was over Axel's head. A door had to be open pretty wide for Axel Thorwaldsen to go through. He was a dubious little man, with a straw-colored mustache and a tattoo mark on his forearm. Axel was full of fears. He had built a kind of scow or Noah's Ark out back of the grocery, because he was afraid the river would rise again. Easy-going Ed knew the river never would rise again, because the engineers had built the levees up higher than before. Then again Axel was always fearing the original owner of Ed's building might show up and claim it. Ed always laughed at this, and said the original owner had been a long time on the way.

Axel didn't like the way Bud McNeil everlastingly hung round the premises when he was in town.

"Chris is growing up. She can take care of herself," Easy-going Ed affirmed. "It says here," he continued without looking up, "that an elephant is really as light on its feet as a dancer."

He repeated that to Chris, when she was trying to teach him to dance, and Chris laughed, "As some dancers."

SHE wanted Ed to go to dances with her. There was nothing out about that. As a matter of fact, there was only a difference of seven years in their ages. Chris kept telling him he ought to stir his stumps, and not sink and sag and settle like an old man, and wait for things just to float in over the doorsill.

Ed grinned, and went right on being a father to her. She got out of school, and he got her a job as manicurist in one of Long Staple's beauty parlors. She was out in the world now, and sometimes she would bring Bud McNeil home, late, and play to him on that piano that had the flood marks on its legs. Ed had bought her that a year or two before, as a graduation present.

McNeil was good-looking, well set up, with black hair and a blue chin with a cleft in it. He had a good deal of poise; and Axel feared now that he was teaching Chris to take nips out of his flask.

This fear was not without foundation. Water was no good, Bud told the girl. If it would rust iron, think what it must do to the human interior.

"I'd rather wear out than rust out any day in the week," Bud often said. So he mixed gin drinks, and Chris sat playing soft melodies in the parlor over the grocery, and Bud leaned around with his gags and his sly digs and his soft nothings.

Below, in his office, Easy-going Ed would be reading a stray paragraph to the effect that a cleft chin in man is a sign of degenerate tendencies. Chris maybe would come down to get a pack of cigarettes off the store shelf; and after that the noise of the piano upstairs would die out, and Ed would grow nervous and imaginative. On one of these occasions, when Axel was at the movies, Ed got hold of a paragraph that said the ordinary individual took between three and four hundred strokes in shaving. A metropolitan barber would average a hundred and ninety; and the record for a smooth shave was somewhere around sixty-six strokes. . . .

HE FELL asleep, and Chris woke him with a kiss. She was getting to be the devil on his own home ground.

"Where's your young man?"

"He's gone away hours ago, Father Edward. Swell chaperon you are. Why don't you ever come up and join the party?"

"Too bashful," Ed grinned.

"Let you tell it. As a matter of fact, Bud has given me a pain in the neck tonight. Or maybe I sat all day in a draft."

"You want to quit drooping like you do. Straighten up," Ed said paternally. He got her to lie face down on the couch, and began to rub the wildcat out of her neck with his fingers.

"You've got a wonderful pair of hands, Ed," Chris said in muffled tones with her mouth pressed into the cushion.

"You've got a strong spine, girl. All signs point to a long life for you. I wouldn't want you to get off on the wrong foot."

"What's this leading up to, Warden?"

"I don't know. I guess I sort of figure you're my kid as well as Axel's. Kind of a joint ownership maybe. . . . Hold still now, I'm going to crack the leaders in your neck. Relax now. Let go everything."

He made a little preliminary shuffle, and then gave her head an abrupt twist.

"Save the pieces," Chris gasped.

"What I mean, I don't like to see you committing yourself to any particular thing yet in the shape of man."

"The shape of man," Chris repeated, standing up tall. "The shape of Bud McNeil, I guess you mean."

"Bud's all right. Still he's in twenty different towns a week, and he's got twenty different lines out."

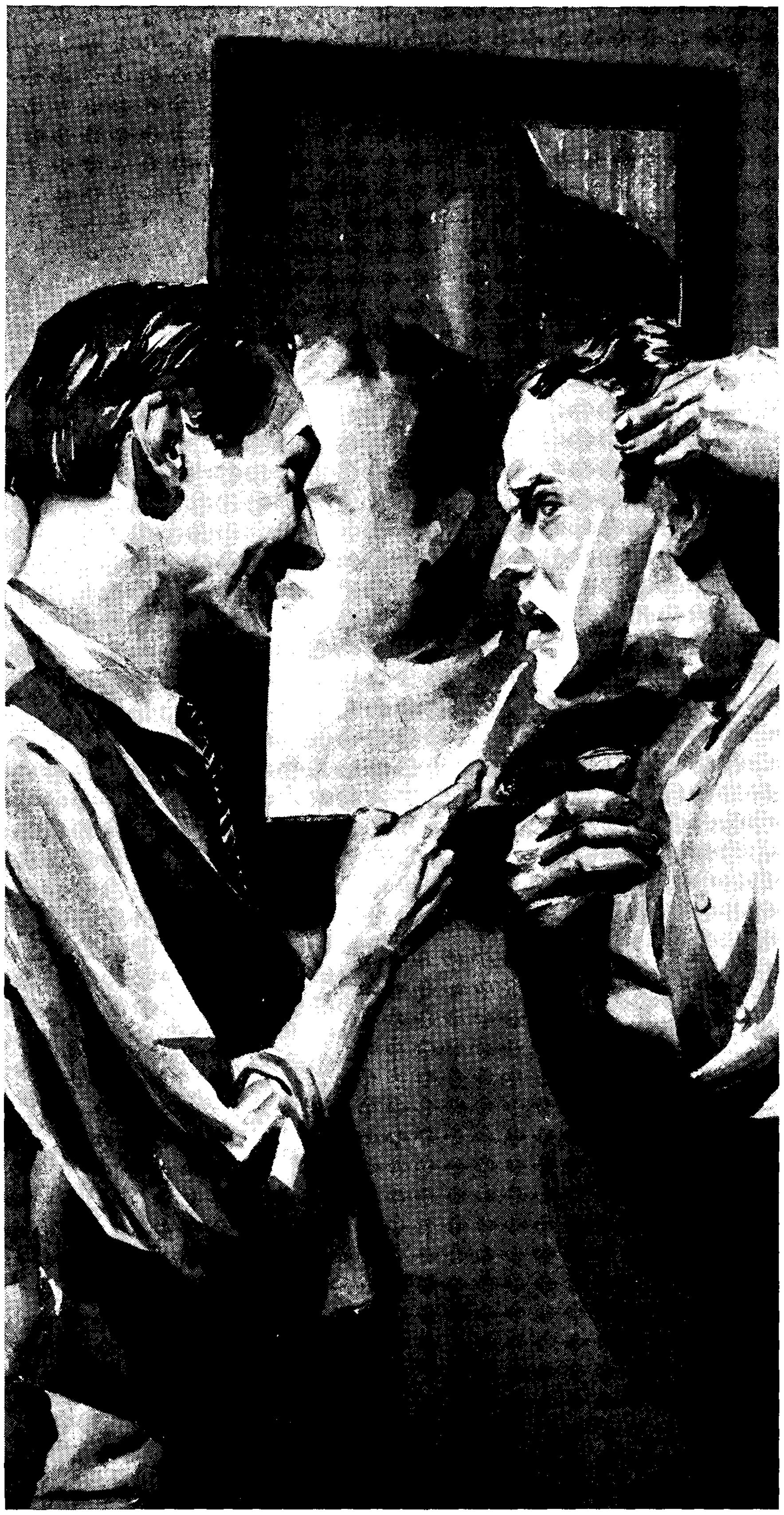
"Say he has. I've got twenty more out in one town," Chris laughed. She gave him a daughter's kiss to shut him up.

Easy-going Ed had methods of his own. The next time Bud McNeil looked in with that blue chin of his, Ed introduced the subject of that shaving record of sixty-six strokes—an all-time low, he mentioned. McNeil was a knowledgable young man. He knew offhand that he could beat that record.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Ed," he said boisterously. "I'll just make you a little bet—say a dollar bill—that I can shave myself with one of our stock razors in fifty strokes, you to judge if it's a clean shave. Come on now, you started something, feller."

Nothing would do but Bud must take his coat and collar off, and go for the record on the spot, with what help he could get from the cracked mirror in Ed's office. He thrust out his lathered chin, braced himself, set the steel to the skin just abeam of his left ear, and came down around the jaw line in one grinding, tyrannizing stroke.

"That's good. That's a good starter. You can't waste any strokes."



"That's a good starter. You can't waste any strokes," Ed said

In five minutes, Bud was finished.

"Forty-eight. . . . How about it?" he yelled, thrusting out his jaw.

"Forty-eight. . . . That's the number of states you sell razor blades in, isn't it?" Ed inquired, thrusting out a dollar bill lightly nipped between two fingers. "It's a shave all right, but I didn't advocate taking the hide along with the hair."

A towel was soaked down in McNeil's blood, his face looked like the battlefield of Waterloo.

"Maybe I nicked myself once or twice," Bud conceded.

"Nicked? Man, you're wounded," Ed laughed. "Now you can go around town and show your face as a shining example of what these razor blades of yours can do. They sure can do a job, Bud. They sure can!"

So Bud left town without showing his line of razor blades to the Long Staple trade. His face was plowed up too bad even for him to show himself to Chris, but he dropped a note to her and told her he had been called away unexpectedly to attend a convention in Cornfields.

"I guess there's nothing more to fear from Bud McNeil," Easy-going Ed told Axel Thorwaldsen. Axel moaned something about getting the river tacked onto them again. It was reported rising, he said.

THEN a customer came in. The customer introduced himself as Mr. Jeremiah Harkleroads. He was a little man, squat, with glassy blue eyes and a tallow-colored mustache with ends like rope ends. He didn't seem to be a customer primarily; but he did buy a cigar. Ed told him there was a prize of a box of cigars for the man who could smoke a cigar farthest down without the ash falling. He showed Mr. Harkleroads a cigar that was about half cigar and half ash lying on a picture post card under a glass cover. Ed was egg-full of dodges like that to get people to buy.

Harkleroads cleared his throat and said, "There's something I got to tell you, and I don't know where to begin. And still I'm a man that I almost invariably always plump right out with what I got to say."

"Don't hold back on my account," Easy-going Ed encouraged him. "I'm a good listener."

"I don't want to break your eardrums," Harkleroads said, "but the fact is, this building you're doing business in is mine. That is, it *was* mine before it got away from me, and I suppose it still is mine."

Axel Thorwaldsen was just coming out of the refrigerator, where he had been hanging up a side of beef, and he blurted out:

"I knew it. I knew it."

"Knew what, mister?"

"I knew there'd be a day of reckoning," Axel moaned.

"Sho, I don't blame *you*," Harkleroads comforted. "It ain't like a case of pilfering, same as if you had shouldered the building in the night and walked off with it."

"Where'd she come from?" Ed inquired.

"Hails from Cornfields," Harkleroads informed him. "She waltzed off at a time when I was in Chicago with my wife and kids. We've come right down to nothing, since we lost track of the property. All I had in the world was tied up here."

HE HELD the cigar vertical, so the ash wouldn't fall, and with his other hand worked out of a worn bill book a photograph of a washed-out-looking woman with two kids piled into her lap.

"Nice-looking kids," Easy-going Ed complimented.

"Here's a picture of the youngest," Harkleroads said. He flipped out a picture of himself holding the biggest kind of a brass horn, and a baby looking out of the horn, cute as a bug's ear.

"After I lost track of the property, I was a horn player for a while, but they got the horn away from me in the end," Harkleroads said dismally. "I ain't got so much as a wheelbarrow now, or I would let sleeping dogs lie."

"Ain't there a rule in the law to that effect?" Axel ventured timidly.

"To what effect, mister?"

"To the effect about letting sleeping dogs lie."

Harkleroads bristled.

"If you think sleeping dogs will lie, you just try coming through the fence," he shouted. "No, sir, there's a limit to sleeping dogs lying. Real estate don't stop being real estate just because it drifts over into another state. Why, if this house had been blowed to splinters, them splinters would still belong to me, and I could call 'em real estate."

"I did see a paragraph to that effect," Ed Barlow said. "I guess it just remains for you to prove identity. You know, like with a lost suitcase, you've got to name over what's in it."

"Where do you want me to begin?" Harkleroads said aggressively. "Suppose I say there's a lot of dates of times of starting up furnace fires in the fall, burned into the back entry with a red-hot poker. Not to mention a skull and crossbones, and a drawing of a girl in—you know—the altogether."

"That's right," Ed said.

Axel Thorwaldsen shouted, "How do we know he ain't been snooping round in back there?"

"What about upstairs then?" Harkleroads snorted. "The only way to get upstairs is to come through this store, ain't it? Suppose I say there's a bed in the front bedroom with a castle painted on the footboard."

"Right," said Easy-going Ed.

"Suppose I say there's an old flintlock nailed up over the bathroom door?"

"Right again."

"Suppose I say the tower-room is unfinished, and there's a spider's nest hung up against the wall there, with a little door that flops open and shut like it had hinges . . . and . . . and yes, by George, inside is a five-dollar bill that I was holding out on my poor wife, thinking some day I might be going on a bender."

"You take a look, Axel."

Axel came back with a crumpled five-dollar bill in his hand.

"You win, Brother Harkleroads," Ed said. "It looks like you have won the cigar-ash competition, too. The prize is a box of cigars, and you can take it right out of stock."

"Seeing I'm starting up business at the old stand," Harkleroads said, "I guess I'll just leave it in stock."

Ed Barlow reached into the cigar case for a cigar. He nipped the end off it, and Harkleroads said, "That'll be a nickel, mister."

"What say?"

"You wouldn't think you could go into a man's store and take something out of stock and not pay for it, would you?" Harkleroads snapped.

"You claim the stock as well as the building?"

"She was stocked when you found her, wasn't she? What became of that stock?"

"If you must know, we fed a lot of starving people with it, on a levee," Axel shouted.

Mr. Harkleroads reached for a cigar himself.

"That was *your* generosity, not mine," he said tartly.

"I guess that's right," Ed laughed. "Well, make yourself at home, will you, Harkleroads?"

He went into his office.

WHEN Chris came home, Ed had a bad quarter of an hour. Axel was out calking the scow, and it was left to Ed to give Chris a brief account of Harkleroads' invasion and proof of claim.

Chris flared up at once. She was the best-looking girl in Long Staple in Ed's opinion, and she was at her prettiest when she was mad.

"There you sat, the precious two of you, like bumps on a log, and let that man lord it over you," she cried. "Isn't possession nine tenths of the law? You had possession."

"Sure I had possession, Chris. But, listen—"

"You come up just as easily as a radish," Chris cried stormily. "You've got no roots, either of you. Wash down, wash down, and hang up on the first snag."

She pushed away from him in a pet, with her hair bushed out, and her cheek flushed.

Ed said, "What's that humming noise that seems to come from underground, I wonder?"

"That's Joe Barbey's fire engine pumping out the bank building. Water's seeping in there. I guess it's just a toe hold again for the river," Chris said with a little shiver. "There's a stage of forty-seven feet predicted for Memphis, but you won't think that's worth talking about."

"She won't go any higher here," Ed promised. "The river's at a standstill now."

"You're saying so won't make it so," Chris told him. "Who are you, King Canute's second cousin? . . . Ed, it scares me. The river scares me, creeping and meandering around, like a—like a snake—and you know how I loathe snakes. Put your arm round me and hug me, the way you did when I was a kid washed up on the levee. It's reassuring. . . . Tighter. . . . Gee, that's swell. Has Bud McNeil looked in today?"

"Haven't seen him."

"He's due again," Chris murmured with her cheek against Easy-going Ed's cheek. "What's your honest opinion of him, Ed?"

"Bud's all right. Maybe in the circumstances, you better honey up to him," Ed said. "I mean, where it looks like your father and I wouldn't be able to do so much for you from now on. Bud has got a good front, and he makes a good living. . . . I suppose you would live in Chicago."

"Chicago, yes. But do I love him? Sometimes I think I'd go with any man, if only he'd agree to do something besides just drift with the river," Chris whispered passionately.

"There's worse places than the river. It gives more than it takes away," Ed argued.

"So you say. But it puts flood marks on the human soul, let alone piano legs."

"That's pretty," Ed said. "Like what you used to put in your English compositions when you were a schoolgirl. Funny you never kept up that poetry-writing habit. Say, maybe the human soul does have high stages, like the river."

EASY-GOING ED was floating along in the middle of the stream of consciousness, grasping at straws and feeling like a drowning man generally. Lately he couldn't make Chris out at all.

"Tell me," she whispered, "do I have to give my room up to this Mr. Harkleroads?"

"Looks like it. You'll have to get yourself a room in town, and your father and I'll go aboard the scow. Then if the river rises—mind, I say, if it does rise—"

"You'll rise with it. . . . And if it flows, you'll flow with it. . . . No, no, no," Chris cried with her fingers in her ears and her gold hair shaking in her eyes. "I won't go with it. I won't."

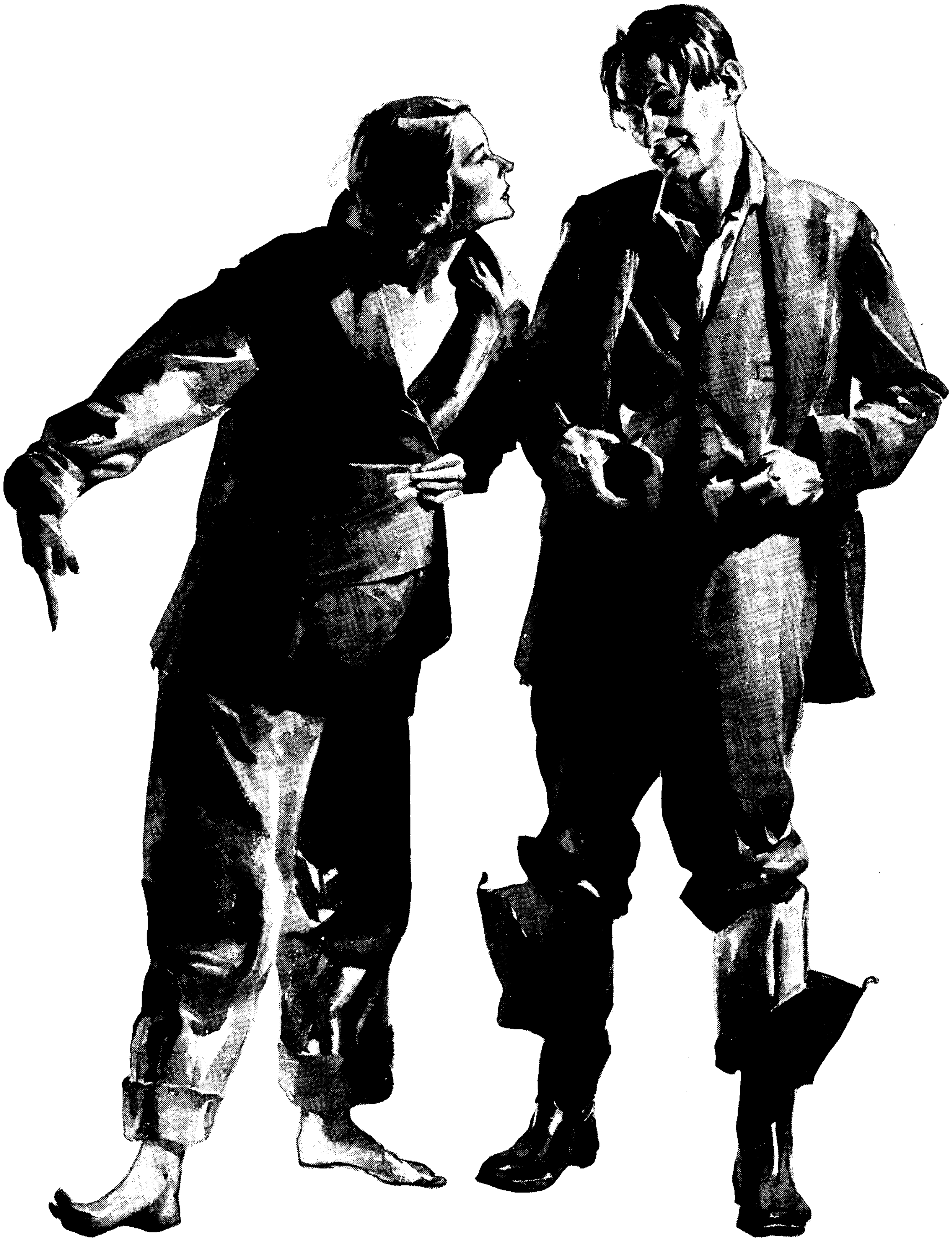
"You won't have to. She's at a standstill now," Ed comforted her.

"Much you know about it," Chris flung at him bitterly. "Much you *care*."

"Take it as it is," Easy-going Ed advised her.

Take it as it was, but just how was it, Ed himself began to wonder. One thing was sure, the river wasn't at a standstill yet. It was still rampaging, caving in its banks, lapping at the levees, hungering and slobbering the length of its meander line. It tore trees out by the roots, and drew them into suckholes with reports like cannon shots. Citizens of

(Continued on page 56)

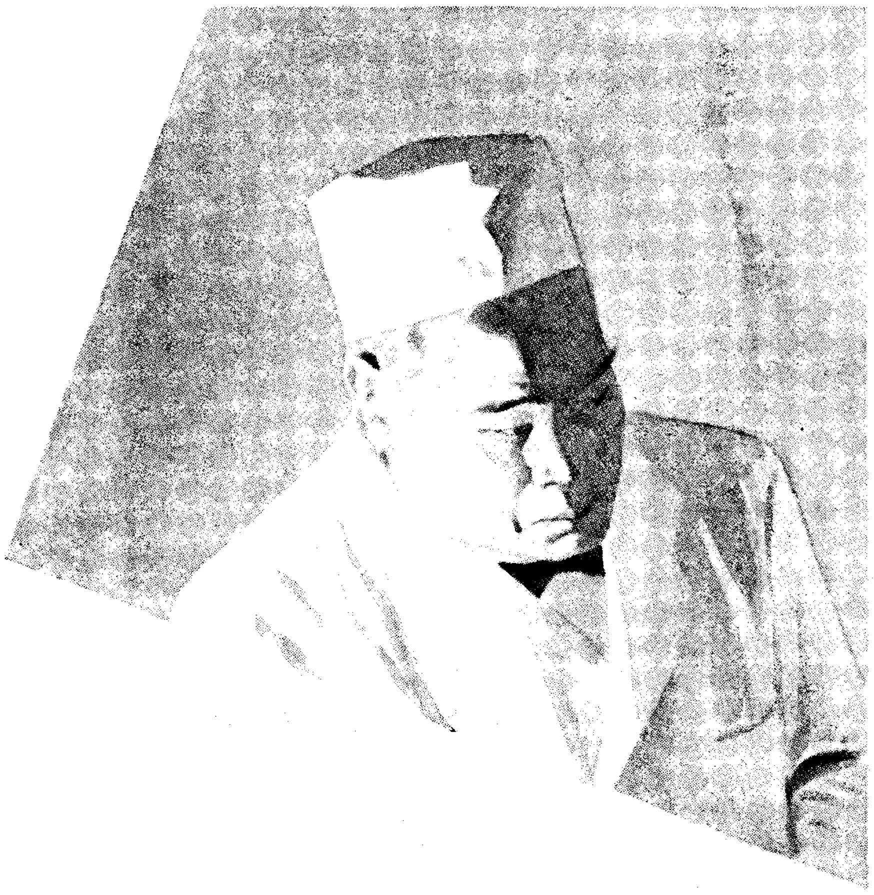


Chris, in a blaze, retorted, "Don't you think you can order me around"

No Witnesses

James Lee, undercover man, takes a little vacation and finds it decidedly more exciting than yours will be—we trust

By Hugh Wiley



"My heart is heavy with a problem for whose solution I seek your aid," he said

ON A FLYING visit to San Francisco, the chief took time out to compliment James Lee on the capture of the Palmer narcotic crew.

"We are all proud of you," the chief said. "You had a close call when Palmer opened up on you with his gun."

James Lee smiled. "Three shots at ten feet. Two of them tore the lining out of my coat under the left arm."

"Your luck is still holding. May I have a cigarette?"

James Lee extended a package of cigarettes. The chief noted a faint tremor in the hand that held the cigarettes. "You need a holiday," he said. "Let Franklin take care of the office for a couple of weeks. Get out into the desert or the mountains."

"I don't need a holiday."

"Your nerves need a holiday. Orders are orders. Make your application for thirty days and I'll okay it."

In his smile of acceptance James Lee showed a quick eagerness for the rest from duty that his chief had given him. His mind turned forthwith to contemplation of the High Sierra. "I guess I will go up to Sky Ridge for a couple of weeks."

The chief nodded. "Fair enough; I wish I could go with you. After dinner, why don't you drive up? Only two hundred miles, isn't it?"

"That sounds pleasant. I'll be at Sky Ridge an hour after midnight."

On schedule, in the Ridge House at one o'clock in the morning, greeting Chester Greeley, the proprietor of the place, "I am here under cover," James Lee said. "I want to rest. If you don't mind we will avoid what happened last time when you introduced me as a Department man."

The affable Chester Greeley smiled. "Fair enough. I understand. No more bedtime stories for the trippers. No more request performances by the distinguished federal operative."

"Thank you. Is old Hong Yet still with you?"

"He's still king of the kitchen. He will be glad to see you."

At breakfast next morning, to his Chinese friend, Hong Yet, who ruled the Ridge House kitchen, "I am here to eat, and to sleep, and to rest," James Lee explained.

"I will be responsible for one of your three desires," the old cook promised. "For your dinner tonight would you like six trout fresh from the icy water of Canyon Creek?"

"Twelve would please me even more."

"Trust me. Your hunger will be satisfied."

That evening at dinner the dining-room of the Ridge House was filled, due to an influx of transient trippers bound for a midnight dance in a town fifty miles farther along the highway. When James Lee came into the dining-room, the proprietor of the Ridge House introduced another guest. "I am sorry that we are so crowded tonight," Chester Greeley explained. "This is Mr. Archer Long of Kansas City. If you gentlemen will share one of those small tables together, I will see that young Harper takes care of you right away."

James Lee bowed. "Very happy to meet you, Mr. Long."

"Mr. Long is going to be with us for a month," Greeley explained. "He comes from Kansas City."

Shaking hands with James Lee, "What business are you in, Mr. Lee?" Archer Long asked.

"I am interested in two or three enterprises in San Francisco," James Lee said, veiling the truth with a plausible veneer of deceit.

"Business in Chinatown?"

Here the truth would serve. "Yes," James Lee answered; "a lot of my business is in Chinatown."

"I have a brass foundry in K. C.," Archer Long offered. "Started her on a shoestring twenty years ago and now she keeps me in expense money, at least. Haven't laid off a man in the last ten years."

"You are very fortunate."

Archer Long smiled. "I get the business—lots of railroad business. You been out here long?"

"I have lived in California most of my life."

"This here country looks mighty good to me. The more I see of it the better I like it. I have a mighty good mind to settle down right here in the mountains and spend the rest of my days loafing and hunting and fishing."

WITHIN forty-eight hours after Archer Long's arrival in Sky Ridge, the spell of the California gold country had claimed him. To the loafing crew of old-timers on the front porch of Ed Hall's saloon, in the little mining town half a mile from the Ridge House, "Gentlemen, I'm stuck on this country," Mr. Long announced after he had enjoyed his second glass of beer. "I am going to buy me a place right here in this town and spend the rest of my days hunting and fishing and loafing around with you boys."

After a moment's silence, "They ain't no good places fer sale any more," Ed Hall declared. "Only land I know of close around here that you might get is the Levi Minch property. His father left him the place. He's kind of sentimental and I don't know whether he will sell out or not."

"Levi don't need no money," one of the gang suggested.

"He likes money just the same," another member countered. "Levi has been a regular tightwad ever since he hit that rich placer ground near Little York."

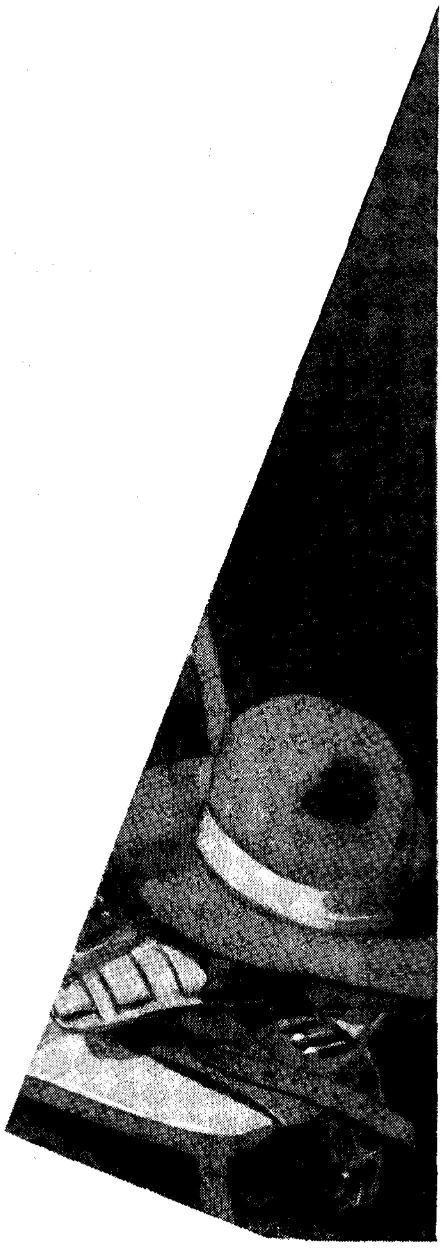
ARCHER LONG touched a match to a middle-class ten-cent cigar. "What would it take to buy the Minch place?" he asked.

Ed Hall munched on a chew of fine cut, and then, "I have seen the time when Levi would sell the whole twenty acres for five hundred dollars, but I tell you what to do, Mr. Long. You get ahold of two thousand dollars in small-size greenbacks. Go down and see Levi and slap the money down on the table in front of him and see what happens. It's worth trying."

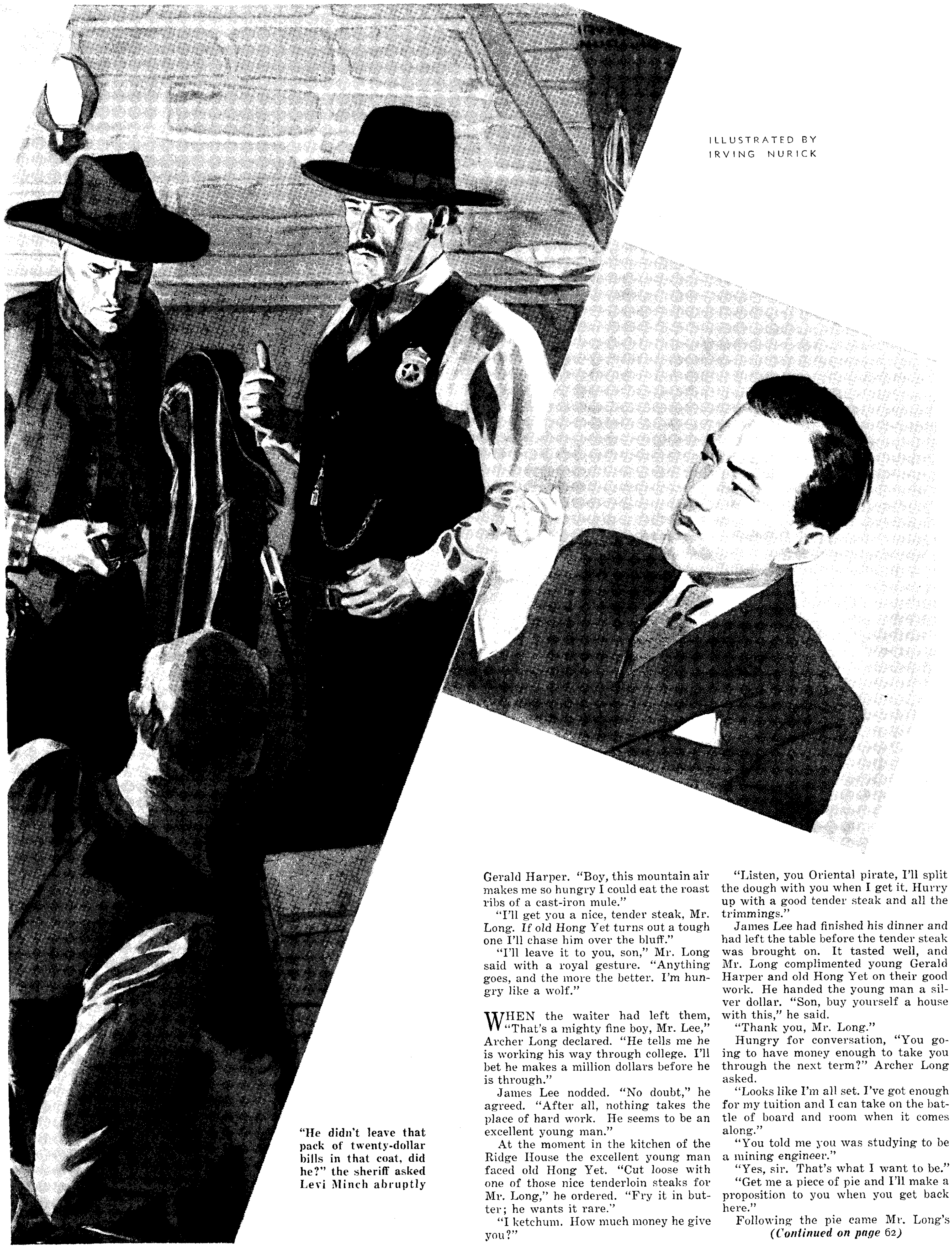
"I'll take your advice; I'll try it. Right now I think I will amble up and have a look at the place."

Absorbed in contemplating the delights of a peaceful existence on the Levi Minch place, Mr. Long detoured to his left en route to the Ridge House, pacing slowly up the main street of Sky Ridge until he came to the Minch property. He stood a while looking out across the interesting terrain, noting with unrealized pleasure the play of light and shadows that painted and darkened the rocks and pines of his desired domain.

"She's perfect," he said half aloud, so that his own ears might share the happy mood that filled his heart. The mood endured through the long mile of his route to Ridge House, and at supper time, after speaking pleasantly to James Lee, who sat across the table from him, "It don't make any difference what you bring me for my supper," he said to young



ILLUSTRATED BY
IRVING NURICK



"He didn't leave that pack of twenty-dollar bills in that coat, did he?" the sheriff asked Levi Minch abruptly

Gerald Harper. "Boy, this mountain air makes me so hungry I could eat the roast ribs of a cast-iron mule."

"I'll get you a nice, tender steak, Mr. Long. If old Hong Yet turns out a tough one I'll chase him over the bluff."

"I'll leave it to you, son," Mr. Long said with a royal gesture. "Anything goes, and the more the better. I'm hungry like a wolf."

WHEN the waiter had left them, "That's a mighty fine boy, Mr. Lee," Archer Long declared. "He tells me he is working his way through college. I'll bet he makes a million dollars before he is through."

James Lee nodded. "No doubt," he agreed. "After all, nothing takes the place of hard work. He seems to be an excellent young man."

At the moment in the kitchen of the Ridge House the excellent young man faced old Hong Yet. "Cut loose with one of those nice tenderloin steaks for Mr. Long," he ordered. "Fry it in butter; he wants it rare."

"I ketchum. How much money he give you?"

"Listen, you Oriental pirate, I'll split the dough with you when I get it. Hurry up with a good tender steak and all the trimmings."

James Lee had finished his dinner and had left the table before the tender steak was brought on. It tasted well, and Mr. Long complimented young Gerald Harper and old Hong Yet on their good work. He handed the young man a silver dollar. "Son, buy yourself a house with this," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Long."

Hungry for conversation, "You going to have money enough to take you through the next term?" Archer Long asked.

"Looks like I'm all set. I've got enough for my tuition and I can take on the battle of board and room when it comes along."

"You told me you was studying to be a mining engineer."

"Yes, sir. That's what I want to be."

"Get me a piece of pie and I'll make a proposition to you when you get back here."

Following the pie came Mr. Long's

(Continued on page 62)

H-e-l-l-o, P-a-r-i-s!

By
Owen P. White

Who's the world's foremost messenger boy? The answer is—England. She has gained and held that position by shrewdly anticipating the future and by appreciating such eccentric fellows as Mr. Marconi. But wireless is a game that two can play at, and we now have some tidy installations of our own. This is the story of international communications

IN 1492, by failing to place its money on Christopher Columbus, Italy lost the biggest bet that had ever been made. It lost America. Four centuries and four years later, in 1896, by again failing to back one of its own boys, it lost another bet, another big one. This time the name of the native son was Guglielmo Marconi.

He was a mere kid, a bambino, and yet his mind was set on a venture in comparison with which the combined exploits of all the explorers who had preceded him, including Columbus, were as a jaunt around the block. They had kept their heels on the earth; their keels on the ocean. That wasn't enough for him. To his magnificent youthful imagination there was no limit. The air was to be his highway. He would traverse it with the speed of light, and already—although he had perhaps not actually contemplated the dizzy rise to fame of such wizards as Graham McNamee and John B. Kennedy—he had visualized the day when, with the aid of a pair of copper dishpans which he had manufactured during his summer vacation, space would no longer stand as an obstacle in the way of human communications.

That much is a fact. At twenty-one Marconi firmly believed that he could span the ocean with his radio waves, and therefore, since the folks at home seemed to agree that he was something of a nut, he packed his dishpans in a box and betook himself to London, where he sat down on the post office steps to wait patiently until Sir William Preece, chief engineer of the Government Telegraphs, would deign to see him. This was probably the most profitable step-sitting attempt on record. Sir William finally deigned and was at once interested. Where he, the older man with all his experience, had failed, the youngster, it seemed, had succeeded; and so it was only a day or two until the boy's dishpans were set up and he was giving the eminent Britisher a demonstration of what he could do with them.

And England Took Notice

It was epoch-making. Signals were sent and received over the length of a long room, and then, within a week, when field tests were made, the incredible distance of two miles was achieved. That settled it for Sir William. Here was something that Great Britain, which then had a monopoly on international communications through its ownership of undersea cables, had to own. It couldn't afford not to own it. The thing, you see, might work. Marconi's dream might come true, and if it did, if men could learn to communicate over vast distances with the aid of dishpans instead of wires, the cables would, as a matter of course, become obsolete, thereby causing England to lose its controlling position as the world's foremost messenger boy.

As Sir William saw it, this was something to be avoided, and so, just to obviate the threat that some other country might become the proprietor of Marconi's fantastic notions, he told the young man to go ahead and take out a British patent on the transmission of messages without wires by the use of artificially created electrical oscillations. Marconi did so and immediately, almost as quickly as if wireless telegraphy had carried the news, a grand scientific rumpus was stirred up. Maybe jealousy was behind it. I can't say as to that, but at any rate, scientists from everywhere leveled their guns at the young Italian and began shooting at his patent. Marconi, they said—and they were unanimous about it—hadn't invented anything that had anything to do with wireless telegraphy, and neither had he been the discoverer of any of the principles which make it possible.

Now, the interesting thing about these charges is that they were quite true. Marconi had neither invented nor discovered anything new, but what of it? Let's glance at the record and find out. The Leyden jar, which, by virtue of its oscillating output of electrical current, rendered the study of this electrical phenomenon possible, had been accidentally discovered in Leyden, Holland, in 1745. In the early part of the next century Faraday had defined the laws of induction. In 1873 Maxwell had correctly, although theoretically, reduced electrical energy to motion in the form of waves in the ether. While in 1882 Heinrich Hertz had, by jumping a spark across a tiny gap in a ring, produced artificial waves which duplicated themselves across a similar gap in a similar ring hung on the other side of his laboratory.

Thus it is true that ever since 1882, since 1873 in fact, the scientists had had in their possession the secret upon which Signor Marconi now based his claim for a patent on wireless telegraphy. That was what angered them. They had had the secret but they hadn't known they had it, and now what could they do about it? Nothing. Nothing, that is, except first bellow their rage and then, as most of them did, doff their hats and do honor to a young genius who had been able to weld the scattered bits of knowledge which they had given him into an organized thing destined, as they quickly realized, to revolutionize the electrical world.

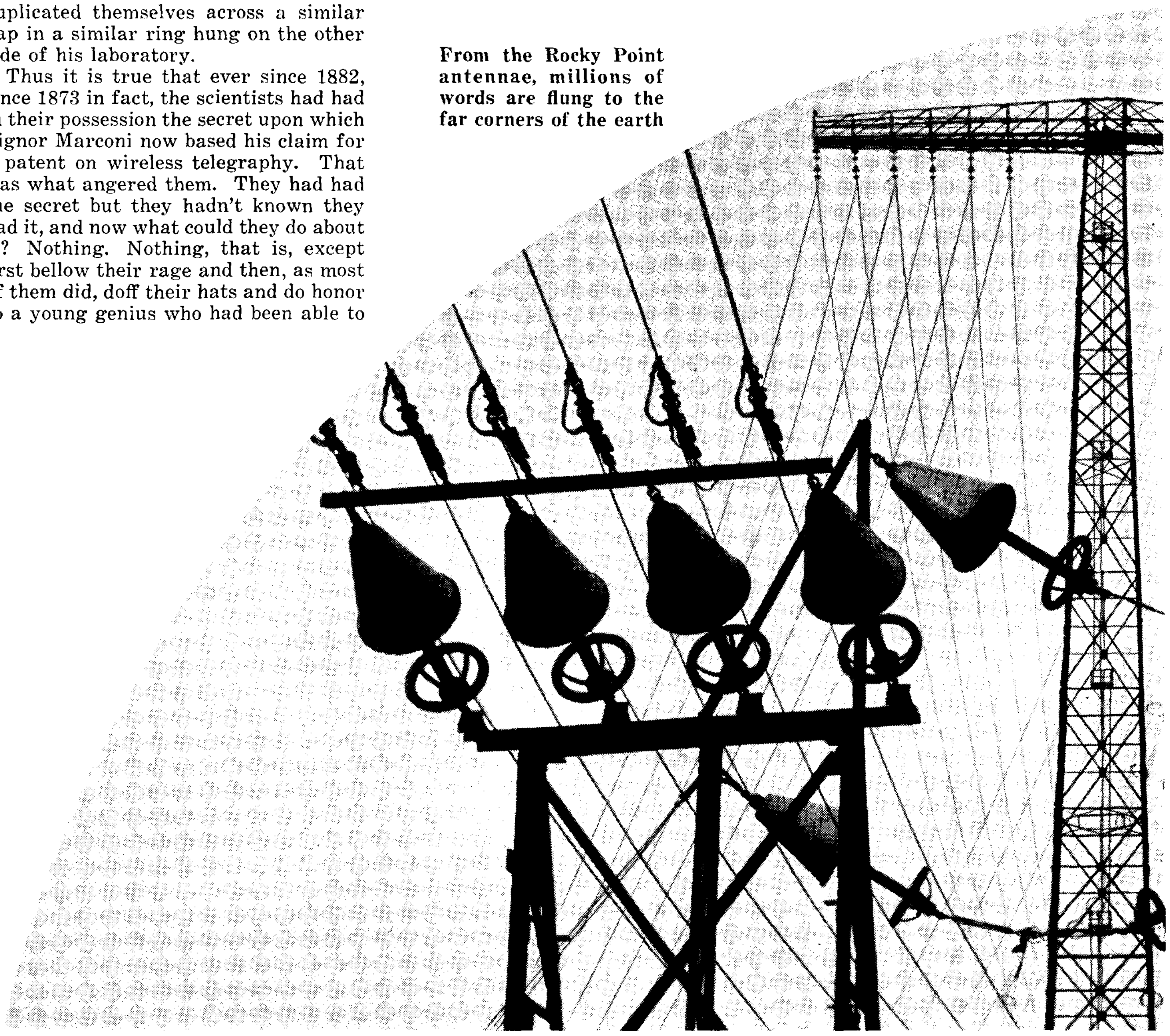
To Marconi, however, neither the brickbats nor the bouquets of the scientists were of the slightest importance. He was too busy to notice them. A group of farseeing Englishmen—who have been tremendously well repaid for it—had provided the young man with a half million dollars with which to experiment and he was vigorously at it.

The World's Basic Radio Patent

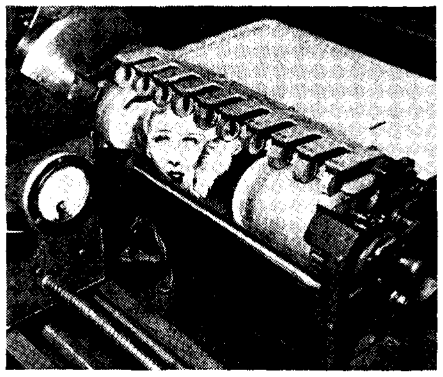
Distance was his primary goal, and as long as he had only to erect bigger and higher stations, *and deal with only two of them*, he rapidly attained it. But whenever he put in a third or a fourth and they got busy with their signals the air became literally soupy with sound due to the intermingling of waves. He was several years straightening this out, but when he finally did succeed in doing so by tuning his sets he was prepared to take out, in 1900, British patent No. 7,777, which was then, and still is to a large extent, the basic radio patent of the world.

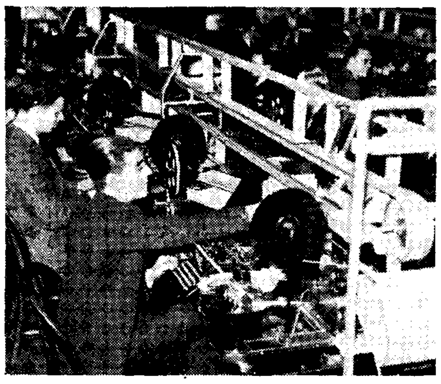
But in the meanwhile the young man—he was then only twenty-five—had already invaded the United States with astonishing results. In October, 1899, under a contract with the New York Herald, he had brought his instruments to this country and had wirelessed in from ship to shore a tack-by-tack description of the International Yacht Race between the Columbia and Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock. It was a convincing demonstration. So convincing that within less than thirty days two things had happened. An investigating board had recommended that wireless be given a trial by the United States Navy, and the American Marconi Company, with a capital of $10,000,000, *eighty per cent subscribed by the English Marconi Company*, had been organized.

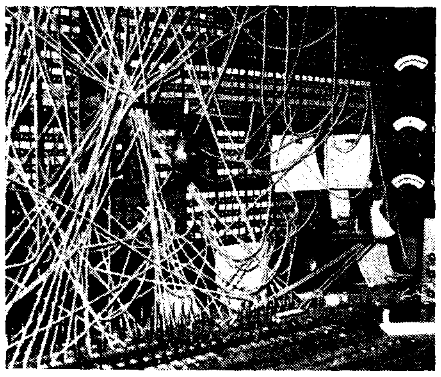
Do you see the significance of that last statement? It's very clear. England, already controlling the world's cable system, was now consolidating its hold on international communications by securing control of the air. This was what we might term forethought. No message, up to that time, had ever been flashed across the Atlantic, but one soon would be. Marconi knew it; his British backers knew it, and when it did happen it was the British plan that a British-

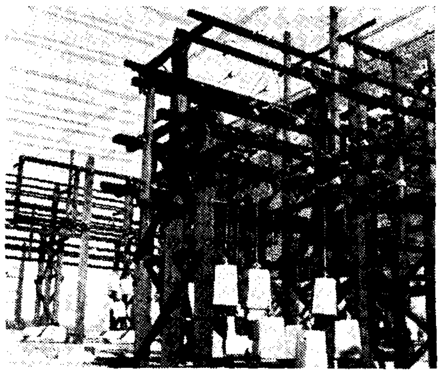


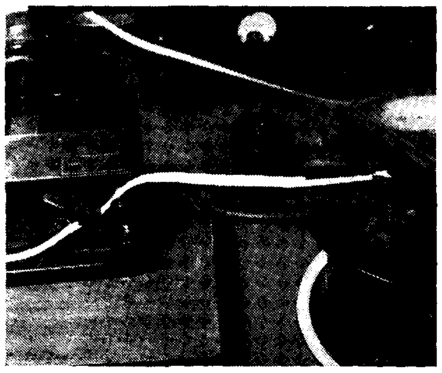
From the Rocky Point antennae, millions of words are flung to the far corners of the earth











Reading down: 1. A wireless picture transmitter. 2. The radio operators' room in New York. 3, 4: The main switchboard and the antenna lead-in wires at the Riverhead receiving station. 5. A close-up of the tape bearing an incoming radiogram

built, British-owned, British-financed, British-patented and British-manned system be right here to receive it. It worked out exactly that way, so that when Marconi finally spanned our eastern ocean it was distinctly an all-British affair.

The British Bid for Control

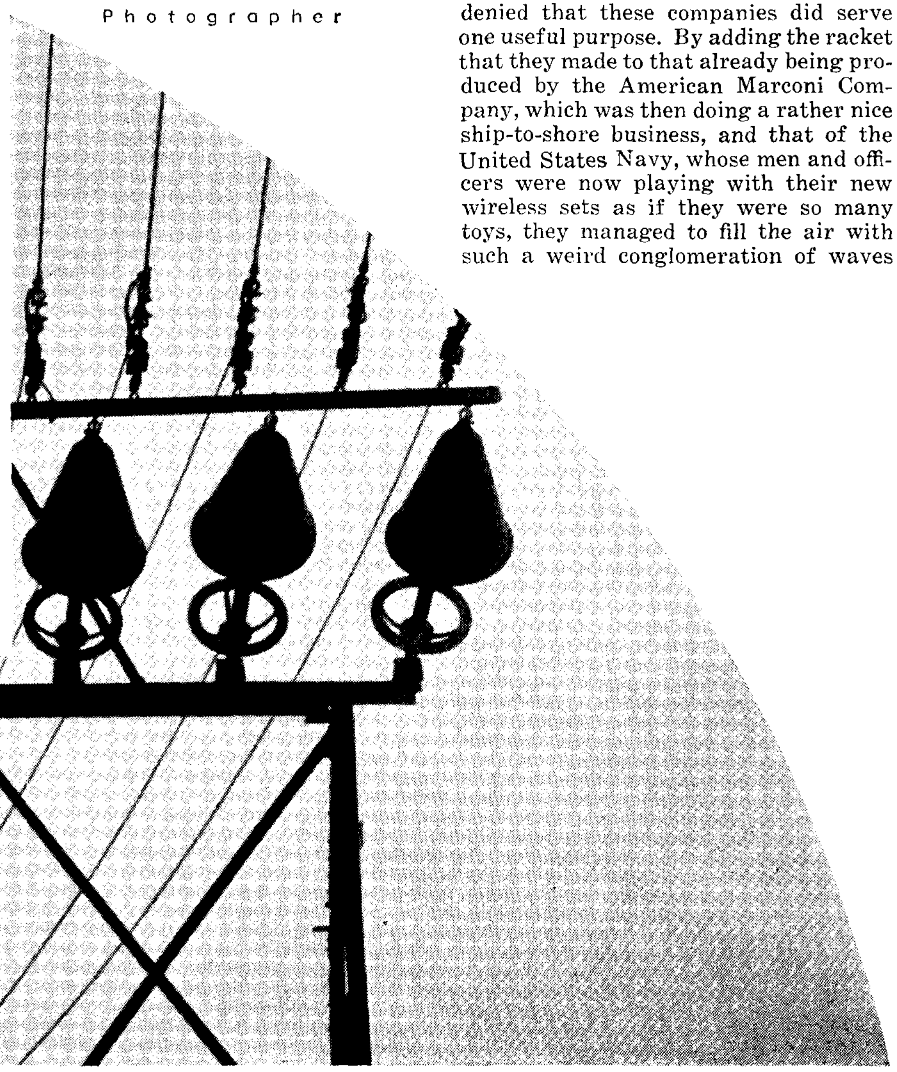
Nor was this the only grip that Marconi, canny lad that he was, and his British associates had on the communications business. Early in the game they had decided that the British Marconi was a telegraph company whose business it was to transmit messages for cash, and therefore it was its job not only to establish shore stations but also to equip vessels with sending and receiving outfits and operators. Therein lay the catch. Neither the British Marconi Company, nor its American subsidiary after it was organized, would *sell* any equipment whatever to any merchant vessels. Everything was leased, even the operators, so that there was no danger that any part of the profit or control of the business would get away.

It was substantially the same with Marconi Company Navy contracts. When our Navy, for example—it then being only three or four years behind the navies of other nations—wanted to equip its ships with wireless it was told: first, that it had to sign a contract for a long term of years; second, that it had to pay a royalty of $50,000 a year; third, that it must purchase all equipment at current British prices with duty added; fourth, that it must agree to accept, for relay, messages from merchant ships using Marconi wireless; and, fifth, that it was not to use its own Marconi instruments to communicate with any other system except in cases of extreme emergency.

This contract was, of course, turned down. It was so ridiculous that it had to be, but as our Navy had to have a wireless system, and as our own inventive geniuses had as yet done nothing about it, the Navy Department turned its attention to Europe to see if among the several systems that had been devised on the continent to compete with Marconi one could be found which would serve our needs.

One was found; it was the Slaby-Arco system, in use by the Germans, and thereafter we lost no time in catching up with the rest of the world in equipping our war vessels with what then passed as a radio service. We made a really fast job of it. Starting with nothing at all in the summer of 1903 we had, by the end of 1904, built twenty land stations, contracted for thirty more, and had either equipped or contracted to equip every one of the ninety-two vessels we then owned with complete wireless outfits.

During this same period the civilian population of this country, or at any rate the intellectually curious part of it, also became wireless-conscious. It couldn't help it. Two or three wireless telegraph companies—one of which, for instance, as its sucker-baiting device was sending out daily wireless quotations from Wall Street to nonexistent listeners in San Francisco and elsewhere—were carrying on vigorous stock-selling campaigns. None of the investors in these stocks made any money; on the contrary they lost all they put in, and yet it cannot be denied that these companies did serve one useful purpose. By adding the racket that they made to that already being produced by the American Marconi Company, which was then doing a rather nice ship-to-shore business, and that of the United States Navy, whose men and officers were now playing with their new wireless sets as if they were so many toys, they managed to fill the air with such a weird conglomeration of waves that in 1904 President Theodore Roosevelt appointed a commission to investigate the situation and see what could be done about it.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

The Birth of American Radio

The report of that board is interesting. The Army, it said, should have control of all interior, government-owned radio stations; the Navy of all coast stations; and the Department of Commerce and Labor supervision over *all* commercial operations. Furthermore, as an indication that at last somebody was waking up to the importance of international communications, this board recommended that the Navy erect for its own use, both in peace and war, a series of the most powerful radio stations in the world. Regardless of the existence of privately owned stations, our Navy, it said, was to put in its own service not only on our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards but also in the Philippines, Guam, Hawaii, Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Canal Zone.

Eventually we did this. It didn't come until 1912 and 1913, but the mere fact that it was known that the United States planned to make its naval wireless system the most efficient in the world had two very important results. In the first place it provided a future for half a dozen manufacturers who would otherwise have had no potential market for their products. Secondly, by turning radio into a profitable field for research, it stimulated American inventive genius to go to work on it. And how much did American genius accomplish?

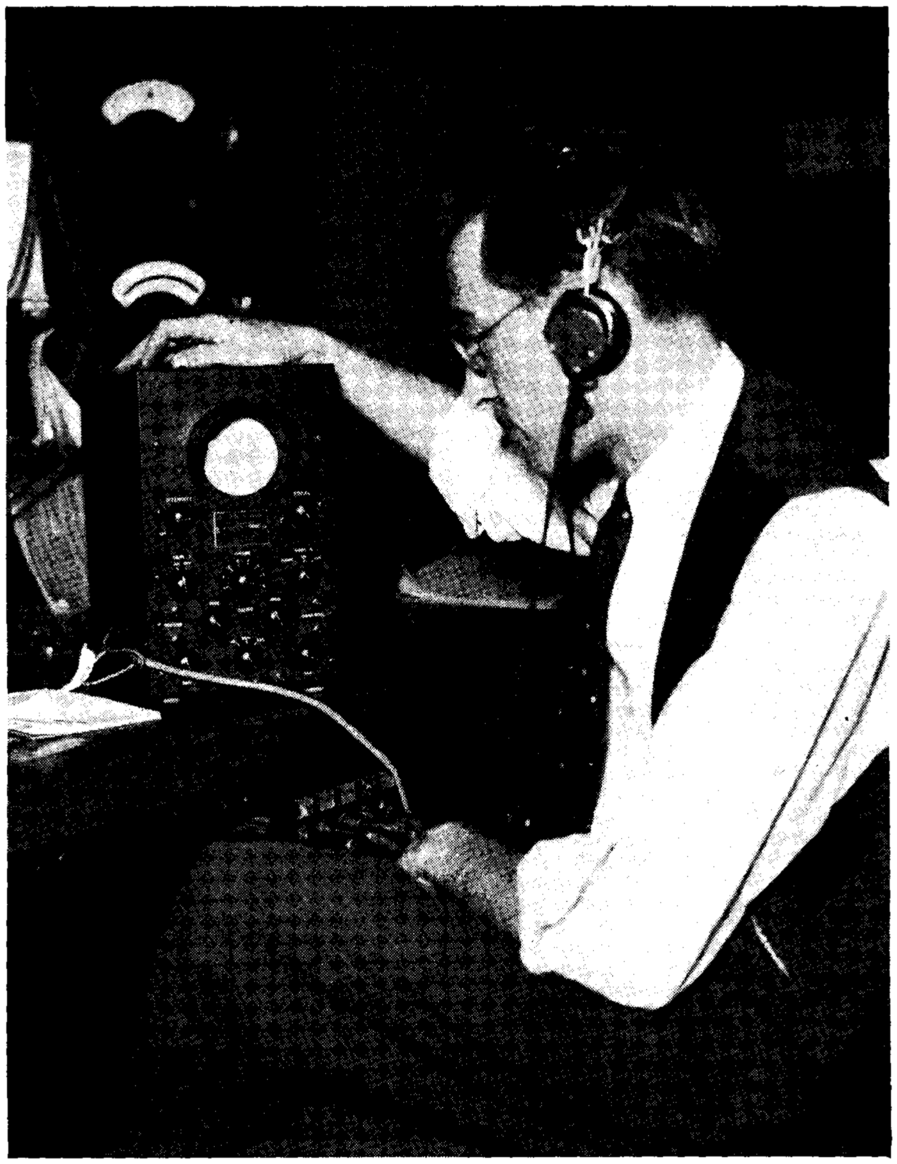
A Business Slow to Develop

To understand that, all we need do is take a brief glance at the state of the radio art in 1905. It was in a bad way. The Atlantic, to be sure, had been spanned, and the British and American Marconi companies were trying to send messages back and forth across it. But that's all they were doing; just trying. Sometimes in the winter, but practically never in the summer, transoceanic wireless could be made to work passably well. As a matter of fact though, over a distance greater than three hundred miles it was all guesswork, wholly undependable, and therefore the commercial business that the British companies had so fondly based their hopes on failed to develop.

Marconi, of course, knew what the trouble was. Instead of being continuous, his waves were "damped," that is, each wave would begin to decrease in intensity the moment it was set up in the ether, and the wave would soon die out. Also, he was unable to produce vibrations of sufficient rapidity and energy to override the natural static in the ether and, except under unusually favorable conditions, his transatlantic signals would be lost before they got here. Nor did he know what to do about it. The logical answer was for him to produce continuous waves, waves whose intensity does not diminish, with vibrations from 500 to 50,000 times more rapid than had ever been produced by any kind of a machine.

But could this be accomplished? Theoretically, yes, he thought, but practically, never! The ordinary alternator in use in those days changed the direction of its current only 120 times a second, or, as we now speak of it, had a frequency of only 60 cycles. Hertz waves alternated from *fifty thousand* to *sixty million times a second.* As it seemed to Marconi that any machine that traveled at such speed as that would surely burn up, he attempted to solve his problem of transoceanic communication by simply putting up bigger and bigger stations. He erected several that were truly colossal, but they worked but little better than his smaller ones and the problem of

The short-wave receivers at Riverhead, each tuned to a particular wave length



A cathode-ray oscillograph enables the operator to check visually the signals heard in his headphones

crossing the seas with wireless was still an open one when our American geniuses, especially an indefatigable gentleman named Fessenden, began to pry into it.

Now Mr. Fessenden would not accept, as Marconi did, the word "impossible" as applied to the construction of an alternator that would produce electrical vibrations at a hitherto unimagined rate of speed. In any case he was willing to try it. What he was after—and he had secured financial backing for his dream—was to produce a continuous wave for telephonic, not telegraphic purposes. Consequently he had the General Electric Company build for him, on his own specifications, an alternator which he said would do the trick, but which everybody else said would burn up.

Everybody else was right. It did burn up, but it didn't burn Fessenden. It didn't even discourage him. He ordered another alternator and burned it up. And then another, and another, and another, and so on and so on. All together, in a year and a half, and at the cost of considerable cash to his backers, this man either burned up or distributed twenty alternators all over the lot when they exploded on him. And then, after he had pulled his twenty-first one apart and rewound it himself, he made it work, but as it couldn't develop even half the necessary power it still wouldn't do.

Then following Fessenden, in 1910, along came another group of American radio pioneers who had other large ideas. What they planned to do was to span the Pacific, provided, of course, there was any apparatus in the world that would do it. They found one they thought would serve. Over in Denmark a Dane, Valdemar Poulsen, had patented an arc converter that would produce continuous, undamped waves. It wasn't perfected, but nevertheless these men paid half a million dollars for the American rights to it and went to establish an international communications service. They were partially successful. They got the "bugs" out of the arc converter, hooked Honolulu to San Francisco with a fair service, and then, in 1912, because a device that could be produced at home was all it had been waiting for, the United States Navy again stepped into the radio picture. It did it vigorously. Going back to 1904 it resurrected the old Roosevelt report, and complying with it to the very letter, contracted for Poulsen arc installations that would give it the most powerful wireless system in the world.

German Strategy

It was a tough job that the Navy thus undertook, and an uncertain one. Up to that time no arc converter stations as large as those attempted had ever been built. The Navy therefore was shooting in the dark. But it was good marksmanship, because every time it shot it hit the target. In February, 1913, the big transmitter at Arlington, just outside of Washington, D. C., was completed and at once an effort was made to reach Panama. The signals went through and work was immediately begun on the station at Darien. It was completed in 1915. The other stations called for at San Diego, Pearl Harbor, Guam, Manila and Puerto Rico followed quickly. So did the installation or overhauling of fifty-eight coastal stations, twenty-three of which were on lightships, so that by 1917 our Navy had done a magnificent job, and had already spent more than $20,000,000 in mere dot-and-dash radio equipment.

But even at that, as far as a transatlantic communications system was concerned, we had none. Neither did the Marconi companies. They were still just trying. *But Germany was not; it had gotten across.* Early in the war Great Britain had cut Germany's cables, thinking thereby to cut the enemy off from world-wide communication. But it hadn't done it, because out at Sayville, Long Island, stood a hurriedly erected wireless station which was in constant, if not entirely satisfactory, communication with the Fatherland. How had Germany done this? The answer is interesting.

After Fessenden had almost achieved success with his twenty-first machine he quit fooling with the idea of an alternator and began experimenting with arcs. But the German Telefunken Company, which had been watching the American closely, did not. Where he stopped it started, the result being that at the exact moment when it needed it most Germany was able to produce an alternator which would, after a fashion, do pretty nearly what the American who had originally conceived such a machine had said it would do.

Then when we entered the war where did we stand? Everybody's cables were then cut; it was imperative that we have direct, instant communication with France, and how could we get it? The Navy's Poulsen arcs failed to deliver the goods and we were stumped. Suddenly, however, and very quietly, the General Electric Company stepped into the picture with the cheerful announcement that it had some machines all ready for us.

It really did have them. Like the German Telefunken the American General Electric had had faith in Fessenden's general idea and had put an engineering genius named Alexanderson at work to develop it. Alexanderson had done so, and done it so brilliantly that there sat two alternators capable of producing continuous, undamped waves that would go anywhere. Apparently then, except for the slight detail of having the British-owned American Marconi Company install these machines in its transmission stations, our problem was solved. *But it wasn't solved, because the Marconi Company instantly refused to pay $127,000 apiece for the alternators.* Whereupon, with equal promptness (and it wasn't such an entirely altruistic offer at that), the General Electric Company replied: "Very well. Forget it. If you'll use the alternators we'll put them in there at our own expense."

That was agreed upon. The Alexanderson alternators with Alexanderson antennae were set up; one of them was turned over, and within the next fiftieth of a second the anxious listeners in the Eiffel Tower in Paris knew that the stubborn North Atlantic, which had successfully resisted every one of Marconi's attacks, had at last been conquered and that an unsung American genius had accomplished the feat.

Made in America

The war's over. From it we have learned a great deal about the value to us of an American-owned international communications system. From it Mr. Marconi has also learned a lot about the incalculable value to British international communications of Alexanderson alternators. Less than three years before, remember, he had refused to pay $127,000 apiece for two of these American-made machines, but now, in April, 1919, two of his representatives are in Schenectady to make a trade with the General Electric Company. In fact, they have made one; the thing is agreed upon and Mr. E. W. Rice, Jr., president of the American company, is just about to sign a contract for delivery to the British Marconi companies of twenty-four alternators, with perhaps forty more to follow as soon as possible, at $127,000 each, when a long-distance phone call from Washington stops his pen.

It was fortunate that it did stop it. At that moment a British monopoly of an American system of international communications was in the making and in that same moment it died. Commander S. C. Hooper of the United States Navy, head of the Radio Division, was on the wire and wanted to talk to Mr. Rice. He did talk. Emphatically, and in substance, what he said was that he had heard—he didn't mention how—that the General Electric Company was about to make a sale to the Marconi companies of a large number of alternators. "But don't do it. Please. In fact, I insist that you not do it until after Admiral Bullard and I have had a chance to talk the thing over with you."

Mr. Rice agreed. He didn't know what it was all about, but it couldn't do any harm to find out, and so—because he didn't want to hold off the Marconi contract any longer than necessary—he and Mr. Owen D. Young met Admiral Bullard and Commander Hooper in New York the next day. The conference that these men held was short and to the point. With characteristic terseness Admiral Bullard put it up to the representatives of the General Electric Company that it was their duty *not* to sell Alexanderson alternators to a foreign-owned international communications service. And especially so when this country was without any service of the kind whatsoever.

Mr. Young and Mr. Rice looked at the

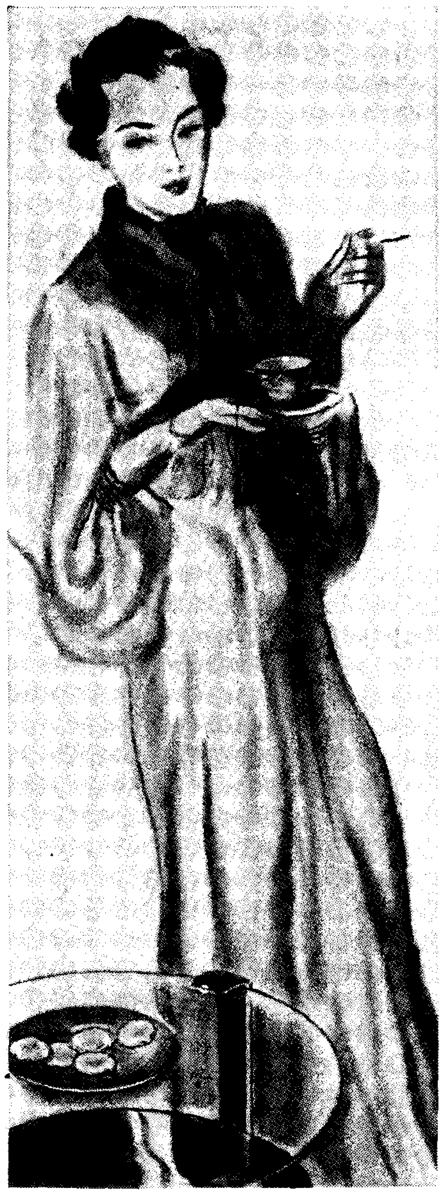
(Continued on page 66)

Tea for Two

By Laurie York Erskine

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page



"I must make you another cup of tea"

WHEN Alden Buxtree died, close upon the triumphant success of his novel, The Strangefleet Case, among those who spoke of his departure with regret was the beautiful but disquieting Mrs. Enderby.

"You see," she would say, "there was something about him," and she would gaze into the distance as if she saw outlined on the remote wallpaper the embodiment of that indescribable something. "It was a brief thing — our friendship," she would add. "On Thursday afternoon we met and on the following Wednesday morning they found him dead."

That Alden Buxtree had come to tea with her at her "flat" on the afternoon preceding that fatal Wednesday morning was a detail which she never found convenient to mention.

The rooms which Mrs. Enderby called her flat composed a small apartment overlooking the East River, which she said reminded her of the Thames. Buxtree was impressed by the flowery coziness of them. He had traveled widely in England while gathering material for The Strangefleet Case, but he had never seen anything so English. He said so.

"I knew you'd understand," she replied. "And now you must make yourself comfortable while I get you some tea. My little maid is out today, and we can be quite alone." She retired into the small kitchen, leaving Buxtree to luxuriate in the contemplation of how softly, yieldingly feminine she appeared in the lustrous gown in which she had draped her small, ripe figure; of how definitely she had made it plain that he was to regard this visit as something essentially private, between themselves, and of how admirably she had insured that privacy. He congratulated himself upon these harbingers of an imminent romance.

EMERGING from the kitchen with tea things Florence Enderby talked about tea, both as a beverage and as a social institution. She deplored the American cocktail and deprecated the failure of Americans to regard tea as a time of day instead of as an exhibition of silverware. One missed the coziness, the informality—but there, Mr. Buxtree could understand. He had been so much in England, his books showed it. He loved it—that she knew . . . and sugar?

"One," said Buxtree.

"Loaf sugar," she remarked, "is an American custom which evades me."

"You feel my book captured something of the English atmosphere?" he questioned flatly.

"It made me feel I was back," she smiled, "in a small village I knew in Cambridgeshire. How was it you knew the people so well?" Her hazel-green eyes smiled directly into his as she handed him the cup and saucer. "The cakes," she explained, "are something I make myself. Not those. Let us save those for later." She had an odd, girlish quality, he decided, that belied the deep sophistication of her glance—and he consoled himself with a piece of substantial, plain cake, with caraway seeds in it. "But your book was cruel," she said.

"Cruel?" Buxtree mouthed the word fondly. All authors like to be considered cruel.

"You see," she said, "I think you're a very clever person, and I think you know a very great deal more than even your lovely book betrayed; but the deadly logic with which you hounded poor Eva Tredgold down and had them hang her in the last chapter struck me as gorgeously ruthless."

"Life," the delighted Buxtree reminded her, "is ruthless."

"I'm afraid I've never given that much thought," she said. "But, you see, I *was* in Cambridgeshire at the time of that hideous Armitage case, so I know where you got your plot." She sparkled upon him mischievously, like a schoolgirl. "Only poor Mr. Armitage," she pointed out, "went all alone to the gallows, while the lady of his heart was acquitted without even her name being brought into it. That makes you just twice as ruthless as life, does it not, Mr. Buxtree?"

BUXTREE smiled indulgently. "A novelist," he explained, "must be true to himself. I admit The Strangefleet Case was based upon a very close study of the Armitage poisoning case, but I may say in confidence"—he assumed an authoritative air—"that I had access to private information which was not introduced at the trial; and according to the evidence it provided I had to find Eva Tredgold guilty, and I had to condemn her."

"But what of the poor woman in the original case?—Do try another bit of seed cake!—Of course, it's perfectly obvious that she loved poor Mr. Armitage much too entirely, but after all, it was proved, wasn't it, that she had sailed for —America, wasn't it?—some time before the poison was actually administered to poor Mrs. Armitage?"

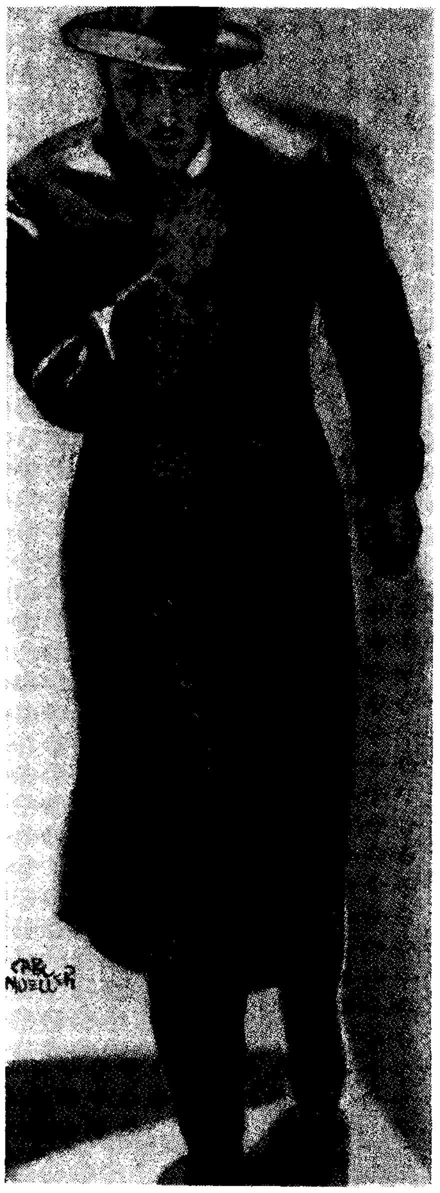
"But supposing she *hadn't?*" Buxtree leaned forward, cake in one hand and teacup in the other. "Supposing it happened as I worked it out in the book? Supposing this 'Madame X,' as they called her throughout the trial, had booked her passage for America and actually sailed from Cherbourg on a boat that stopped at Southampton? She leaves the boat, runs up to Cambridgeshire for that night-time visit with Mrs. Armitage of which poor Armitage knew nothing, and then sails to America on a fast boat from France.

"Armitage returns in the morning, as my book describes it, to find his wife dying, and because Madame X is never suspected the authorities accept her elaborate plans for sailing, the passenger list of the Southampton boat, and her appearance in America as evidence of her having sailed before the administering of the poison." Buxtree became quite excited but Mrs. Enderby appeared unimpressed.

"Ingenious, yes," she smiled. "But after all, she had been honorably dismissed from the case; they had even refused to bring her name into it. It seems so exquisitely cruel to drag her out of retirement and pin the crime on her."

Buxtree permitted himself a superior smile. "You don't seriously believe," he said, "that she had nothing to do with the case?"

He felt a strange heaviness as he walked



"The courts believed it," she replied. "But do let me pour you another cup of tea."

"The courts!" He spoke scornfully. "Supposing I were to tell you that I possessed evidence which conclusively proved that unnamed lady's complicity?"

"No!" Her eyes widened in charming incredulity. "Not all that business of the boats! You did it beautifully, Mr. Buxtree; it was a triumph of imagination, but—"

"It wasn't!" he cried recklessly. "It was true! It actually happened!" Like all good novelists, Buxtree was prepared to lie to the last ditch in defense of his novel's verisimilitude. "I have traced that woman's movements, Mrs. Enderby, from the boat to the Armitages' and from Cambridgeshire to America. If ever the real Eva Tredgold is found I have evidence which can bring her to justice as surely as—"

"As your tea is cold as ice!" she cried gayly. "Let me take it!" Her hand snatched his cup with the graceful flight of a swallow. "Oh, it's all very delightful and mysterious," she exulted, rising with teacup in one hand and teapot in the other, "but how you unearthed secrets that even the Scotland Yard men missed is beyond my poor comprehension."

Buxtree was wondering about that himself, but then, as she stood gazing down at him with starry eyes, he had it.

"Mrs. Armitage," he said.

"But she was dead."

"Not when Armitage found her," he reminded her. "And she told him of the woman's visit."

"She told him! But he'd never have—"

"He did!" Buxtree was inventing recklessly now, his mind working very fast. "The poor devil was as infatuated as that. He knew she had poisoned his wife—and he kept silent. He died for her."

She was gazing at him with puzzled unbelief. "How could you *know* it?" she asked him reproachfully.

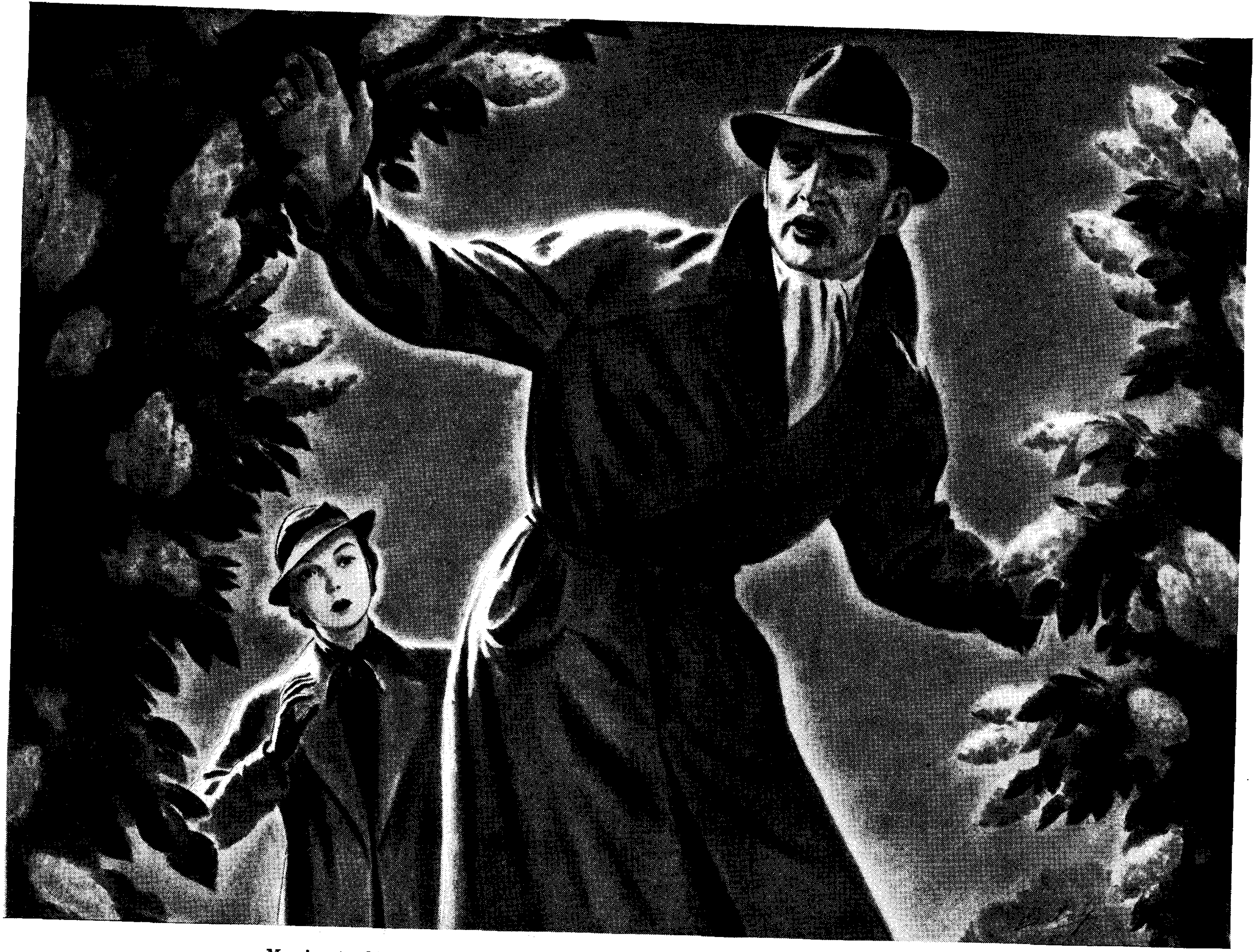
"He wrote it down," Buxtree maintained stoutly. "And the manuscript came into my possession. You see, I bought up all his belongings I could."

"How lovely!" she cried. "But I *must* make you another cup of tea!"

AGAIN she retreated to the kitchen. Again there was talk of tea as a beverage, tea as an institution; again her pretty hands fluttered over the sugar bowl and he was persuaded to eat of the very special cake which she had made for him. But the room was dim before she returned again to the subject of his novel and then, to his chagrin, she used it to dismiss him.

"You know," she exclaimed, "it has been such a treat having that look behind the scenes. We must meet again and talk longer."

It seemed that she had to dress, now, for a dinner party, and he must go. He went reluctantly, feeling a strange heaviness, an increasing uneasiness as he walked the few blocks to his apartment. It was not until he had removed his coat and flung himself upon the bed that the pain seized him, and it was not until he curled up despairingly in an excruciating foreknowledge of his doom that he realized his irremediable mistake: he had met the Madame X of the Armitage poisoning case and had made the fatal error of having tea with her.



Maurice stumbled out of the lilacs. He stood there in the dark and burst into shocking speech

Life Begins So Soon

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

The Story Thus Far:

FASCINATED for a time by Tommy Pierce, a senior at Morrison University, Caroline Fanning, also a senior, soon returns his fraternity pin, and Tommy shifts his attentions to her roommate, Helen Herrick.

At a dance, Caroline goes for a ride with Emery Smith, managing editor of the Daily. Emery tells her that Tommy has been ousted from his job as business manager of the Senior Year Book, for embezzlement.

Upon their return to the dance, they find Dr. Eugene Fifield—a member of the English department, who (if the gossips are to be believed) is having an affair with Paula Traggas, wife of Maurice Traggas, a faculty member—wandering around in a daze, the victim (he says) of a hit-and-run driver.

David Bingham, of the chemistry department, says that Fifield was really given a well-deserved beating by Maurice Traggas, who is planning a divorce. Also that Paula Traggas is interested in *Tommy Pierce!*

Caroline tries to warn Helen Herrick against Pierce. And Helen resents Caroline's efforts. . . . Walking along the lake with Emery Smith, Caroline meets David Bingham, Helen Herrick, Tommy, Fifield—and Paula Traggas. Fifield, automatic revolver in hand, is shooting at a stick in the lake. . . .

The next day Caroline sees Tommy's fraternity pin on Helen's blouse.

III

APRIL'S flood tide came. Forsythia bloomed on the campus; the oaks lifted a slight green spray against the sky; bright dresses swayed along the walks. Girls sat in warm sunlight on the Gamma steps and sometimes when Caroline came home they were singing with the nostalgic gusto of the college young in spring. The tinkle of ukuleles and the singing of other sororities drifted across the Women's Quadrangle, and everywhere you went there were loiterers, couples walking slowly, their heads close. Open season, Steve Abbott pronounced it, Morrison's county fair week with lonely hearts meeting their mates and college just a marriage bureau.

The new romance at the Gamma house was idyllic. A constraint that would probably be permanent existed between Helen and Caroline, but Helen was living too rapturously to resent anyone. She had cried in Caroline's arms the morning after Caroline saw the pin, alternately denouncing a world that said flippant things about Tommy and asserting her abject adoration. Then came her blissful run around the table and Tommy sent two boxes of candy for the chapter instead of the one that precedent required, and Helen soared on among the rainbows.

"I'M IN love, too, but I can come up for air," Priscilla Farley said from the sophistication of an engagement already a month old. "She looks like a cross between Trilby and St. Cecelia. Gosh, it's no miracle. People have got engaged before."

"Helen among them," Caroline said. "But what you elderly cynics don't realize is that this, ah, this is love."

It seemed to be. And, in spite of her forebodings, it might be the best thing. Maybe it would stabilize Tommy, help him grow up, make him face reality. Maybe a deep emotion, a genuine dedication to a girl so loyal and fine as Helen, would strike through his poses, stiffen his spine, wean him from his juvenile follies and make a man of him. But first he must be honest—he must tell Helen everything about his difficulties. Caroline watched for some sign that he had. But the days passed and she saw none.

The annual baseball game between the Daily and the Nut Cake, the humorous monthly, came off with both sides as always claiming the victory by a big score. And that night the Nut Cake won a skirmish in the immemorial warfare between the two sheets. While Steve and Emery and all the other responsible men were at the beer party that followed the game, a Nut Cake editor contrived to get to the rewrite desk of the Daily a story that the senior class had overwhelmingly voted a resolution condemning liquor at college functions and demanding that a ten-mile dry zone be established round the university. Sawyer, the sophomore candidate who had been left in charge, saw the importance of that at once and played it up on the front page under a banner head. By noon the next day all the press associations had representatives on hand, telegrams were coming in from all over the country, and the dean and even the president of Morrison had been heard from.

THE obsequies over Sawyer were brief. "You were wrong about heaven," Steve told him. "Heaven didn't have you in mind for the newspaper business. Does it occur to you to look at your own schedule and see if the senior class met at all? Do you ask anybody if they sent out a ballot? Do you look for a sample? Do you call up the president of the class? Do you even remember why I'm not here? Son, on the day of the baseball game, even your grayhaired mother carries a slingshot. No, you know a story when one lands on your desk, you tell the world Morrison has gone dry, and now I've got that to live down. Why had I never heard you bray? Take your hat with you when you go, Sawyer, and cut some holes in it for your ears. Go try out for the Lit—they love the trustful mind."

"Honor tells me we've got to get it back," he told Emery and Caroline. "Lord, Lord, and me with a hangover. Can we uncover a Red menace at the Nut Cake?"

"Aw, put out a funny paper with some jokes in it," Emery said. "Everybody would know that was a libel on the Nut Cake." He unfavorably inspected himself in the mirror. "Lousy haircut. I should have got a windblown bob." He lounged out.

Steve looked speculatively after him. "Here comes the Revolution—Smith has started wearing pressed pants. Where do you stand on the issue?"

"He's lost his pride in being Morrison's worst-dressed man. I'm firmly on the side of pressed pants." But, knowing what Steve meant, she avoided his eyes.

"How much do you know about Emery, Carol?" he asked.

It was an odd question. Come right down to it, she didn't know much. Except that they'd been friends for three years. "Everything that counts," she said. "What is there to know about a college man? I don't know about you."

Steve nodded, smiling wryly. "Or even about the nice lad you were willing to get engaged to. Try asking Emery for the story of his life. It might be fun." He came over to where she sat and laid a hand on her shoulder. He had never seemed like a college boy—too mature, too wise. He said quietly, "You know what pressed those pants. Well, what happens to Emery is pretty important to me. I should like to know where you stand, Carol."

"Why can't things stay the same?" she said fretfully. "I didn't want it to turn out that way. It was grand here, just the three of us, the best friends in the world."

"That's an answer." Steve nodded. "Be gentle to him. A man who falls for you falls hard, Carol. . . . Nothing stays the same. And you've got a new gang now."

"You mean David and Maurice. They're not a new gang." Her voice trailed off, for there was no explaining them and probably no denying Steve's accusation.

"SENIOR SPRING," he said. "It gets us all. We're all changed and a little scared. Flung out into the world—that scares lots of us. Growing up to have mature emotions scares more. Getting away from a place where we've been safe and protected." He grinned. "The dean scares some, too. The dope is, your exfiancé is on probation for studies now. What that does to his national debt I don't know. . . . Sure, you could fall for that gay blade but you just think Emery Smith is a grand guy. Women are hell."

If Tommy were really in additional difficulties at the office, it seemed to affect him and Helen not at all. If that was true, he wouldn't graduate. Probably it weighed on his mind even less than the debt to the Year Book, and there had been no evidence that that weighed anything at all. . . . She saw Tommy downtown and he came up to her giving off the gay arrogance she knew so well. He had been drinking, too—not enough to make him tight but enough to give him the recklessness that was just as familiar to her.

"Not a word of congratulation from you, darling," he said. "Surely I might have had a note, at least a telephone call. Surely of all people in the world—"

"Do you mean it's time I was congratulating Helen?"

"Don't be serpentine." Tommy's gay laughter pealed, brightening the afternoon. "I loved you deathlessly for two whole months—don't shut Helen out."

His flippancy grated on her. Oh, smiling and confident, the handsomest man, disdaining everything that should have sobered and frightened him. "It will be a child marriage," Caroline said gravely. "Two infants—there's no way of knowing which of you is the younger. . . . Tommy, if anything happens to Helen, if you do anything to her, I hope—I don't know what I hope, but nothing on earth would be too terrible for you."

Again that bright laughter, peal upon peal. "Darling, this is love and you talk as if it was a penitentiary or a monastery! What can happen? Nothing—we've got the world at our feet." He was a boyish flame. "We *are* young! Helen's a darling and I'm Morrison's white hope. When she smiles at me there's nothing I can't do. From now on it's uphill all the way. I can lick the world to lay it at her feet."

His hands made graceful gestures. His eyes sparkled and his voice soared. He achieved a career in a city block and reached the stars in another one. . . . Youth triumphant, at twenty-five cents a glass. And at this moment he was on probation because he could not do his college work; he had been thrown out in disgrace from a college trust, and it was only by the leniency of the authorities that he wasn't singing these hymns to himself in jail.

Nothing whatever could make him grapple with the real world. Ahead of him—and of Helen—was only catastrophe. Certainty as cold as ice settled in Caroline's heart.

Dr. Traggas took her and Dave Bingham to dinner out on the Barnaby Road. Coming back they stopped to fill the tank at a new gas station. Carol saw the proprietor's name on a sign and gasped. It couldn't be! Axel Wheelwright—no, this was too good. She inquired and was answered by the proprietor himself. The Lord had delivered the Nut Cake into the Daily's hands! For two years now a regular feature of the Nut Cake had been a cartoon that pictured the activities of a complete boob, a champion among idiots, whom with the simplicity of inspiration the Nut Cake called Axelgrease Wheelwright.

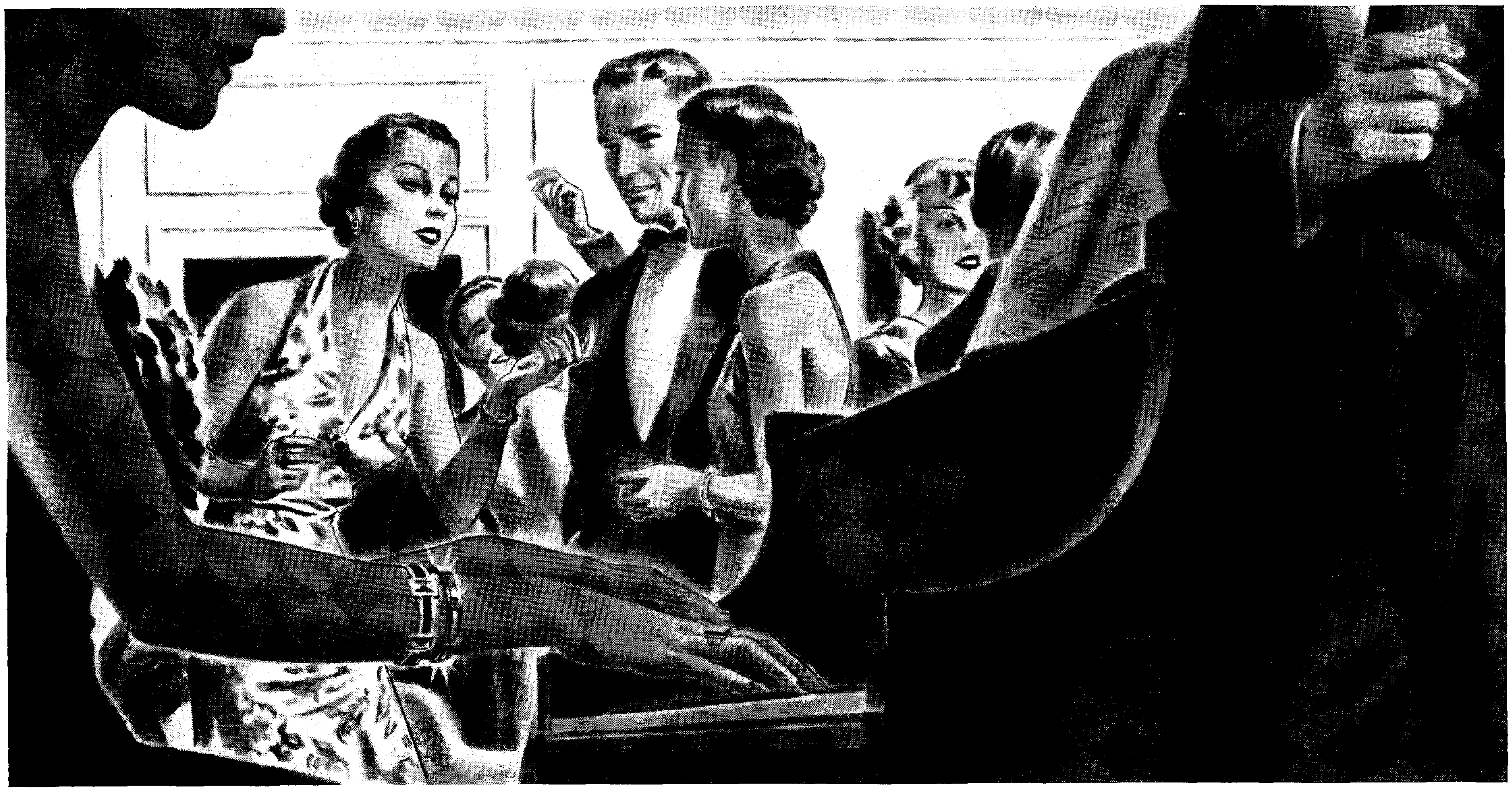
SHE said good night to Dave and Maurice at the Daily and ran upstairs to the editor's office. "Steve!" she said so blissfully that Emery came in from the desk. "Steve, there's a new gas station ten miles out on the Barnaby road. Just beyond the road to the country club. I didn't dream this, Steve; drive out and see for yourself. The man who runs it is —oh, Steve!—he's Axel Wheelwright. For a few dollars hasn't the Nut Cake been libeling him more than he can bear? Hasn't a sensitive nature been so overwrought that he's got to sue the scandal sheet?"

Steve leaped up. "The wound goes much deeper than that—he sues the university that warms the vipers in its bosom." He dived into his coat. "First the law school to find out what Axel's rights are, then the Barnaby Road to meet the injured party. Keys, Smith, I'm using your car, my good man." He hugged Caroline. "There's gold in this—and two full weeks of headlines."

"Just one week," Emery said. "What did I tell you about our Miss Fanning?"

The vision of those headlines grew after Steve left till they could see the Nut Cake cringing at their feet. But the Daily was shorthanded tonight and Emery had to go back and run the desk. Caroline sat down across from him. The city room settled to its familiar routine, the old, delightful job she had done so often. For two hours she was lost in copyreading, settling disputes, keeping candidates away from Emery. He

(Continued on page 68)



Paula smiled maliciously. "I'm not a jealous wife—let my husband pay his court to you," she said

Only Too Glad

The story of Brockney Watson, who didn't believe in admiring a girl from afar. He preferred the direct approach

By Frank Leon Smith

YOUNG Mr. Brockney Watson, complete in guardsman's blue ulster and a ten-liter derby, stood on the balcony staring down at the wondrous creature who was demonstrating the Koonrod Washer.

When she smiled at people jammed against the rail that guarded the Koonrod exhibits, Brockney smiled. When she lifted ladies' silk things with a touch as exquisite as that of a jeweler removing the mainspring from a wrist watch, Brockney made gentle lifting motions with his little fingers out. When she indicated children's cotton and linen things and made shy, humorous comment—which Brockney couldn't hear, the place was so loud with people and machinery—Brockney rendered an understanding laugh.

It wasn't that Brockney was susceptible. He had turned his back on a pretty girl with a folding bed. He had given only passing glances at the pretty girl who was showing how an electric nutmeg grater worked; and at those who were telling about electric ice boxes, radios, squeezers, furniture and all the other exhibits at the Homemakers' Show. He was aware that if it had been a Locomotive Show there would have been a pretty girl at every other throttle.

Until his gaze fell on the young lady in the Koonrod booth, Brockney Watson had been bored. He had blundered in here, not because he was absent-minded, but because he saw so many people going in he was sure it was the Automobile Show.

Now he was gaping down at the gorgeous Koonrod Washer girl, and he was wondering just which of many approaches would be the perfect one. There was no doubt in his mind as to the necessity for an approach. The moment our Brockney Watson's eyes fell on her, there was a siren blast that could be heard only by Brockney—and by that department which has to make notes for the record when another guy has fallen in love.

Brockney's first thought was to rush right down to her and buy a washing machine. Then he noticed an important, bulky man prowling the Koonrod booth—a guy who from street level had pale parted bangs, but was bald from where Brockney stood. Brockney noticed that this fellow sprouted fountain pens from every pocket. If there was a sale, then this guy would devour every conversational moment the transaction offered.

Suddenly, from the exhibit behind him, he got his inspiration. A brisk lad in a neat brown suit, without overcoat or hat, advanced on the pretty girl with the folding bed, who worked for the Foldopak Company. "How's business with Kangaroo Sleeping Bags, Incorporated?"

The pretty girl said, "Not so loud, Hammer and Tongs Radio. Isn't yours the set that has the spare bag of static attached and keeps all the neighbors rapping on the steam pipes?"

The brisk lad said, "You're wrong. I'm with the Lightning Flash Coffee Perk people. Down there to the right and rear of the entrance. Mean to say you haven't seen our show?"

She said, "Too busy wrestling this hammock. Come in and rest the hurty feet."

The lad in brown opened the gate in the rail, sat down under a potted palm, picked up a Foldopak catalogue and pretended to use it as a reference work as he chatted with the fair demonstrator.

"Hah!" thought Brockney. "Okay to visit from show to show, eh?"

He shot down the stairs. He found a checkroom and shucked his great coat and deep-dish derby. That left him in the uniform of folks in charge of exhibitions.

WHEN he got to the Koonrod booth, the crowd was moving away, and Miss Koonrod was pleading with the bulky man—who at close range had an upstate look, and who was consulting pocket comb and mirror about his pale bangs.

"But it would only take a few minutes."

"Sorry, Cora. Got a date that won't keep."

"Please, Ollie! I'll rush right over and back."

The man, Ollie, gave himself a last smug look, put away his mirror, adjusted cravat and double-breasted jacket. "The contract pads are on that table and you know how to make them out. Happy motoring, Cora."

"Ollie—please! Supposing Mr. Koonrod comes—"

Ollie departed, leaving the gate swinging.

Brockney had been watching in amazement. He didn't know the nature of her request, but how any man under one hundred and fifty-two could refuse such a girl anything was beyond comprehension. He went through the gate on one of its return swings.

"Hello, hello, Miss Koonrod! Great little show you have here. Hope you're doing a tremendous business."

She came down from the tiptoes that had helped her to observe Ollie as he retreated through the throng. She turned to Brockney and for the first time he saw her eyes. They were violet and they were moist—no doubt because her plea to Ollie had been in vain. She was blond, and Brockney was right about her being lovely. He hadn't thought to notice before, but she was wearing a simple, businesslike black dress with white collar and cuffs, and a foolish little apron.

She looked at our large hero, who was dark and had a round, red face and round blue eyes. Because of the absence of overcoat and hat, she accepted him as a fellow demonstrator. Because of his face, she knew she could trust him, and because of his smile, she found she had to smile.

She said, "Business is all right—but I'm not Miss Koonrod."

"No?"

"No. How Mr. Koonrod would laugh—and his wife, too."

Brockney beamed on her. "My name's Brockney Watson and if I can—"

She felt as at ease with him as though he were from back home. She said, "I'm Coralie James, and Mr. Koonrod only brought me down to New York because I won—I mean, I won a prize, and he thought it was important."

"You don't have to tell me it was a beauty prize, Miss James, and if I—"

She blushed. She said hastily, "The work is awfully interesting, and this is my first trip to New York, but if—"

Brockney halted her. He said seriously, "If there is anything I can do to help you, Miss James, I'll be only too glad."

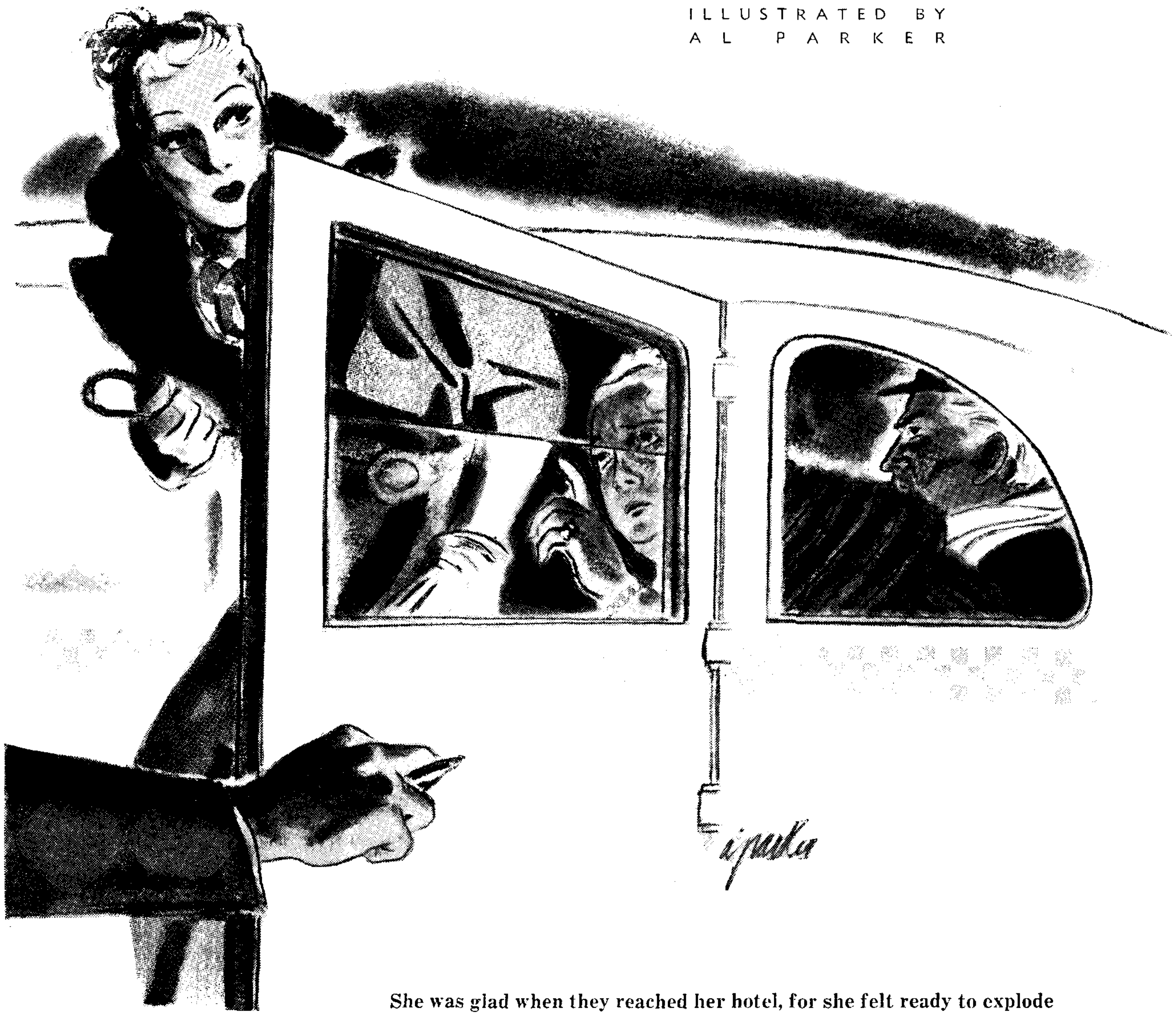
SOME people had stopped at the rail to ask about the Koonrod One-Hand Vacuum Cleaner. Brockney said to them, "Quiet, please," and he repeated to Miss James, "Only too glad."

She said, "Frankly, Mr. Watson, my feet are killing me. I am not used to this work, and I'll fall in a heap."

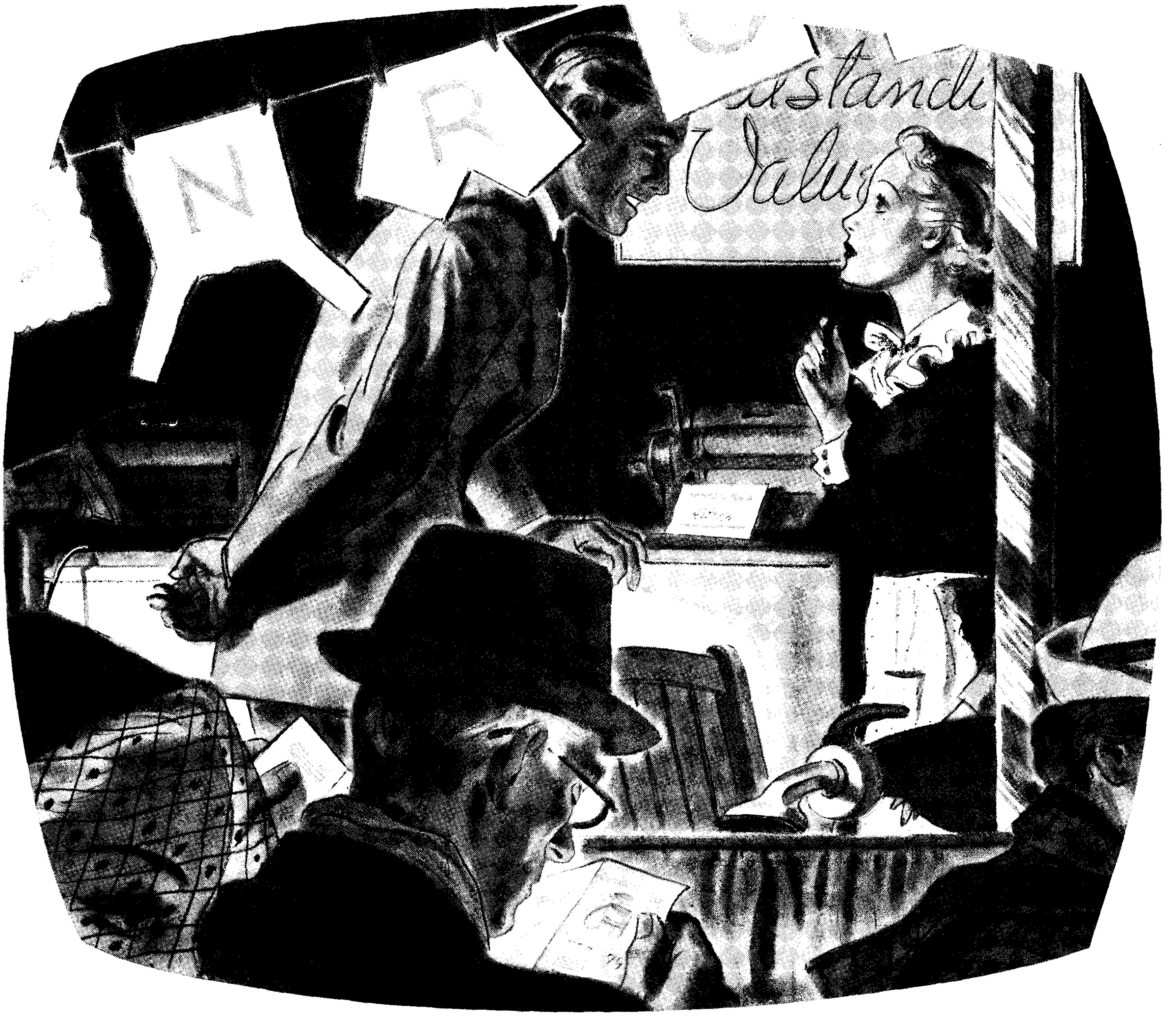
"Listen—I know where there's a girl upstairs with folding beds. Three of 'em, and you could curl up and I could drag some potted palms in front—"

"No, no. All I wanted was to go to the hotel and get some other shoes and stockings." Blushes had been chasing them-

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



She was glad when they reached her hotel, for she felt ready to explode



"Hello, hello, Miss Koonrod! Great little show you have here," he said

selves across her face and now one of them stopped.

"Why, I'd be only too glad to get your things for you."

"You couldn't. It's a hotel for—I mean, they don't have men."

"Then I could man the ramparts while you go."

"What?"

"I could take care of the place while you're away."

"Are you sure? I wouldn't want anything to go wrong. If anybody really wanted to sign a contract—you could keep them waiting."

"Leave everything to me."

A MOMENT later, our happy hero was in full charge of the display of Koonrod products, and he hadn't bothered to ask how any of them worked. Since there was no machinery now in motion in the booth, and no voice raised in ballyhoo, most people shuffled on by. When ladies did stop to make inquiry, Brockney smiled on them and said, in effect:

"I'll admit there are other washing machines on exhibition here. No doubt they have their good points—but in the Koonrod, we *know* we have the best." Then he would step behind the bravely glittering contraption, drum on it and add, "We just stand behind our product and let it speak for itself. Just move around the hall. Enjoy yourselves—think the Koonrod over—and you will be back when our sales manager is here to accept your order, I assure you."

From time to time he had to restore to the passing throng a small boy with a wire over his teeth, who kept darting under the rail and throwing the switch on the washing machine. Brockney finally got rid of him, and in terror, by stooping and making at him a face as fierce as that of the stuffed gorilla with a man inside which is used in Hollywood pictures where the white woman is carried away into the jungle.

Presently, as Brockney was giving a home-loving young husband some pamphlets about the Koonrod One-Hand Vacuum Cleaner, the bulky man, Ollie, came through the gate. This time he closed it carefully. He glanced about furtively. He sidled to Brockney.

"Old Koonrod been around?"

Brockney patted the young husband's shoulder and gave him a shove, to launch him into the current. Remembering that Ollie had denied the fair Coralie a favor, Brockney gave him a stern look. Ollie hastened to say, "I'm Disbro—district sales manager."

Because he seemed so distressed, Brockney relented. "Watson," he said, "substituting for Miss James in the second quarter."

They shook hands. Oliver Disbro regarded Brockney Watson strangely. Brockney went on, "Miss James wanted to go out for a moment"—he waved his hands to include the whole exhibition hall—"and in this racket we have to help each other out."

"Who are you with?" Mr. Disbro asked.

"Frame and Frame," Brockney said.

"Swell," said Mr. Disbro, who had his mind on something else. "Great little outfit. Look you up when I have time."

Mr. Disbro pulled a handkerchief from his hip pocket, put it back and used the decorative one from his upper coat pocket to mop his brow. He went around the booth, throwing switches, turning buttons, so that Koonrod appliances came suddenly to life. He advanced to the rail, threw the switch of his sales personality, and when the people moved on threw it off. He came back to Brockney, using the decorative handkerchief. He said, so confidentially his voice was down in the grit, "She stood me up!"

"Huh?"

"Just another redhead. She said she had a better offer."

"Oh—you had a date?"

"I'll say I had a date—only, I mean—Oh, hullo, Cora!"

CORA! Coralie! Coralie James! Brockney gripped the rail and moistened his lips.

Now she was in a green dress with white collar and cuffs, and she floated into the enclosure as though there wasn't any rail. "Was I long? I did hurry," she said.

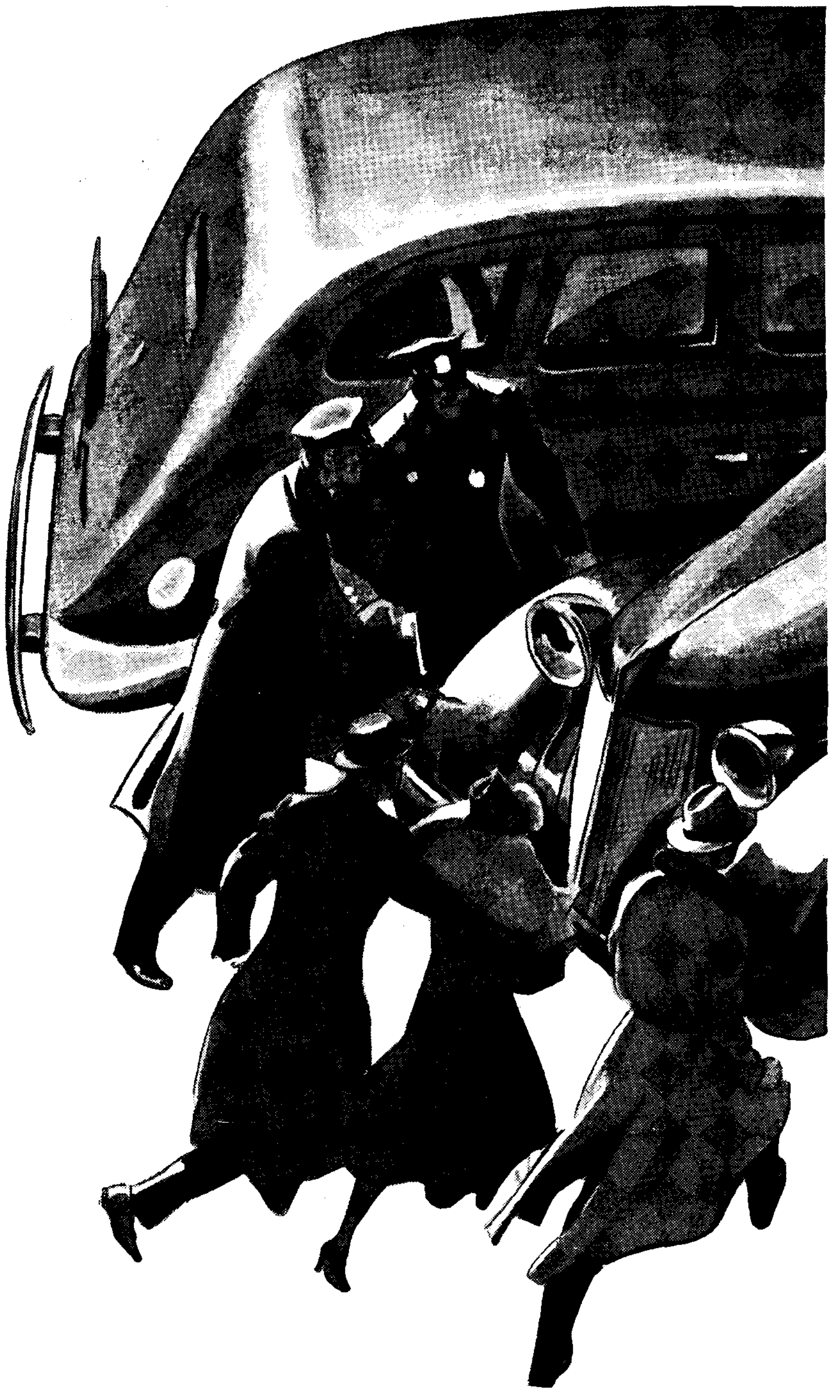
Oliver Disbro burst into speech. "Hardly had time to miss you. I came right back, but Mr. Watson sure came to the front for both of us. Say, look, Cora, if you want to take an extra hour for supper, whyn't you beat it now? If

(Continued on page 32)

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The Story Thus Far:

IMMEDIATELY after Tim Marsten and Mary Byran are married, Bill Cantavo, famous orchestra leader, who has ushered at the wedding, receives a terrible shock: A police inspector—Henderson, an old friend of Cantavo—arrives, announces that Walter Callingham, a Broadway playboy, has been murdered, and demands to see "Callingham's girl": *the bride!* And Mrs. Marsten promptly disappears!

The police announce that they have found her—dead. And Sam Garetti, Callingham's butler, is also found—murdered. Amy Martin, a chorus girl, is believed by the police to know something about the crimes. But, in love with Willy Jernegan, a Broadway spender, and hounded by Jack Rapport, a jealous suitor who has threatened to kill her, she has gone into hiding. To Dinsmore, a member of Cantavo's orchestra, in whose apartment she has taken refuge, she confides that she, and not Mary Byran, was "Callingham's girl"! But she will not tell her story to Dinsmore; for reasons of her own, she wants to tell it to Bill Cantavo. She tells the orchestra leader so, by phone.

While trying to meet her one night (after she has failed to keep several appointments), Cantavo is kidnapped! Ordered by Jack Rapport (who peddles dope and who suspects that Henderson is on the verge of arresting him on the charge of being involved in the two murders) to kidnap Inspector Henderson, two gunmen—Bitz and Heinie—mistake Cantavo for Henderson, seize him, shove him into a taxicab and spirit him away. Not, however, until they have fought a spirited gun battle with the members of another gang. Recognizing him later, they release him. . . . The explanation of the gun battle is simple: Having learned of Rapport's plan, Nick Braggiotti and a man known as "The Big Shot," both former associates of Walter Callingham in various illegal enterprises, had tried to hijack the kidnappers; for they, too, wanted to get Henderson out of the way.

Henderson suspects that one of the killers—one of the men who murdered Callingham—is working in cahoots with Penfold, Tim Marsten's lawyer. Quite by chance, he obtains a film-picture of the man's face, and he has it shown in every picture house in New York City, with the caption: "This Man Is Wanted By The Police," and an announcement that one thousand dollars will be paid for information leading to the man's arrest.

Cantavo goes to police headquarters to be fingerprinted. "Where'd you get that paper?" Henderson asks him. "A man gave it to me at a movie a few minutes ago," Cantavo replies. Henderson frowns. "What did he look like?" he asks. "I don't know," says Cantavo. Henderson whistles. "That's the fingerprint of the man we've been looking for," he mutters.

IX

CANTAVO stepped out of his car with a sigh—he was tired of everything—he was tired of detectives, tired of hurrying, of crowds, of music, of worrying about Tim and thinking about Amy. Also, he was chagrined at having sat in the motion picture theater beside, and not having recognized the man whose face was shown on the screen in a close-up with "Wanted" printed beneath it. Cantavo sighed as he stepped into the elevator. It was the close-up that had thrown him. Why hadn't they shown a normal-sized face?

Cantavo looked at his watch impatiently. He'd have to hurry his dinner. He must be at the Monroe from seven o'clock till nine. After nine, he planned on going once more to the Raynor Studios to see if he could find Amy. If he didn't find her there tonight, he would give Henderson her address, and let Henderson take over from now on. He felt uneasy as to whether his conduct in not having previously turned Amy over to Henderson had not been unwise as well as unethical.

Cantavo found Graham waiting for him in his apartment. "Here is an interesting item, Bill, in the evening paper," Graham said. "The moon and the stars have been broadcasting."

Bill smiled.

"That's on the square," Graham assured him. "The radio has been able to pick up noises made by them."

"What did the moon say?" Cantavo asked.

"The paper doesn't state that. It only states that the star moaned gently."

"It has lived longer than we have. It probably knows best. Let's have dinner. Did you find Heinie Schmidt for me?"

"He'll be here at six-forty-five."

"Find him a job." Cantavo said to Graham. "Put him to work doing something for the band."

"What does he like to do?"

"Anything he can do with a gun. He's handicapped without one."

"We don't need a gunner. What other kind of work can he do?"

"Give him something that he can do without too great effort." Graham grimaced. "Heinie is not as bad as you think." Cantavo hastened to correct Graham's prejudiced viewpoint. "He's really a very nice tough guy."

"You dub a guy nice if he has one single virtue."

"I admire anyone that can sustain a virtue."

"I thought you knew better than to try to reform anybody."

"I'm just repaying a debt I owe Heinie. He can put the nighties on the musical instruments and he can count the drum to see that it hasn't been stolen."

Graham looked downcast. "He might polish the trombone, too, eh, if he has time?"

After dinner Cantavo went into his bedroom to change into his evening clothes. Graham remained in the living-room, with coffee, a liqueur and his despair at Cantavo's impulsiveness to keep him company. These pleasures were shortly made less pleasurable by Heinie's arrival. When Cantavo again came into the living-room, he found Heinie and Graham sitting in a mutually distasteful silence.

"SO, YOU sell drugs, Heinie?" Cantavo asked, without preliminary greetings.

"Not on your life, I don't." Heinie replied with quick resentment. "You haven't turned copper, have you, Bill?"

"No," Bill replied.

"None of Rapport's boys sold drugs, except Tony, the driver. He's a junkie. He did that on his own. None of the rest of us were even in that racket."

"Do you want to give up your life of crime and go back to work?"

Heinie smiled with the merry rascality for which Cantavo had always liked him. "I always say a guy has to take the good along with the bad."

"Can you lay aside your machine guns without too much regret?"

"I only carry a rod," he protested.

"Have you ever done any shooting?" Cantavo asked Heinie.

Heinie thought Cantavo was ribbing him. "Shooting what?" he asked.

"I'll give you a three weeks' vacation every fall and you can go somewhere and shoot birds instead of friends."

"I really don't care so much about shooting anything. I just like to shoot. When we get in a fight, I always shoot some windows out. It's fun spraying right down the line."

"Sure it's fun, if you're not inside the windows. I'm no reformer, Heinie, and I haven't much faith in you," Cantavo told him, "but I'll give you a break if you want it."

"I do want it, Bill. Thanks."

"Then Graham will find you a job. But first you'll have to give up carrying your gun. Second, you will have to give up your disreputable friends. You can look up the stagehands and electricians that you used to know, or any other decent people you used to know. And by way of recreation, you can get drunk twice a year and I'll tell you on what dates."

"Swell." Heinie smiled at the last sentence. Reform was beginning to look up.

"You ought to be all right again if you get started," Cantavo said. "Let's knock over a mug of beer we promised ourselves." He called to Sam: "Bring it with the foam on it, Sam." Cantavo turned to Heinie. "What ever happened, Heinie, to that kid you rescued from that big fire out in Cincinnati a few years ago?"

"I don't know. I never saw *him* since."

"You have that heroic rescue chalked up to your credit anyway."

"I was young then. I wasn't afraid of nothing," Heinie minimized his heroism. "I've gotten cautious since I'm older."

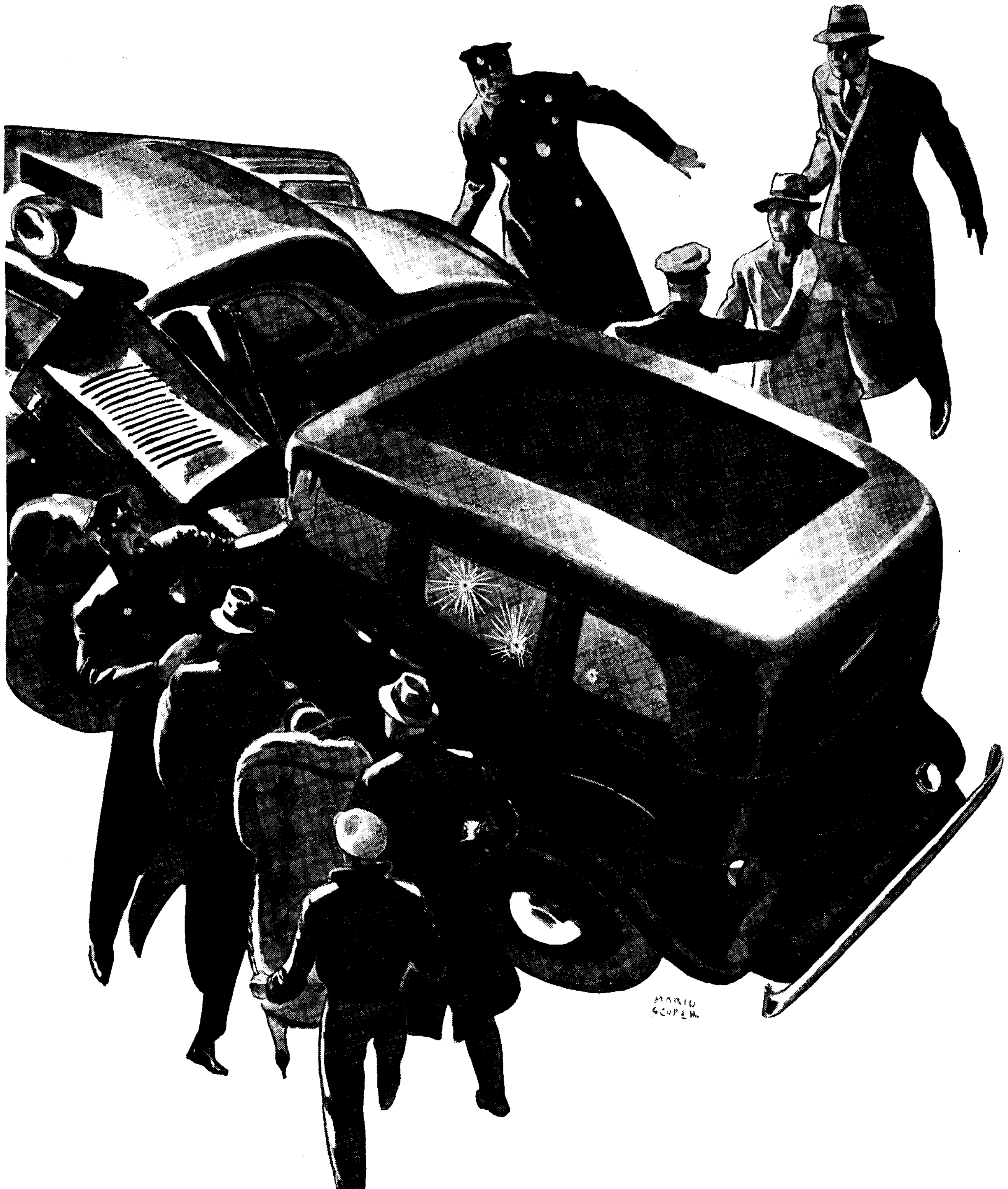
"So I've noticed."

Sam placed the beer beside them.

"Here's to you," Cantavo said.

"Here's how," Heinie responded.

CANTAVO and Graham stepped out into the night. It was clear and crisp. From the tops of the buildings steam poured like white plumes. Queer, fragile flowers from such stalwart roots. Red, yellow, blue and green lights flickered off and on in a frenzy of color and movement, chased each other in geometric designs and flashed off at irresponsible tangents. An elevated train screamed by in a flaming streak of light. A star shot whimsically and unimpressively through the sky. It has a bad spot on the bill, Bill reasoned in the



A crowd mysteriously and instantly gathered around the scene of the drama

star's defense. The four top stories of a building appeared and disappeared in spectacular and disconcerting splendor.

Cantavo pointed it out to Graham. "I like buildings that stand still. Something has to stand still to give meaning to all this motion."

Before he stepped onto the platform of the Monroe, he spoke to Rosie. "Tonight is our big date at the Garnet. Don't go running off with the wrong guy by mistake."

"Running off with a gold mine could be no mistake," she told him.

"Remember, I make several thousand dollars a week myself. I can buy you all the ice cream sodas you want."

"But the wrong guy wants to marry me and buy my sodas permanently," she said.

"Let's see if you and I can't come to a more equitable arrangement," he said.

Cantavo stepped onto the platform. There was applause. He smiled at the overcrowded tables. "I see that you're all here," he said with his jovial smile. He picked up his baton. "Give it some swing, boys," he said.

When the number was over, he glanced over the room again. He noticed that Jernegan was with the same pretty young woman that he had been with for the last three nights. It was unusual, his being there at dinner hour. He had a preoccupied and sullen look tonight. Was probably drunk.

Rapport was standing at the door near the entrance. Cantavo had hoped that Henderson wouldn't arrest Rapport in the Monroe. That kind of thing wasn't good for business.

THE orchestra didn't seem to have much pep tonight. "I'm just waving a stick around for fun, boys," he said caustically. "Don't pay any attention to it." Eight-forty. He could leave soon now. He hoped that Amy would be at home tonight. He didn't want to be running up to 67th Street every night in search of Amy. The piano was out of tune. He looked at the pianist and winced. "The old icebox is lefthanded tonight," the pianist told him. Some time later the quartet came to the microphone. Cantavo drifted back through the orchestra to talk to Rosie.

"Jernegan must have swallowed the drugstore," Rosie commented.

He glanced quickly at Jernegan. Of course he was an addict. What a sap not to have guessed it. Cantavo looked again at Rosie. She was plenty winsome, and plenty seductive too.

"Don't get married, Rosie. The orchestra would be no fun without you here. I'm getting fretful about it. I just mark time all day long, until I get down here at night to see you."

"And then say 'Hello' and dash off somewhere else. Where are you going now, for instance?"

"Now I *am* embarrassed," Cantavo said. "I have a really important errand that I have to do. I'll be back here at eleven o'clock. And after the show is over later tonight we'll go places. You won't forget?"

"I like time spent on me as well as good wishes, money and kind words."

"I can offer you everything in the world but time, Rosie. Don't be a meanie."

Cantavo directed one more number.

As he walked out of the restaurant, Rapport was still standing by the door. "Look at Jernegan," Rapport snorted to Cantavo. "The dirty rat. Running around with a little tart like that."

This new girl had most certainly upset some shakedown project of Rapport's—a project in which Amy would have been helpful—for only if Rapport's purse were affected would he be excited to such righteousness.

Cantavo didn't reply.

"Why do you let a little tramp like that come in here?" Rapport asked with petulence.

"People pay to hear my band. I never demand lineage of my listeners for fear they might demand it of me."

Rapport made no reply to that, for at that moment a police officer touched Rapport on the shoulder. "Come along," he said.

"All right," Rapport answered in, it seemed to Cantavo, a surprisingly coöperative spirit.

CANTAVO descended in the elevator. He wasted no compassion on Rapport. Justice sometimes was a pleasant practice. He stepped into a taxi. "Sixty-seventh and Broadway," he told the taxi driver. He settled back in the car with a sigh, and gave himself up to thinking of Amy.

Why had she telephoned him? And in what way could she be connected with Callingham's murder? She had said to him over the telephone, the first time that she had phoned him, that she wanted to talk to him about Mary Marsten and Callingham. Later she had said that she had deceived him—that she knew nothing about either of them. Obviously she must have known something of importance about one or both of them and with the papers full of the subject of Callingham's death—and of Mary's unhappy connection with it—she had wanted to tell what she knew to someone whom she trusted.

Her later statement that she knew nothing must have been a retraction engendered by fear—of what? Cantavo doubted that Amy had killed Callingham. The idea was grotesque. Amy was not vicious. She probably knew something she had heard through gossip. But Cantavo felt none too reassured with that conclusion. If it should transpire that Amy did know something of importance, he, Cantavo, was going to be very embarrassed that he had not told Henderson where Amy could be found. He tried to quiet his uneasy sense of guilt by recalling the fact that when a girl in trouble had appealed to him for help, with a plea of secrecy, he had been reluctant to go running to the police saying that he knew someone who knew something she didn't want the police to know. That hadn't seemed chivalrous. Anyway, he, Cantavo, was an entertainer, not a policeman. He had never played cop. Why should he go running around trying to balance the scales of justice? And more particularly, when he didn't know anything to tell anyway, except that Amy wished to talk to him, Cantavo, confidentially.

BUT Henderson's statement this afternoon that Amy might be an important link in the Callingham mystery bothered Cantavo. If in any way he could have been useful to Tim and had failed in being useful, had failed in finding out what had happened to Mary and why it had happened, he'd think hatefully of himself.

Cantavo got out of his taxi at the corner of Broadway. "Something must be doing in this neighborhood," the taxi driver said. "I passed two radio cars in the last two blocks and I saw one parked on West 65th Street."

"Those radio cars sound cozy to me,"

(Continued on page 73)

The Man Who Hated Music

Baron Von Genthner meets an old friend—one of the most moving stories that ever came out of the war

By Quentin Reynolds

THERE was no use trying to work. Those church bells kept chiming at minute intervals and, though they weren't loud, they were insistent and their tones crept into the room and hung there, getting between me and any work. It was Friday in Berlin and why church bells should be ringing on a Friday afternoon, I couldn't figure out.

It was a beautiful day too—Berlin offers a lovely spring in compensation for the many unpleasant features of living in Germany's capital. I had just bought several new records for my phonograph and I thought I'd try them out. I picked one at random—it was the Liebestod from Tristan and Isolde. I put it on the machine and was about to play it when my servant announced the Baron Von Genthner.

"Not interrupting any work, I hope?" he asked.

"Not at all. I can't work with those bells making that racket. Come in and have a drink. Have two drinks." I was glad to see the Baron; he was the only German I knew who managed to keep absolutely detached from German political intrigue. He had been a great war hero. When the war ended he had retired from further active participation. Henceforth he would be a spectator. He remained a spectator and not even a very interested spectator. The only thing which really interested him was music—not contemporary music, but the music of the masters. Music, he often said, reached its apotheosis in Wagner. Since then only Brahms had been touched with the divine spark. Since Brahms—nothing.

"Lovely weather for April," Von Genthner said. "I was noticing the peonies in the park. In another two weeks the Tiergarten will be a mass of flowers. I was . . ."

He paused in front of my phonograph and he picked up the record I had been about to play.

"Liebestod? Liebestod? The love death . . ." he whispered, half to himself. "What chance, what mad quirk of fate made you want to play this record today?"

I was surprised. Von Genthner seemed agitated. The color had faded from his usually ruddy face.

"I don't know. One record is much like another to me, you know. Why should the Liebestod affect you so?"

He didn't answer for a moment. Then he sat down in a heavy arm chair. "You know, I would like a drink. Some brandy, perhaps."

"Sure," I laughed. "I'll get a bottle."

I got a bottle and two glasses. I opened the bottle and poured us each a drink. He tossed his down at a gulp without even murmuring the conventional "Prosit."

"Something's troubling you. Is it those chimes from the church bells?"

Von Genthner looked up. "Twenty years ago today a man asked me to play the Liebestod for him. I didn't play it, but every year on this day the memory of three hours I spent with him comes back. It—it is disturbing."

"What is the silly song all about?" I asked testily. "I know it's from Tristan and Isolde, but that's all."

He looked at me pityingly, and sighed. "Whatever do they teach you in your American universities! In the last act of the opera—it was written by Wagner; you've heard of him, I trust?" he asked scathingly.

"WAGNER? There was a Honus Wagner who played shortstop for the Pittsburgh team. He had bowlegs and he could hit like hell."

"Tristan is wounded. As he is dying, Isolde comes to him. He dies comforted by her and she sings the Liebestod. The song tells him that their love is so great there is no need to fear death; it is a song that promises life hereafter not only in words but in music. It is a song which would comfort a dying man, for it promises that the end has not come; that beyond there is something greater than life which after all is but an incident."

"You're a philosopher, my friend," I said.

"I'm a musician," he said, too forcefully. "Which is a great deal more important. Philosophy and logic are two tricky sisters who can prove anything. Music is the only great truth, the only great honesty, for it is unanswerable. You recall Browning in Abt Vogler when he says:

"*'The rest may reason and welcome.*
'Tis we musicians know.'"

"And you wouldn't play Liebestod twenty years ago for whom and what about it?" I poured two more drinks. The Baron seemed a bit shaken and this surprised me. He had something on his mind and I was anxious to find out what it was. "Tell me about it."

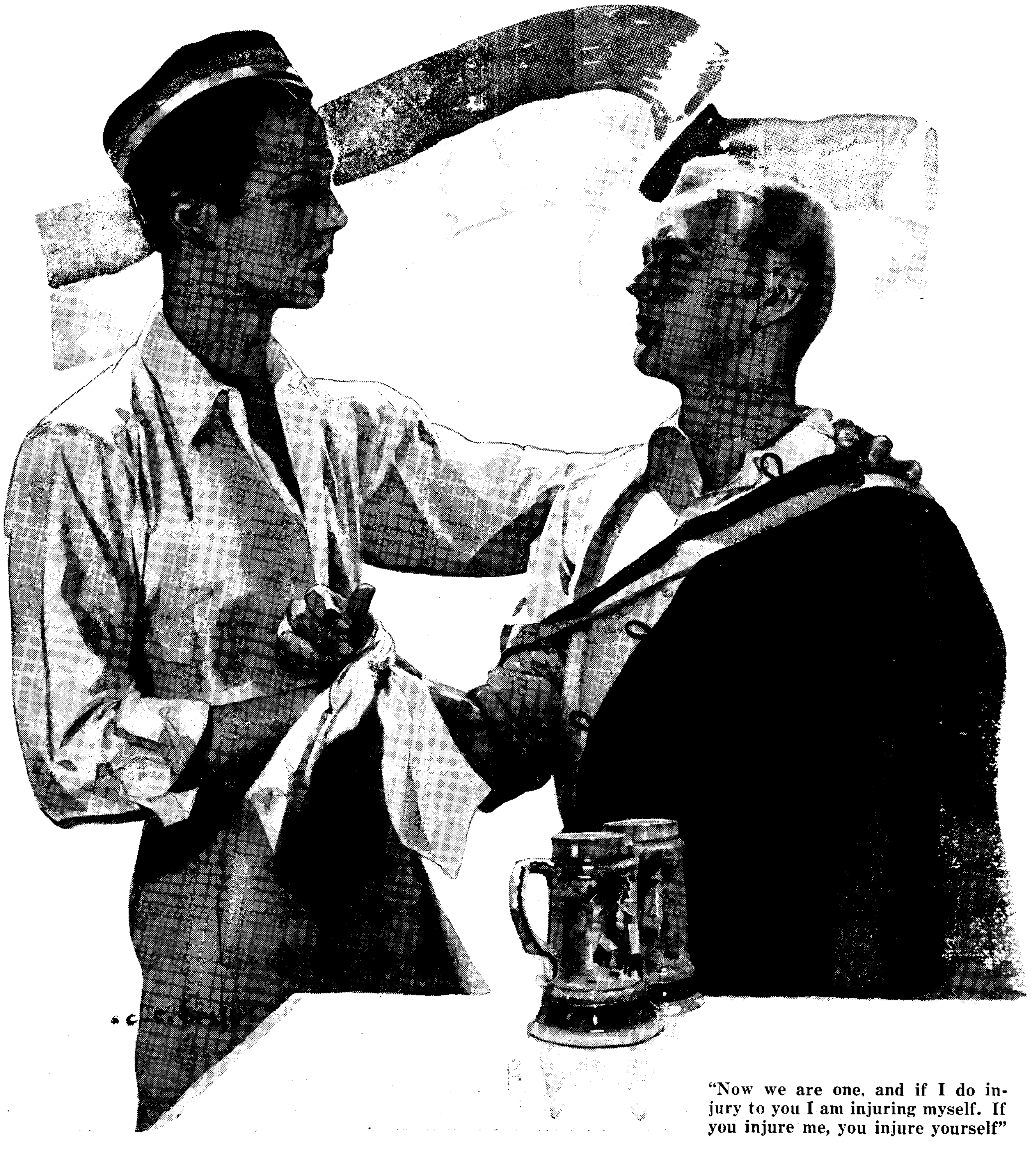
"Twenty years ago," he mused. "That was right in those first awful two years of the war . . ."

He paused; then—"You know what day this is, I suppose?"

I was puzzled. "Sure, it's Friday, April 19th, isn't it?"

He smiled. "It doesn't matter. Now I'll tell you the story. Every opera must have an overture, my friend. Why,

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"Now we are one, and if I do injury to you I am injuring myself. If you injure me, you injure yourself"

Beethoven wrote three for Fidelio. Now our overture is over and we are in the midst of the war. We're back in 1915 on the western front not far from that city of Armentières—just a couple of miles east of it over toward Ypres. I was a major then, commanding three companies, part of the German Fourth Army. In May of that year we sustained horrible losses in the battles of Frezenberg, Aubers Ridge and Festubert.

"The French and English who were stationed opposite us were thoroughly spent. We knew that they would have to wait for reinforcements before they could attack. We ourselves were tired, getting our breath after those minor, but horribly wearying engagements. Then there came orders from the general staff which shook us considerably. Six thousand men in our sector were detailed to duty on the Russian front. They were to be withdrawn immediately, that night in fact, but would be replaced within a week by fresh troops which were finishing their training in the rear. I was frankly nervous. If the French and English knew of this withdrawal they would undoubtedly attack and, undermanned as we would be, there would be nothing we could do about it. But the withdrawal of the troops had been accomplished with the greatest secrecy, and we were fairly confident that there were no leaks.

"Two hours after the last of the six thousand men had left, the French and English attacked. It was a swift, sudden foray that caught us absolutely off guard. We were holding the right flank and the English brought over their 32d and 39th divisions from the center. They almost literally destroyed us.

"THE Sixth Bavarian, and the Fourth Ersatz hurried to our aid and once they arrived the English retreated. Their work was done. They hadn't attempted any major offensive—it was merely one of those sharp thrusts intended to harry us. Well, they harried us all right and in the process of harrying us they killed twenty-five hundred of our men.

"I was present at the meeting of the general staff when the attack was discussed. The loss of the men was bad enough, but what really worried us, of course, was the fact that the enemy knew of our plans so quickly. Until then we hadn't known the excellence of their Intelligence Department. Somewhere in our ranks there were men in the pay of France or England. Somehow they had established means of communication with their bases.

"Oh, we knew there were plenty of spies in our midst. We had caught many of them and our custom was to send them back to the rear lines to a prison camp where regular court-martials were held. But the General Staff decided that sterner measures were needed. The general who presided issued his orders. Henceforth, if a spy was found he should be brought to the nearest officer with the rank of major. The major was to select two captains and hold an immediate court-martial on the spot. If found guilty, the man should be executed within three hours.

"'It isn't pleasant to have to condemn a man to death,' the general said through tight lips, 'nor is it pleasant to have to direct such an execution. But remember—one spy knew that we were withdrawing six thousand men. This one man knew, communicated his knowledge to the enemy—and twenty-five hundred Germans have paid with their lives.'

"There was a lull for three days after that attack. We sat licking our wounds and they dug in waiting for the attack they knew we had planned against Ypres. Then came Friday. Two of my captains came to me with a story of a German who had escaped from the English prison camp in back of their lines and had managed to get through to us.

"'His name is Johann Gluck,' one of them said. 'He was a captain in the Sixth Division who was captured more than a month ago.'

"'That is one of the divisions that was withdrawn, isn't it?' I asked.

"'Yes,' the captain said. 'But this Captain Gluck, nice chap by the way, knows so much about the present English position that we wanted to suggest to you that instead of sending him to rejoin his division you keep him here. After that attack the other night we can use another captain.'

"These two captains of mine were named Hermann Kreutzer and Franz Marschner, fine officers both of them. Strictly officers, typical officers to whom war was that for which they had spent a lifetime of training. I told them to bring in this new find.

"A few moments later they brought Captain Johann Gluck in to me. I had a very fine dugout, really palatial. It was a single square sand-bag-and-stone-enforced room. In addition to my cot and a table I had also managed to snare a portable phonograph. I had sent to the rear for records, and although during heavy bombardment the mortality among the records was high, most of my Wagnerian operas had managed to survive, and some Beethoven. If a man has Wagner and Beethoven he really doesn't need much more.

"CAPTAIN JOHANN GLUCK walked into the dugout. He was slightly built, and he had a scar across his cheek. He had a firm mouth and very blue eyes. Very blond, he was the true Germanic type, except for his size. He had a boyish look about him, and when I looked at him something clutched at my throat. Because as I looked at him, I knew that within three hours he would be dead.

"'I have heard a great deal about the Major Von Genthner,' he said in his soft Bavarian voice. 'It is nice to see you. . . .'

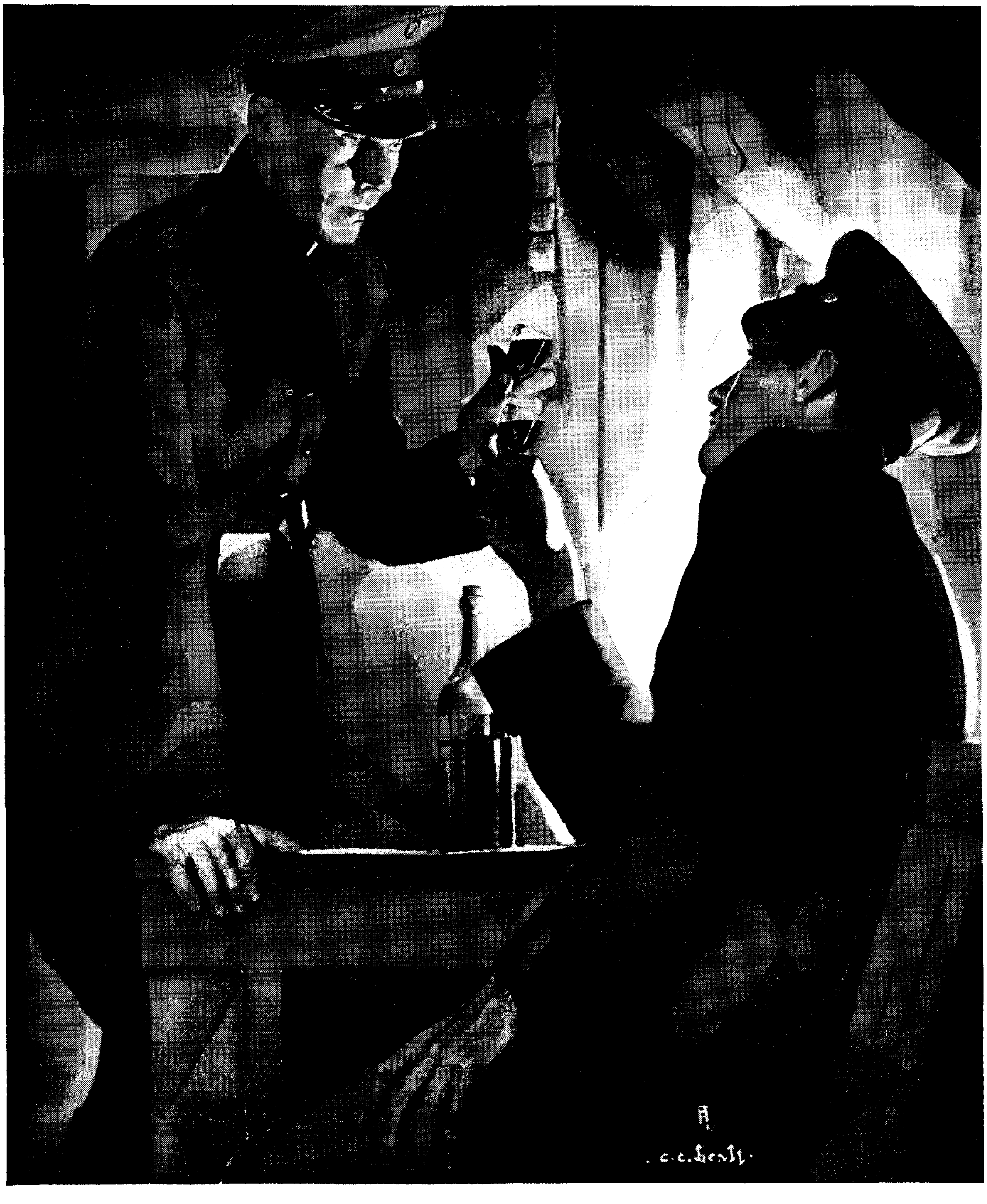
"'. . . again,' I finished for him, trying to fight down something within me which was crying, 'You fool, rush to him, throw your arms around him. That is Eric, Eric Rhodes, your friend. That is the boy you grew up with, the boy you went to Heidelberg with, who attended you in a dozen duels, who argued philosophy and music with you. That is Eric Rhodes, your blood brother!'

"'You two have met before?' Kreutzer asked. 'How delightful. That calls for a celebration, Major, doesn't it?'

"'Yes, at Heidelberg,' I said. 'We met at Heidelberg. No, it was before Heidelberg . . . Captain, there's a bottle of brandy under my cot. Open it, will you? Marschner, you'll find some glasses on that table.'

"Captain Gluck laughed and there was a mocking light in his eyes as he looked at me. 'Fine, we'll have a celebration. We are going to celebrate one of the three most momentous occasions in a man's life.'

"'Come, now,' Kreutzer laughed. 'The three most important occasions in a man's life are his birth, his marriage and his death. No one is being born here; certainly no one is going to be married, and, judging by the quiet outside, no one is going to die.'



"One final drink, Von Genthner." Eric filled and raised his glass. "What shall we toast? Life? Death?"

"'When one meets a very old friend, that too is a very important occasion—no matter under what circumstances the meeting occurs.' If my face was white, no one, I think, noticed it. If my hand trembled when I lifted the glass, only I was aware of it.

"'Fill mine to the brim,' Gluck laughed, and the beads of the brandy sparkled on a level with the top of the glass. He lifted it without a drop spilling over and drained it.

"'A steady hand for a man who has been in a prison camp for a month,' Kreutzer laughed.

"'Well, friend, the next move is up to you. Why not tell your captains who I am.' Gluck spoke in English and Kreutzer and Marschner looked their surprise. 'The major and I learned English at Heidelberg together,' Gluck said in German. 'Go on with your drinks. We want to talk over old times. And we want to see if we remember our English. *Nicht wahr*, Major?'

"'*Bestimmt! Bestimmt!* Of course. Let's sit down.' And we sat down, Kreutzer and Marschner soon being absorbed in discussing their own ideas for our anticipated offensive against Ypres. Gluck, or Eric Rhodes, and I sat there and—"

"VON GENTHNER," I broke in, just a bit puzzled. "Who was Gluck? Who was Eric Rhodes? They were the same man evidently, but who?"

"Eric Rhodes was an English officer," Von Genthner explained. "To put it more bluntly, he was a spy who had come into our lines confident that his perfect German and the fact that the regiment to which he said he had been attached was too far away for any immediate check-up would allay any suspicion. But Eric Rhodes was more than that.

"Eric," Von Genthner said slowly, "was brought up in Mallsdorf, a small town in Bavaria, where I came from. He came there with his parents, who were English, when he was a child. Eric grew up as any Bavarian child would grow up. He and I played together as youngsters. We went to the same schools. Eric always went back to England once a year for a month or two, and this kept him thoroughly British in mind and in spirit. Outwardly he was as German as I. We dreamed dreams as youngsters do and always in our dreams we shared each other's success. I would be a great musician, he a great writer. Then came Heidelberg. I specialized in music, he in philosophy. That," Von Genthner added, wryly, "was the only thing we ever disagreed upon."

"But, Von Genthner," I asked, "you said that you and he were blood brothers. What did you mean?"

"In America I believe you have college fraternities," he said. "At Heidelberg we have corps which roughly correspond to your fraternities. The corps which Eric and I joined had a very impressive ritual of initiation. We were initiated in pairs and we were made—literally—blood brothers. The symbolic part of it was that in being made a blood brother to one corps member you become symbolically a blood brother to all.

"I'll never forget that ceremony. Eric and I, of course, were paired. Our right wrists were slashed and then my wrist was bound to his. The cuts were placed together and then our wrists were fastened tightly so that actually my blood flowed into his open cut and his blood flowed into mine. The wrists were bound until the blood clotted and then indeed were we brothers. 'Now we are one,'—I remember the words of the initiation—'and if I do injury to you I am injuring myself. If you injure me, you injure yourself.'

"Sounds silly, doesn't it?" Von Genthner laughed. "But it isn't silly to a twenty-year-old boy. Eric and I remained friends until we finished Heidelberg; then he went back to London to live and I wandered here and there, coming home just in time to meet the war. But during those years I had often thought of Eric. He had been the closest friend I had ever had."

"And now you were a German officer. Now you had to court-martial and condemn him to death."

Von Genthner nodded and his face was grave. He went on:

"Eric said in English, 'I understand that the General Staff has issued orders that the nearest major conduct a court-martial in the case of a spy's being captured and that, if guilty, the spy be shot within three hours.'

"'Your intelligence is well informed,' I said a bit stiffly.

"'Oh, yes,' he said carelessly. 'Well, friend, there's no sense in holding a court-martial. Of course I plead guilty. We wanted to know just when you were going to attack Ypres. Rather thought I'd get away with it, you know. After all I speak a damn' sight better German than most of your officers. He laughed. 'Now let's face this silly business, Von Genthner. We have three hours. Then I die. Let's make the best of those three hours. We have lots to make up for—do you know it's eight years since I saw you? And so—another drink. Thank God it's French brandy, I never could stand German brandy, you remember?'

"Jack, have you been using my bread knife to shave with again?"

HARRY HAENIGSEN

"'And I always preferred it to French,' I reminded him.

"'Because it was milder,' he said softly. 'Just as you preferred music to philosophy. Philosophy is strong stuff—it is truth untarnished, truth without any sugar coating of sentimentality. Music? Music is a soporific. That's why they have music at weddings and funerals.'

"'There is nothing sentimental about music at a funeral, Eric,' I said. 'God knows, death is ugly at best. Handel's Death March from Saul detracts a bit from the ugliness. It is at least a reminder that though one poor devil has passed on there are yet beautiful things left in the world.'

"'Is there a life hereafter?' Eric asked. 'I don't know. I hope and rather think so. However, I want more consolation when I go than Chopin's—what is that funeral march of his called? The B-Flat Minor Sonata, isn't it?' He reached for the brandy bottle. This time he didn't fill his glass to the brim, yet a few drops spilled over the side of the glass. 'Rotten taste we're showing, Von Genthner, talking of funerals. But then you and I were never sticklers for good taste, were we? Remember that fat professor who tried to teach us mathematics? I'll never forget. . . .'

"He launched forth into one of our more florid adolescent escapades. For a time the ugly walls of the dugout faded and the voices of Kreutzer and Marschner died away. Now we were swimming across the rapidly moving Neckar after an all-night session at the Rote Ochsen or one of the other bierstubes; we were tramping stern-faced up the winding hill across the river to the Hirschgasse, tipping our caps reverently as we passed the statue of St. Nepomuk, patron of duelists; binding each other's wounds and chiding one another for allowing the saber to penetrate the guard; climbing the crags of the Tyrol with edelweiss in our hats . . . The time passed quickly.

"ONCE, we were both silent for a few moments:

"'Eric,' I said abruptly—and what made me say it I don't know—'have you still that scar on your wrist?'

"He pushed back his sleeve. He held it out and there was that thin, jagged white mark. He turned his wrist over and I noticed his watch. We had twenty minutes left.

"'That was a long time ago, Eric. We swore to be blood brothers.'

"'Well,' Eric laughed, and for the first time I noticed a slightly uneven note in his voice, 'Edmund Burke once said, "War suspends the rule of moral obligation." If we are both fools enough to fight in a war we must abide by its rules. But let's forget the war—I mean for the next twenty minutes. We can at least kill and be killed like gentlemen. I am always amused,' he sneered, 'when officers talk about fighting and dying like gentlemen. I was almost thrown out of my officers' training camp when I asked in all innocence, "How do you stick a bayonet into a man's stomach in a gentlemanly manner?"'

"'I am afraid, Eric, I am losing my taste for war a little, too. On paper it is fascinating and glamorous—but actually it's dirty, unpleasant, a horrible thing.'

"'Poor Von Genthner,' he mocked. 'You talk like a pacifist. I don't mind war so much—I mind the sickening bait which is held out by those who send us to war.

"'You know, Von Genthner,' he went on, seriously, 'I think there may be something in pacifism at that. What are you fighting for? Who will gain if Germany wins the war?'

"WE WERE talking against time and we both knew it. I saw beads of perspiration standing out on his forehead. I was clenching my hands and the nails were drawing blood.

"'I don't know what posterity will say of this war, Eric,' I said, and I flattered myself that my voice was steady.

"'Posterity will never say that the Lusitania sank a submarine,' he mocked. 'But to get back for a moment. You are not fighting for Germany, my friend, you are fighting for Krupp. The French are fighting for the glory and further dividends of Schneider-Creusot. The Czechoslovakians are fighting for the glory of Skoda. And of course the Japs are fighting for Mitsui. This is a war of munition manufacturers.'

"'For God's sake, Eric, stop this talk,' I cut in—so sharply that Kreutzer and Marschner looked up and exchanged winks. Their major was a little drunk, they thought. 'Stop it, Eric,' I whispered.

"Eric's face was white but his voice was level. 'You have to do something within ten minutes which is repellent to you. But you have to do it. In all fairness, Von Genthner, I ask you which of us is bearing up the better? What of your Wagner now? What of your Beethoven? What of your other masters? They aren't helping you. Why cannot you believe as—oh, as Buddha believed, for instance. Buddha, dreaming of the blessed peace of Nirvana, rested under the Botree—and he discovered that all living was painful. Death was a beautiful release from pain. So, Von Genthner, I do not fear death. And now, friend, my time is up.'

"He looked at his watch. 'We have talked for three hours. Do you recall what day this is, Von Genthner? It is the same day on which another and greater man spent three hours of agony in a Garden called Gethsemane. Von Genthner, will you give the orders? Or shall I? Suppose I do it. Kreutzer! Marschner!'

"He spoke sharply in German now: 'The major's orders are that you immediately assemble a firing squad of six men. Have them ready in three minutes. The major has discovered a spy who shall be shot according to the orders of the General Staff.'

"Kreutzer and Marschner looked at me. I was numb. 'They are the major's orders,' Eric said crisply, and they left the dugout.

(Continued on page 38)

New Worlds for Alexander

By W. B. Courtney

THE lesson for today is "Snooty is as snooty does, thus it pays to be moderately polite even in Hollywood; or, how the rude man wishes that he could eat his silence!" So we must now look backward a few years.

It was one of those real-estate-prospectus California mornings which make you walk like a midshipman and feel sunbeamy and pious although you may have just stolen your aged father's nest-egg earnings as a professional convert in the Angelus Temple. No morning, however, in California or elsewhere, can be glamorous or bright enough to match the good will of a young man who is newly come to Mecca; who has arrived at the capital of his ambitions, the principal city of his dreams, after years of labor in sparse outlying vineyards.

The hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year contract our hero had signed added its best of smugness to his mood, of course; that was a lot of pengoes in his own far land, and it made him feel consequential. He was, therefore, positively transfigured by friendliness to all the world as he strode for the first time as a salaried employee across the great Coyote lot (275 acres, its own Zoo and Executives' Soundproofed Thinking Cottages and Airplane Factory and League of Nations Café, and 819 miles of Improved Roadway decorated with lampposts from all the Historic Squares of Europe).

The World's Coldest Shoulder

Anyhow, it was Monday. Our lad, hastening toward his virgin desk, saw the Big Shot coming across the yard. There were many reasons for the rather explosive "Good morning!" which greeted the Big Shot as he passed abreast of his latest hireling; the innate courtesy of the latter, his experience of such matters in the Old World, his buoyant spirits this day, and his belief that a wage larger than the Regent got back home bore fellowship with it. But he may as well have tipped his hat to a fire hydrant. The Big Shot's austere eyes took no more grip on him than a hot knife takes on butter; the Big Shot's face, dramatically set in a reflection of deep thoughts, was just about as friendly as a coral reef.

"Maybe he's hard of hearing," thought our young man, as he walked on, a little dashed. Then he heard a bloodless feminine squeak. "Oh, Poppy! Yoo-hoo! Good morning, Poppy!" He turned, and saw a marcelled buttercup waving to the Big Shot from a dressing-room window half the yard away. Big Shot was agog with fraternal attentiveness: "How are you today, darling?" he called.

The new man resumed his way, disquieted. "Of course, it is possible he did not recognize me," he figured. "We had only seventy-one private conferences before I signed the contract." Later that day he passed the Big Shot again; and greeted him quite as firmly as on the first occasion—but without result.

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Alexander Korda

Hollywood has paid for that rudeness and the debt is not yet funded. It is one cold shoulder that never will get a chance to warm up. The Big Shot's churlishness, vulgarity, made inevitable a departure that took cash money out of his pocket as well as many another in American films; and robbed our picture industry of a name and a talent which are the most formidable in the international film world today.

Some of his friends, now that he is a great man, explain that he would never have become acclimatized in Hollywood under the politest circumstances, because that city is yet too much of a social frontier—raw, graceless, full of primitive scandals. It made him homesick. These friends say his gifts show best against a background of old cultures.

Others in his circle maintain that he fled—or, rather more truthfully, was thrown out of—Hollywood because, although he early learned the necessity of saying "yes," he backslid one day into a stormy "no" when the Big Shot insisted upon a punch where he believed a hint was more in order. If you back Alexander Korda, himself, into a corner, however, and hold your knee in his stomach, he will grin darkly and his shoulders and eyes and hands will all lend eloquent aid to his charmingly accented and stilted English while he tells you about it.

When he has finished you will have no doubt of the significance of that studio chief's failure in common politeness. Korda, the artist, is truculent; glad to fight with you about the merits of a work, and he does not give a hoot what you think. Korda, the executive, is prudent and shrewd and thoughtful. Korda, the man, is gentle and sensitive; bruises easily in his human relationships. "I was so glad to be in Hollywood, but I walk first on the left foots," he recalls morosely; "and then never could I bring up the right foots!"

Alexander Korda's failure in Hollywood a half dozen years ago was not partial. Indeed, it was one of those minor tragedies that do something to a man inwardly, out of everyday sight; with influences, good and bad, that flow on through all his years. Alex lost more than his job. He would not compromise; that is one of his defects, or virtues, as you view him. The West Coast studios comprise a tight and fearful little world, and the tongues and eyes of the film's petty czars are long and exceedingly acid. Alex was discredited with his friends; those who still believed in him were afraid to confess it. His troubles had descended at the worst time: the beginning of the depression—and the little money he had put aside went where yours and mine went. With studios and homes closed against him, it was a little tough to have his own door slammed on him now; Alex and the European film actress, Maria Parkas, whom he had married and whose light he had lifted into the heavens of international stardom, were divorced. Now he walked on the very bottom. No one knew or cared when he left Hollywood, or how.

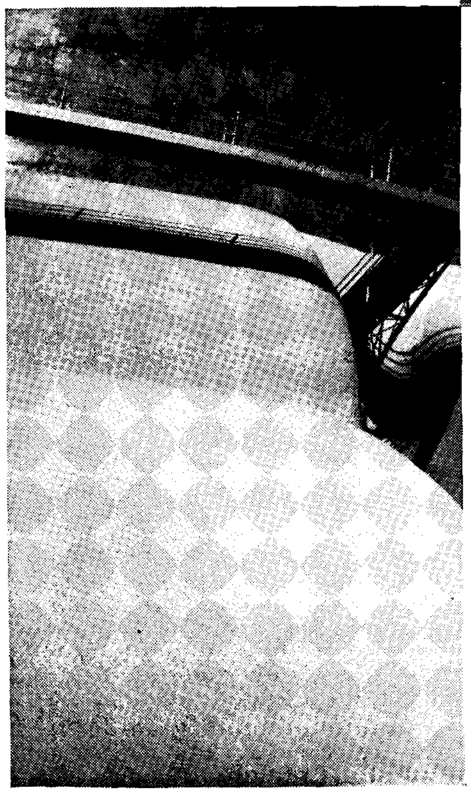
The Boy Who Made Good

This summer Alex revisited Hollywood for the first time since his disgrace, and there were genuflections by the greatest and hosannas from the highest. The lesser rajahs could not get close enough to catch his eye; and this may have been just as well, for I fancy more than one of them might have been killed by what he saw in that eye.

A studio caliph told me sourly: "Alexander Korda can stand on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street and wave a checkbook and all our actors and actresses, stars and featured players, and cameramen and technicians and writers and directors would desert our studios and pour around him from all over town and follow him just like the way the rats of Hamelin (he said Hamburg, so help me) ran after the Pied Piper. They're calling this fellow Alexander the Great—but he's Napoleon, too, if you ask me. He's just about the czar of the international film business today."

The motion-picture industry, which lives within its ranks almost as many

(Continued on page 48)



Some years ago a young Hungarian director was ignominiously fired in Hollywood. Today, the young director, Alexander Korda, heads a company of his own in England, with H. G. Wells, Winston Churchill and Aldous Huxley, among others, on his pay roll. He's already producing pictures that give Hollywood insomnia and he has only begun

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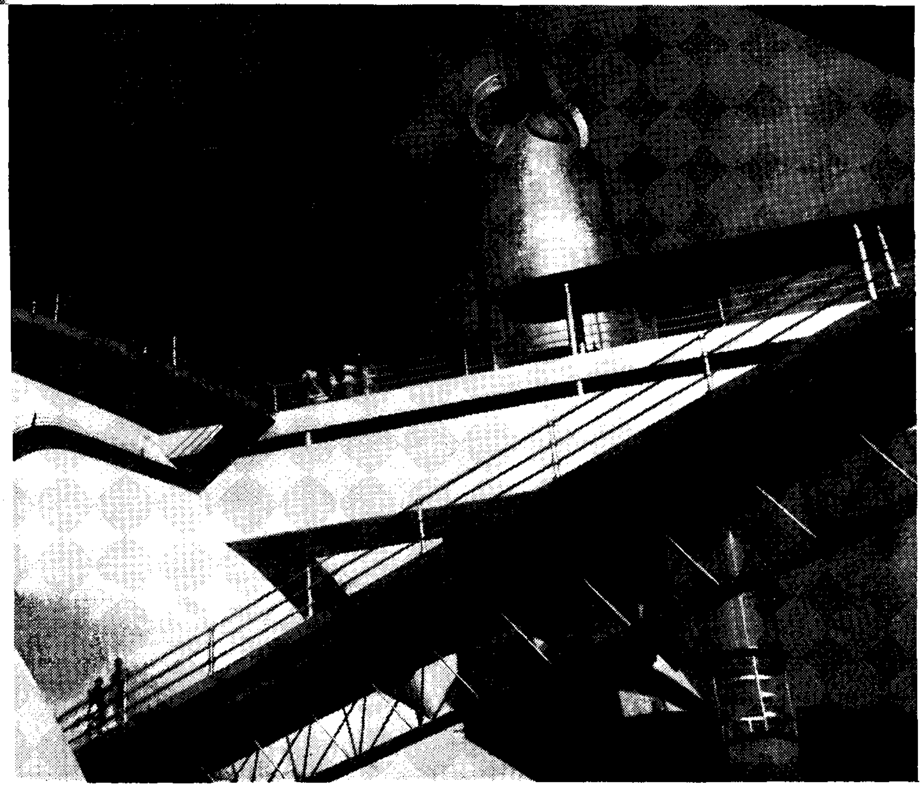
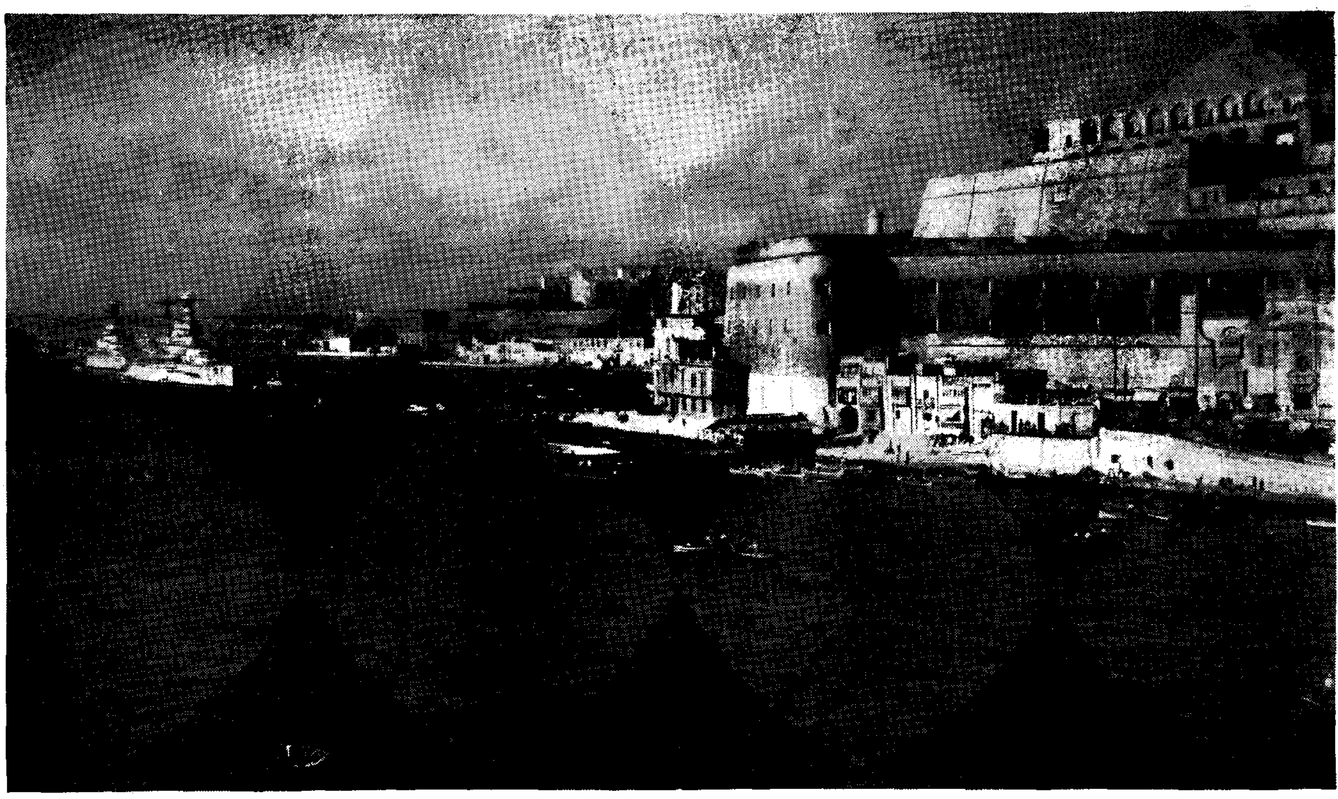


Space Gun used in Korda's "The Shape of Things to Come"

Malta Digs In



PUBLISHER'S PHOTO SERVICE

Grand Harbor, Malta, Mediterranean base of the British Fleet, with two battleships in the background. In the foreground are the ancient fortresses built by the Crusaders. Below, a Maltese mother and children. The head dress is called a f[illegible]

By T. R. Ybarra

Fifty miles south of Sicily in the Mediterranean lies a British fortress—the island of Malta. It's an important link in the "life line" of the British empire and it's uncomfortably close to the Italian shore. Mr. Ybarra takes you to see it wracked with the threat of [illegible] Europe's [illegible]

REMEMBERING that a few hours would bring the British steamer on which I was a passenger within sight of the shores of the island of Malta, most important of British Mediterranean naval bases, and of the battlements of Valletta, its seaport-capital, where I was to be landed, I lifted my eyes to the face of the ship's barber, busily engaged in lathering me—he looked, by the way, very much like the pictures one sees of John Bull—and remarked:

"Lots of British warships, I suppose, in Malta?" To my astonishment, he replied:

"No, sir."

"Isn't the British Mediterranean fleet there?"

"No, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Couldn't say, sir. I'd like to know, sir. Many persons would like to know, sir. Especially one, sir. Mussolini, sir."

A great British naval base without a great British naval fleet! I decided not to believe that barber.

But he was right.

As we steamed into the splendid harbor of Valletta, which is big enough to shelter a considerable portion of the British navy, there were few signs of naval prowess. A couple of cruisers lay at anchor, unobtrusive in their gray paint, flanked by a sprinkling of destroyers, a cluster of submarines, a dry dock—no big battleships anywhere about!

It looked as if the Malta which I had crossed the ocean to see might be going to elude me—that Malta touted for months in American newspaper headlines as a vital link in the famous "life line" connecting the United Kingdom with India and Malaysia and Australia and other tremendously important parts of the British Empire; as one of the most serious problems confronting Britain in case of warfare in the Mediterranean. Was Malta to remain in my memory, I asked myself, merely as it remains in the memories of casual tourists who come to its shores—a complex of superb palaces and stupendous fortifications, washed by sparkling waters, swept by clean winds, etched in clear sunlight, tinted by the centuries with a honey-colored patina of mellowness and beauty? Was it?

England's Bit of Malta

And, just as I was getting ready to answer yes, I happened to stray into the Strada Stretta. There—suddenly, completely, overwhelmingly—the British Empire, the British "life line," the British navy, and Britannia-rules-the-waves hit me between the eyes.

The Strada Stretta is the great center of Maltese night life—and it is sacred to the British navy. Its name means Narrow Street, but has nothing whatever to do with its morals.

From end to end it is lined with bars and eating houses and dance halls, painted in emulation of the rainbow, festooned with lights equally colorful, invariably endowed with names calculated to kindle the spark of patriotism in visiting British bosoms — "King's Crown," "Union Flag," "England Forever," "Lord Nelson."

The eating joints, in a desperate attempt to be one hundred per cent English, advertise dishes one hundred per cent typical of England. "Fried fish and chips!" proclaims one. "Beefsteak and kidney pudding!" shouts its next-door neighbor. "Our specialty—sausages and mashed!" trumpets the place across the street. In doorways stand proprietors and their staffs, loudly advertising the merits of their respective hangouts. And, every night, in the midst of these lures, lined up four and five abreast, shouting, singing and staggering, the bluejackets of Britain go surging up and down the Strada Stretta. Sometimes hundreds of them at a time, on shore leave from three or four warships in the harbor, are jammed into that narrow and naughty thoroughfare. And how they revel!

One young sailor, ejected from a bar because of self-centered conduct, reads only the first three letters on the sign of a barber shop, reels in among lathered customers, and demands a drink, complaining loudly of the service, until removed by a comrade with a clearer grasp of realities. A representative group from H. M. S. Australia try to haul a Maltese policeman into a saloon with them, deeming this the best way to stop his kill-joy objections to their massed rendition of "La Cucaracha." Squads of shore police detailed from various warships look on understandingly and enviously. And a big delegation from H. M. S. Sussex, singing "Carioca" at the tops of their voices, suddenly become seriously entangled with the chorus from H. M. S. Australia, still manfully interpreting "La Cucaracha."

Fight? Oh, no!

Disentanglement is somehow achieved. The Maltese policeman escapes. The shore police obligingly move off. The efforts of the amalgamated choruses become earsplitting. Just an ordinary evening along the Strada Stretta!

All the self-effacement and bashfulness typical of the British navy elsewhere in Malta vanishes there. On the Strada Stretta you get an instantaneous and convincing picture of the importance of Malta as a great British naval base.

Tomorrow the personnel of the revelers will not be drawn from the Australia or Sussex; those ships will have silently stolen away on mysterious Mediterranean missions. But, meanwhile, the Queen Elizabeth and Revenge and Barham will have sneaked into Valletta, to discharge another tornado of tars on shore leave into the welcoming arms of Maltese night life. Soon they also will be spirited away, to be replaced, in their turn, by other bluejacketed masters of the arts of drinking and yelling and all-round whooping it up.

Go to the Strada Stretta, therefore, if you would visualize Britain's Mediterranean naval power! Study by night of the antics of hundreds of sailors there is far more illuminating than contemplation by day of one or two dignified warships, shrouded in unobtrusive gray paint, respectably lying at their Valletta anchorages.

But Where's the Fleet?

As for the British Mediterranean fleet as a whole—where is it? At Alexandria, maybe?—or Gibraltar? Due, perhaps, at Malta in a few weeks? Nobody seems to know exactly; and the British authorities don't seem inclined to remedy this lack of knowledge—though there are a whole lot of persons eager that they should. "Especially one, sir. Mussolini, sir."

The Strada Stretta cuts conspicuous capers, making much noise in so doing, but it isn't the real Malta. The real Malta is everywhere else in Valletta, a thing of animation but touched with century-old dignity, bubbling with life, yet restrained by the firm hand of tradition.

It is in the one-horse carriages, typically Maltese, which rattle through the streets, the heads of their horses adorned with gay feathers sticking proudly upright; their seats, on which two persons can sit face to face with two others, so close together that comfortable arrangement of knees becomes, to non-Maltese passengers, a problem. It is in the flocks of goats, with muzzles of light wire around their snouts, driven from door to door to provide fresh milk for the inhabitants, and milked while you wait by the goatherd no matter how big a

(Continued on page 29)

"Time Marches On" *with* INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

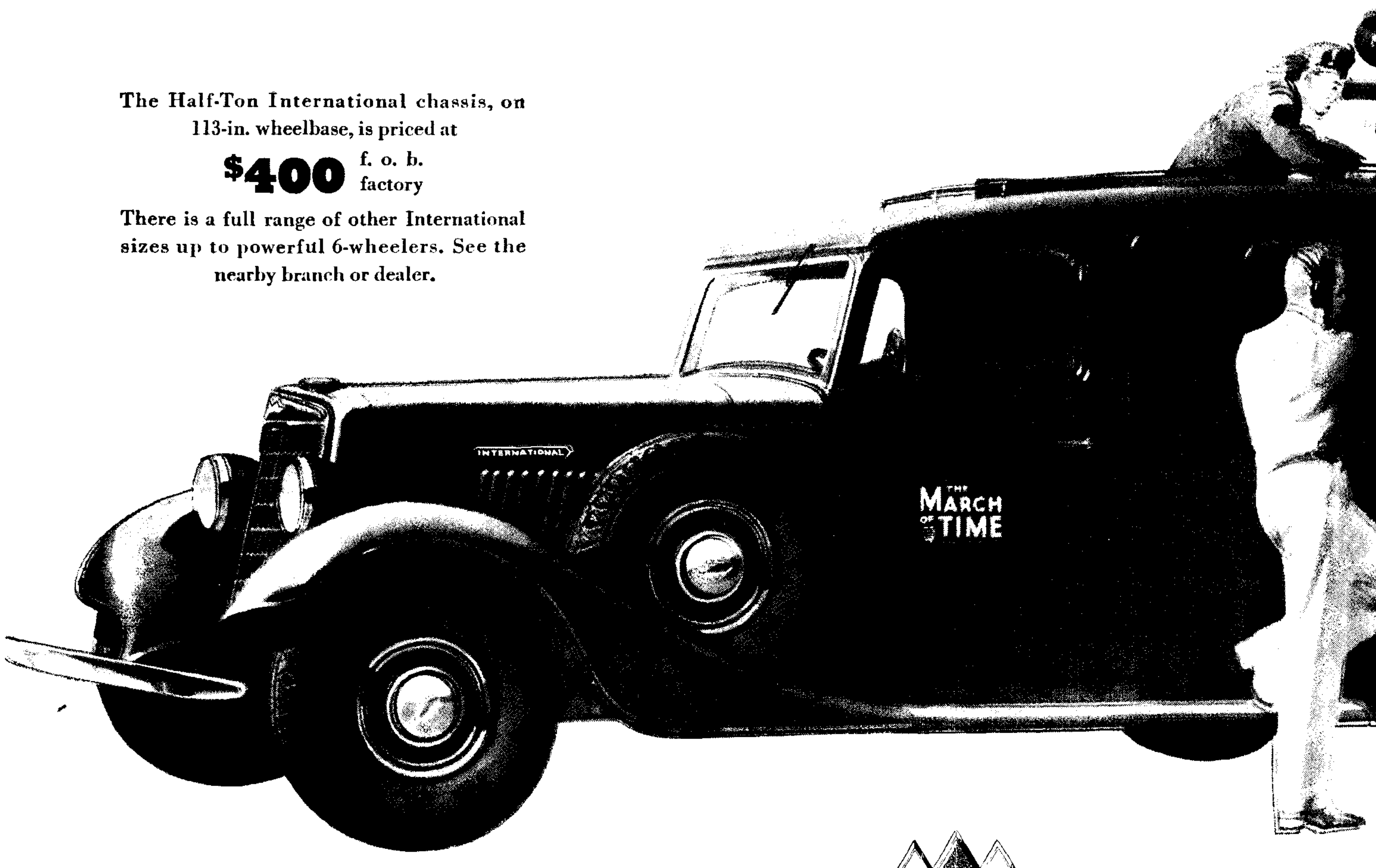
The next time you see The March of Time in your favorite theater, imagine another installment in the making. As you travel across the sound screen watching today's events, Time's cameras are catching new people and places for the news of tomorrow. *Time Marches On!*

Here is a Time-owned International Half-Ton Truck cleverly equipped to advance the efficiency of its sound-and-camera crews. As Time's editors keenly follow the trend of the world's news this truck with its cameras and microphones is constantly in range of the dramatic events the editors are recording for the screen.

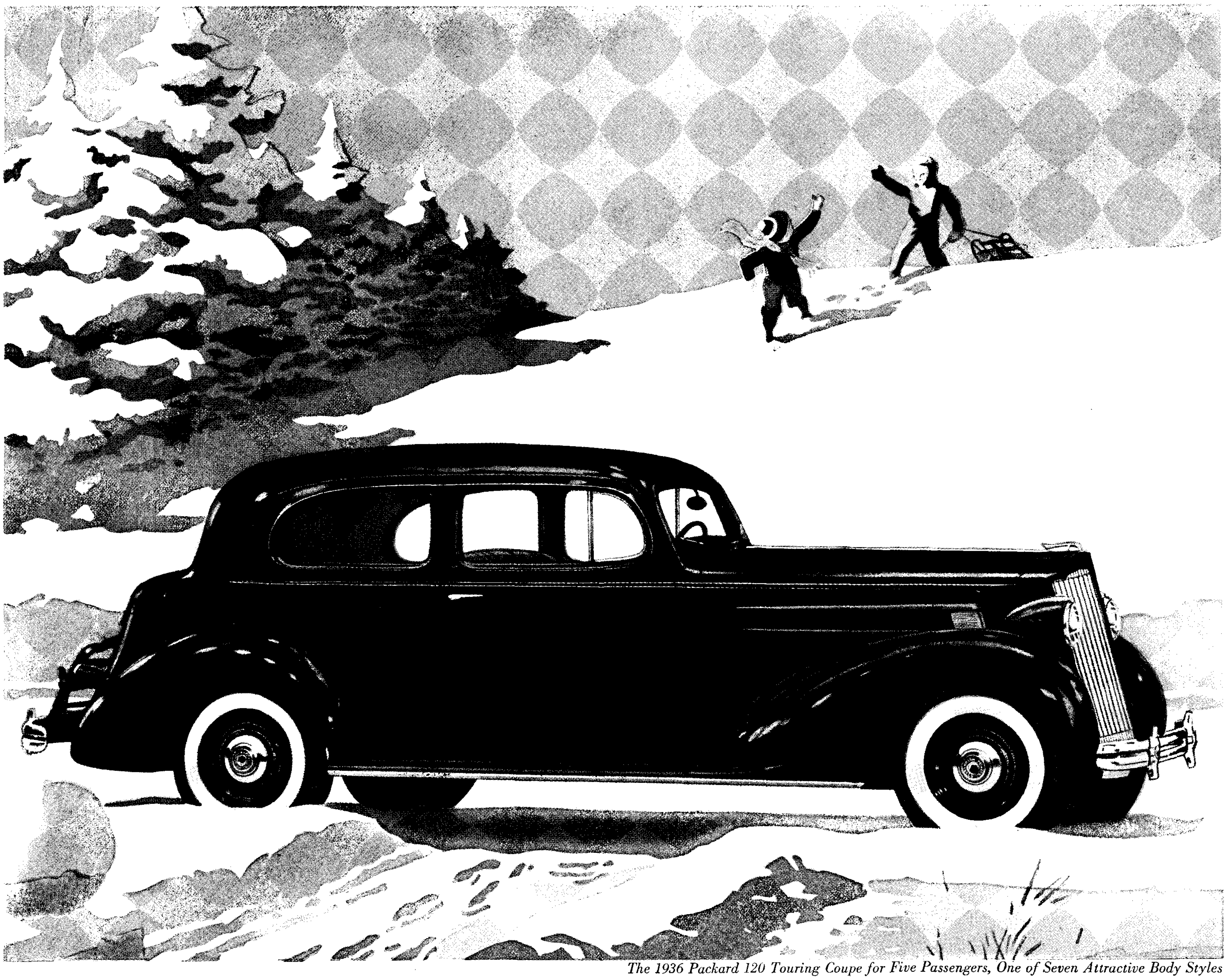
Time, Inc., uses Half-Ton Internationals for their heavy-duty quality and stamina, and also for *nation-wide service.* International Harvester maintains the largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world. Wherever duty calls these trucks, they will always be near an International branch or dealer.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

The Half-Ton International chassis, on 113-in. wheelbase, is priced at
$400 f. o. b. factory
There is a full range of other International sizes up to powerful 6-wheelers. See the nearby branch or dealer.



INTERNATIONAL



The 1936 Packard 120 Touring Coupe for Five Passengers, One of Seven Attractive Body Styles

1936 will reward lookers!

If you are planning to buy a new car this year, you are indeed to be envied.

For the new 1936 cars will be a revelation to you, particularly if the car you are driving is three years old or older. You are in for a great thrill, no matter which car you select.

But in every race, there must be a first. Some motor car makers have gone farther than others. This year, neither the make of your present car nor friendly advice should influence your buying.

Find out which 1936 car offers you the greatest value. And Packard believes the surest way to do this is to *match Packard 120 against the field.*

Match Packard 120 against the field in performance. You will discover that never before has such fleetness and agility been built into a motor car of this weight.

Match Packard 120 against the field in roadability. You will find that the car is as easy to steer, turn and park as the smallest car made. Yet it rides as luxuriously as cars costing hundreds of dollars more.

Match Packard 120 against the field in fine-car quality. An inspection of the Packard 120 will prove to you the difference between a car built in the fine-car tradition and a car built to a price.

Match Packard 120 against the field in ease of ownership and economy of operation. Packard's 6% Payment-out-of-Income Plan is both attractive and economical. And Packard's charges for service are as low *or lower* than those of any other car in its price class.

Match Packard 120 against the field on any point you care to name, and make up your mind strictly on the merits of the cars themselves. Then, and only then, consider that the distinguished and ageless lines of the new Packard 120 are your greatest guarantee against owning a style orphan before even a single year has passed.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

BEFORE YOU BUY FROM HABIT OR HEARSAY . . .

—match Packard 120 against the field! $990 to $1115

AT FACTORY-STANDARD ACCESSORY GROUP EXTRA

Malta Digs In

Continued from page 26

traffic jam may be caused by his leisurely methods. And it is, above all, in the "faldetta."

The "faldetta" is a head covering and cape for women which, introduced hundreds of years ago into the Maltese islands, persists in staying in fashion despite every sort of influence from the off-island world. The cape part of it is sewn onto the head covering, which is kept stiff by a whalebone frame. This frame, starting a few inches from the left side of the head, juts out considerably farther on the right side and then sweeps, in a downward curve, to the right hip, where the wearer's right hand keeps the whole contraption in place. The "faldetta" is always black, which causes the hundreds of Maltese women wearing it to look like gigantic and amiable buzzards.

Unlike the English who go zigzagging and whooping along the Strada Stretta, those elsewhere in Malta are quiet and dignified, seemingly desirous of fitting appropriately into the serious life around them. On the main street of Valletta, the many sailors and soldiers and marines encountered show no roistering spirit. Instead, they behave with laudable modesty; and the sentry in front of the main military guard building, on the city's principal square, strides back and forth apparently absorbed in martial thoughts and intent on giving the impression that he never heard of the Strada Stretta in his life.

All of which is appropriate to an island whose history goes back thousands of years, whose masters have been practical Phoenicians, somber Carthaginians, efficient Romans, grave Arabs, and courtly, chivalrous Knights of Malta.

Of all these rulers, the Knights of Malta have left the strongest imprint. Their spirit speaks eloquently to this day from the splendid palace of the Grand Masters of their Order, now the Valletta headquarters of high officials of the British government; from the "auberges"—also stately palaces—each formerly assigned to one of the various nationalities among the knights; from the huge bastions, each of which was entrusted for defense to one of those nationalities. And, numerous though great events have been in Malta's long history, there is one which lives more vividly than any other in the minds of the Maltese—the great siege of 1565, one of the most famous sieges in all history, when the Knights withstood the savage assaults of the Turks through four awful months and finally flung back their enemies in utter discomfiture, thus saving the Christian cause as effectually as did its later champions at Lepanto and before the gates of Vienna.

In Time of Peace—

Wherever you go in Malta, you hear about the great siege. Monuments, dedicated to its heroes, stare at you along Valletta's streets; inscriptions affixed to walls proclaim its incidents; guidebooks, between disclosures of hotel rates and hints on where to go to buy Maltese lace, tell all about it, and, at the slightest provocation, casual Maltese acquaintances will plunge headlong into descriptions of it, and try to rush you off to some bastion or other, in order to show you where the Knights played some particularly sanguinary trick on the Turks.

But the Maltese just now cannot afford to let thoughts of the past monopolize them. The present, since Mussolini began hinting that he wanted Italy supreme in the Mediterranean, is very much with them.

Over pleasant, peaceful Malta hangs the menace of possible war. Natives and visitors, looking upward at its bright skies, cannot help picturing them as suddenly filled with swooping planes, raining destruction on the island's palaces and death on its people. Everywhere preparations are being made to meet this threat.

Dotted over the countryside outside Valletta are anti-aircraft batteries, also wire entanglements to thwart hostile landing parties. The British garrison has been strengthened.

Gas-proof refuges are springing up on all sides, by order of the watchful British authorities. The American Consulate at Valletta has one. It consists of a room before the doors of which a stout wooden framework, well-nigh airtight, has been placed, with blankets rolled up over the top. These blankets, in case of emergency, can be soaked in water and let down over the door openings, thus preventing gas from harming those taking refuge in the room.

A Pious People

Across the street, at the cable office, there are similar anti-gas preparations; and, here and there, in passages running far below the ramparts of Valletta's huge forts, measures have been taken to protect the townfolks. In my extensive wanderings over Valletta, I suddenly found myself in one of these passages, built hundreds of years ago, and now equipped, at its vaulted entrances, with the blanketed framework which is the last word in defiance of the newest ruthless methods of warfare. Over the portal at each end the words "*For Gas*" were conspicuously written; and the inside, roofed in solid rock, was big enough to accommodate hundreds. But what a gloomy place in which to spend more than five minutes!

The Valletta police department, by the way, has provided itself, for emergencies, with an extensive set of subterranean premises, complete with everything—including a bar!

The Maltese are devout Roman Catholics. Their religion plays an important part in their daily lives. Everywhere, on the streets, you pass groups of black-robed priests, and monks with sandals and tonsured heads.

The deep piety of the islanders even extends to affixing crucifixes in the interior of the autobuses plying from the capital to outlying villages. But never is the foreign visitor so struck by this piety as at the moment of his setting foot on Maltese soil at the harbor landing, and being led, for questioning, to the harbor police station.

There, at first sight, everything has the true London touch. The policemen, in neat blue uniforms, might almost pass muster as London "bobbies." The sergeant at the desk seems British from head to foot. The various official notices, in English, pasted on the walls, give you the illusion that you are at Bow Street Station, in the heart of England's metropolis.

But, suddenly, your eye strays to a picture of the Savior, in bright colors, hung in the midst of all these signs of British rule—a picture exactly like those one may see in Catholic churches all over the world—not in the London style at all!

There are five islands in the Maltese archipelago. Of these only two, Malta and Gozo, are of any importance. Though the area of Malta, by far the largest of the group, is only 86 square miles, it possesses the amazing total of 225,000

(Continued on page 30)

1 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life, has a chance.
2 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.
Help your HAIR to Health

• USE VITALIS and the "60-SECOND WORKOUT"

HAIR-HEALTH begins at the scalp—*in the scalp.* That's why Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps your hair from the first 60-second rub.

Because, when you massage Vitalis into your scalp, that tight, dry skin loosens. Circulation speeds up around the hair roots. There's a healthy stimulation that helps restore the flow of natural, nourishing oils.

Your hair gets a new good-looking lustre—not a "patent-leather" shine. It feels stronger, healthier. Loose dandruff disappears. The hair-roots—actual source of hair-health—respond quickly to Vitalis and the invigorating "60-Second Workout." And your hair keeps looking more and more alive as you give it this sensible treatment. And your hair is smooth, natural. It stays where you comb it.

Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" whenever you like. And try this: Use Vitalis and a quick, hard massage *before* your shampoo—and afterward, of course, as well. That's the way to get the cleanest possible scalp, the best-looking hair—and new vitality for both of them.

ASK YOUR BARBER— He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" FOR HEALTHY, HANDSOME HAIR

(Continued from page 29)

inhabitants, about nine tenths of the entire population of the archipelago. This works out at over 2,600 people to the square mile, making Malta one of the most densely populated places in the whole world.

The islands have only one town of considerable size—Valletta. The rest of their area is dotted thickly with villages, built solidly of stone—for all you have to do anywhere in the Maltese archipelago is to dig down a short way into the soil in order to find rock in abundance, crying aloud to be used for building material. Between the villages, occupying every square foot of tillable ground, are thousands of tiny farms. They are separated from each other by walls, sometimes made of stones cut and fitted together, sometimes of stones piled haphazardly on top of each other, with little attempt at symmetry. On these farms, in low stone houses, dwell the Maltese peasants—polite, shrewd, conservative, thrifty—who raise their crops of wheat, vegetables and fruit by methods differing scarcely at all from those of their ancestors. Most of them speak nothing but Maltese, think seldom (if ever) of politics, and are quite content with British rule as long as it allows them to get along and mind their own business.

It's a Difficult Language

As you loiter along the wind-swept streets of Valletta, with the palaces reared by the splendor-loving Knights of Malta to right and to left of you, and, at intervals of every few steps, enchanting glimpses of scowling yellow walls and smiling blue sea, you hear, from knots of passers-by crowding the sidewalks and spilling over into the central roadway, from groups of dark, friendly-faced individuals clustered around the tables of cafés, a jargon which resembles nothing else in Europe. This is the Maltese language, to which the islanders have clung steadfastly, through every change of regime, for thirty centuries and more—a tongue of Arabic texture, woven on a Phoenician base, shot through with threads of Italian. Any English-speaking visitor who has been in Italy and thinks that combined knowledge of English and Italian will help him to understand Maltese is doomed to ignominious awakening.

Here is a sample of this strange jargon, which I copied carefully from a signboard outside the main city gate of Valletta. In English it means "Treat your animals as you would like to be treated if you were an animal." In Maltese it runs thus: *"Imxi ma' l'annimali tieghek kif kieku konttixtieqli jimxu mieghek li kont flokhom."*

Now, as you will notice, in that whole eloquent admonition, there is exactly one word—*"annimali"*—which is anything like English or Italian. The rest is a solid wall of Phoenician-Arabic mystery. And that goes for practically everything in Maltese which strikes the foreigner's ear or eye—announcements of religious ceremonies, pasted on the outsides of churches; signs praising the merits of wares in shop windows; conversations, conducted with machine-gun rapidity, by native men, women and children. A Maltese might shout aloud his most embarrassing family secrets, or let loose the most awful insults, without giving a foreigner an inkling of what it was all about!

There are many signs of Italian influence in Malta, especially in Valletta. The educated classes of Maltese as a rule, are proud of knowing the Italian language, of being familiar with Italian literature and culture in general. Educated Maltese boast of the fact that, whereas the average Englishman in their midst knows only English, they are fluent in Italian as well.

"We can go over there, across the way," they tell you in Valletta—with a gesture of the hand toward the coast of Sicily, only fifty miles distant—"and start right in talking Italian with the first native we meet. But an Englishman who lands on Sicilian soil is absolutely unable to make himself understood until a man from Cook's comes along to help him." The English masters of Malta have taken due note of this Italian tinge on the islands; the street signs of Valletta, for instance, are all in Italian.

For many years friends of Italy and friends of Britain dwelt side by side on the islands in comparative harmony. But the advent of Mussolini brought trouble. Just before Fascism seized power in Rome the British had granted the Maltese a constitution which gave the islanders a considerable voice in local government. Hardly had the constitution come into force, however, before the extreme pro-Italian element, strongly influenced by the ardent nationalism introduced by the Fascists over in Italy, began to agitate for the complete Italianization of the islands. They tried, for one thing, to make the study of Italian compulsory in all island schools. Their activities aroused bitter opposition among other factions, leaning strongly toward Britain, who, whenever they got on top in local government, countered their foes by extreme pro-British measures.

Finally, squabbles grew so violent that the British government, in 1933, suspended the Maltese constitution and imposed upon the islands the status of a Crown Colony, with a governor responsible only to London. Some day, perhaps, the constitution may come back; at the present writing, however, with British-Italian relations as they are, that day seems a long way off. Everything pro-Italian on the islands nowadays savors strongly, to pro-British elements, of disloyalty to British rule—a state of affairs, by the way, which is most galling to those pro-Italian Maltese whose interest in Italy, like that of their forebears, is mainly cultural—not political.

British officers, upon whom would fall the task of defending Malta from attack, combine, when inquiring foreigners are led into their presence, a maximum of politeness with a minimum of information. One such, bedecked with insignia denoting high military importance, installed in an office close to one of the bastions where, three and a half centuries ago, the Knights of Malta rudely refused the Turks admittance, hinted to me that he and the rest of King George's soldiers on the island were perfectly well prepared for any warlike eventuality.

"Have the defenses been modernized?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Might I be allowed to visit them?"

"No."

"Has the garrison been increased?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me its total strength?"

"No."

And that was that.

Malta Remains True

British rule which has existed in Malta for one hundred and thirty-five years—the British, on invitation of the natives, took over charge of the place after the French had been ousted in 1800—has brought much material well-being to the islands What with British warships constantly putting into Valletta harbor and landing crowds of bluejackets to scatter coin in the Strada Stretta and elsewhere, what with the big British garrison and the big number of functionaries required to keep Malta going as a great British naval base, what with the big battalions of laborers who must be employed for the upkeep of already existing naval and military plants and the creation of new ones, British rule brings to Malta, directly or indirectly, millions of dollars yearly. And that is something not to be sneezed at even by the most rambunctious of anti-British Maltese!

But the thoughts of the islanders are not centered principally on material benefits. Their love of their homeland, their apprehension for its safety in these dark days of crisis, have roots deep in the past, deriving nourishment from centuries of sturdy self-assertion and unflinching fidelity to native traditions. Despite many foreign masters, Malta has remained genuine and substantial and true to itself. Its people have a keen feeling for the worth and charm of their islands; and they know how to make outsiders share that feeling.

The British rulers of the islands have acquired something of that feeling. It crops out strongly nowadays among British civilians living in Malta, among the military folk who guard its grim fortresses, among officers and sailors of the British navy who, flitting in and out of its harbors, have come to appreciate Malta as one of the loveliest gems in the crown of Britain's imperial greatness. This feeling makes such Britons reject indignantly the idea that Britain might possibly evacuate the island, as a measure of military expediency, should she become involved in war in the Mediterranean.

Will England Leave?

Talk of such evacuation is rife these days among other Britishers. For instance, fellow-passengers of mine on the liner which brought me to Valletta did not hesitate to discuss it as a possibility.

"You see, Malta is only fifty miles from Italy," ran the talk in the liner's smoking-room, "and that makes its position altogether too exposed. Why, Italian airmen could blow Malta to pieces in no time! If war comes, we'll simply have to give it up! Though, of course," these smoking-room strategists hastened to add, "we'll soon get it back again."

You don't hear that sort of thing in Malta.

Even the idea of temporary abandonment by the British is heatedly dismissed as an absurdity. When I was there, I used to amuse myself by firing at resident Englishmen a point-blank question as to whether the island would be relinquished if war should make defending it too hot for the defenders.

"Never!" Every answer was an indignant denial The most characteristic, as well as the most forceful in expression, came from a British military officer of high rank.

Immediately after being introduced, I shot at him my little query

"In case of war, would you British give up Malta because it is so near Italy?"

He pushed tobacco into the bowl of his pipe with his thumb. He struck a match lit his pipe, took a long, reflective, British pull at it. At last he countered with a question of his own:

"In case of a general European war do you think that we British would give up London, because it is so close to the European continent?"

"Hardly."

"Do you think that we would move all our dockyards, all our arsenals along the Thames, all our government offices, to some safer place?—say, to the interior of northern Scotland?"

"I doubt it very much."

He took another pull at his pipe. Then, removing it from his mouth, and looking me full in the face, out of a cold British eye—an eye obviously accustomed to emphasizing peremptory commands to subordinates—he growled:

"Well, the same applies to Malta, I think—what?"

GUESS I'LL BE A HERMIT!
NO USE FOOLING MYSELF...MY SKIN IS TOO TENDER TO SHAVE AGAIN BEFORE THAT PARTY
ONCE A DAY WITH COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS PLENTY FOR ME...WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
NEXT MORNING
IT SURE IS CLEAN ALL RIGHT...AND MY SKIN NEVER FELT BETTER...BUT JUST WAIT TILL TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT
HELLO SMOOTHIE... HOW COME NO BRISTLES?
I TOOK YOUR TIP, HANK. THESE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES SURE LAST INTO THE NIGHT!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

"I've Got to Have Hydraulic Brakes!"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT H. GREENE, HEAD OF GREENE'S AUTO DRIVING SCHOOL, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

"Beginners need a fool-proof car... a car that's safe... that's why I teach them in a Plymouth."

TEACHING PEOPLE TO DRIVE, Robert H. Greene knows, requires a car that will stand up... and, above all, a *safe* car.

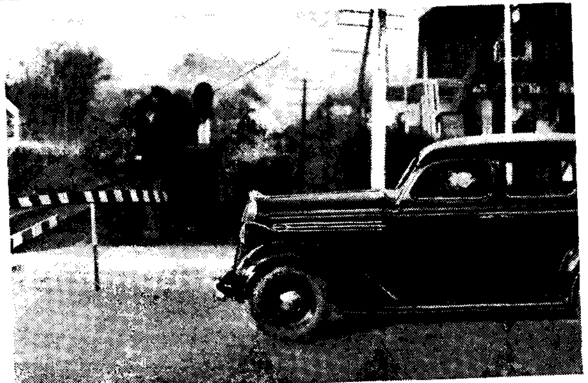
And so Mr. Greene has again picked a Plymouth for use at his Auto Driving School, White Plains, N. Y.

"This 1936 Plymouth is easier to handle than any car I've ever had," he says. "But the great thing is the sure action of Plymouth's genuine hydraulic brakes ... safety that every driver needs today."

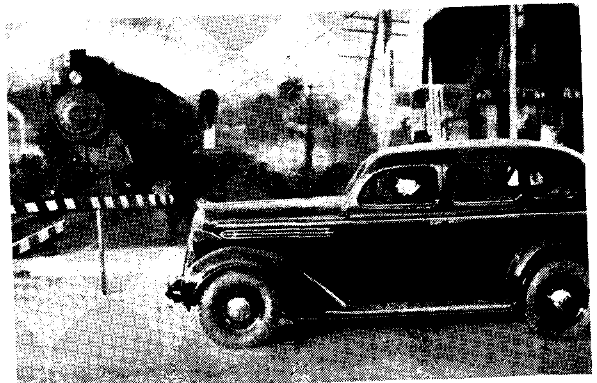
Mr. Greene drove his previous Plymouth nearly 65,000 miles... with *no major repairs*. "Do you wonder, then," he asks, "why I picked another Plymouth?"

Drive this big 1936 Plymouth ... see for yourself the economy, comfort and reliability features that match Plymouth's safety. Compare it with the other two low-priced cars. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will arrange such a test.

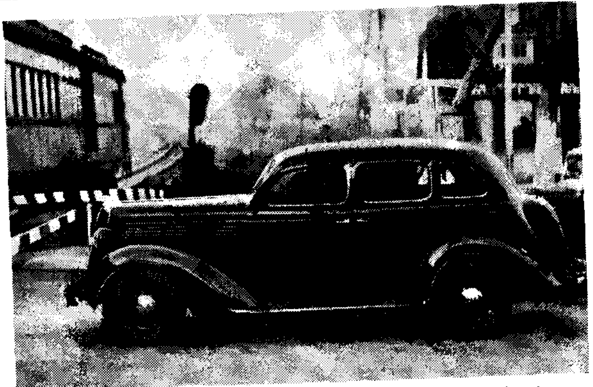
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



"TEACHING BEGINNERS TO DRIVE means teaching them safety first," says driving expert Robert H. Greene.

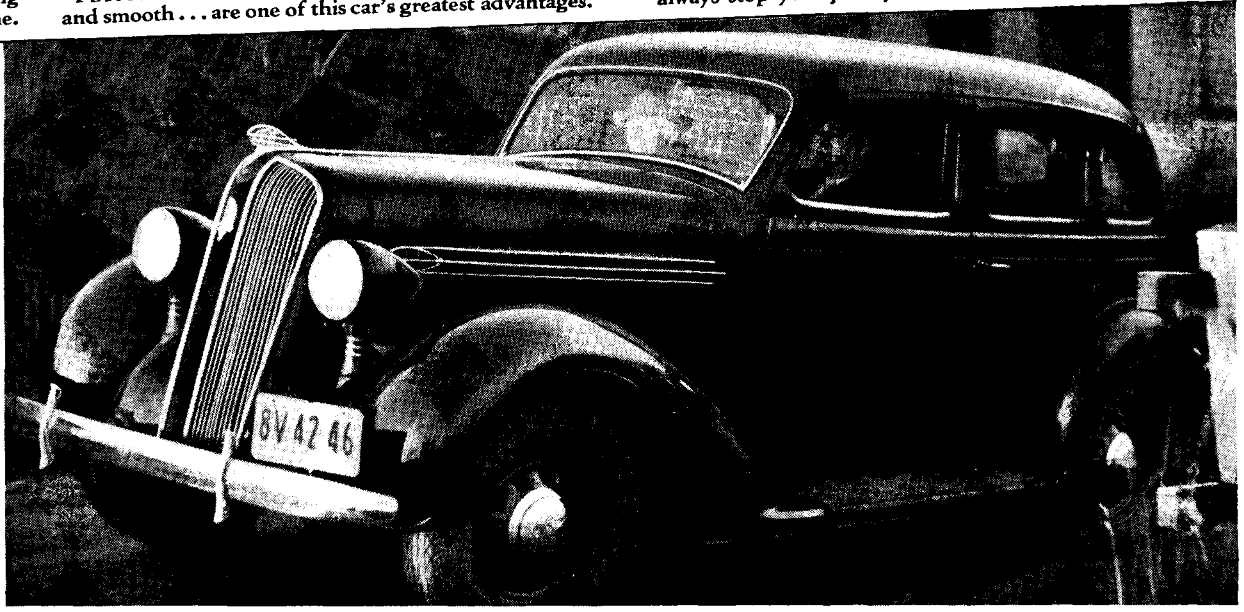


"PLYMOUTH'S 100% HYDRAULIC BRAKES... safe, sure and smooth... are one of this car's greatest advantages."



"MY PUPILS LEARN that Plymouth's hydraulic brakes always stop you quickly and smoothly... and safely."

(*Right*) "THAT SAFETY-STEEL BODY is real protection!" Mr. Greene in his big 1936 Plymouth.



Ask for the New Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself. 1 Start with your unpaid balance. 2 *Then add insurance cost. 3 Then multiply by 6%—for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

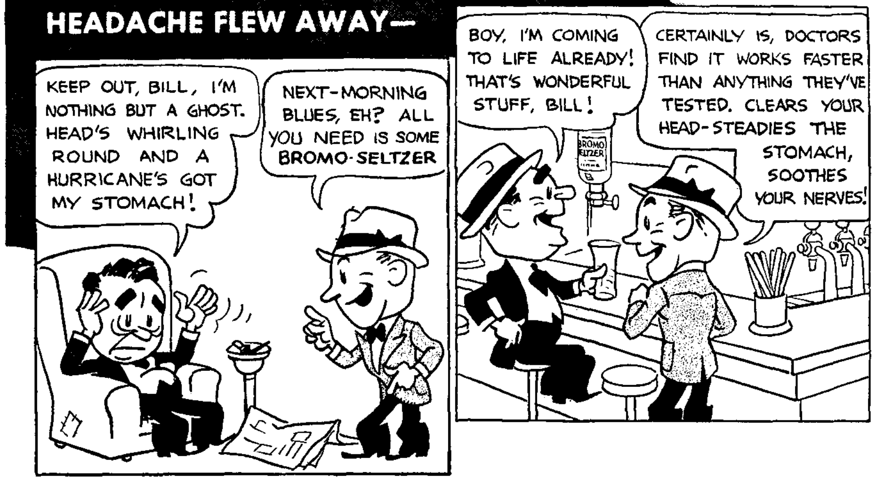
NO OTHER CHARGES

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT—SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

"Fade Away—
I feel like a tin can
on a stormy sea"
THEN HIS NEXT-MORNING HEADACHE FLEW AWAY—


KEEP OUT, BILL, I'M NOTHING BUT A GHOST. HEAD'S WHIRLING ROUND AND A HURRICANE'S GOT MY STOMACH!
NEXT-MORNING BLUES, EH? ALL YOU NEED IS SOME BROMO-SELTZER
BOY, I'M COMING TO LIFE ALREADY! THAT'S WONDERFUL STUFF, BILL!
CERTAINLY IS, DOCTORS FIND IT WORKS FASTER THAN ANYTHING THEY'VE TESTED. CLEARS YOUR HEAD-STEADIES THE STOMACH, SOOTHES YOUR NERVES!
BROMO SELTZER

Tests by Doctors prove this way gives relief *FASTER*

Do you know that doctors recently tested remedies for morning-after headaches?

They found that Bromo-Seltzer gave relief *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

It's important, too, that Bromo-Seltzer does far more than relieve headache pain. It calms a touchy stomach—soothes irritated nerves—reduces the excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence.

Many remedies can't help this acid accumulation. Some may *make it worse.* But doctors' tests show that Bromo-Seltzer quickly reduces this harmful acid—helps restore the alkaline balance of your blood. That's why you feel so much better after Bromo-Seltzer.

Next time *your* head aches and throbs with pain, try this faster, more complete relief. Ask for it at any drugstore or soda fountain. Keep it in your medicine cabinet.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Only Too Glad

Continued from page 19

Mr. Koonrod shows up, I'll fix it. Only —be back by seven."

"Why — why, Ollie," said Coralie doubtfully. "It wouldn't be fair to you. Of course I'll stay—"

"Come on, Coralie," said Brockney. "So long, Disbro."

He led her away. She protested over her shoulder to Disbro, until the crowd got too thick. Brockney got his things and she got hers.

"An extra hour," he said. "But it's a little early for supper. Let's have dinner first."

She laughed. "Well, now, Mr. Watson—you seem to be taking charge of everything. But aren't you on duty?"

"You're my duty, Miss James, and my pleasure."

As they moved out to the street, the small boy with buck teeth wired for the future came to the Koonrod enclosure, towing a gray-haired man in blue serge. Mr. Disbro greeted the boy with extravagant heartiness. "Why, hello, Archie, old fellow!" And to the man he gave a respectful "Hello, Mr. Koonrod."

"What is this I hear?" demanded Mr. Koonrod in the voice of an empire builder. "Who was that big brute who scared Archie? Speak up, Disbro. I mean the fellow I saw going out with Miss James!"

"He scared me, Papa, and I wasn't doing anything."

"I know, son. We'll get to the bottom of this. Well, Disbro?"

BROCKNEY helped Coralie into his car and they started north.

Coralie was silent so long that Brockney asked her what was the matter. She laughed. "Nothing—only this is all so new to me, and you have no idea how thrilling. The crowds—the lights—and I never knew there were so many cars!"

"You'll get used to it."

"I'm afraid not. I'll have to go back to Hectorville when the exhibition closes at the end of the week."

"Aw, no!"

"Unless Mr. Koonrod gives me a position in the New York office. He said he would if I made good as a demonstrator."

"Then you'll stay in New York. You're the best demonstrator in the show."

She looked at him as he concentrated on his driving. Suddenly she decided she liked him very much.

The place was well out on the Parkway, and just the spot for two young people to get acquainted. They dined, danced and talked. Brockney hailed people and people hailed him. Presently a thin, blond fellow in a dinner jacket came to their table and hung around until he was introduced. He pulled up a chair, and he said to Brockney, "That artist chap, Jones, you spoke to me about—what's his address? I have a job for him."

Brockney turned instantly from Coralie. "Gee, now what is his address? If I could land a job for Jonesy, I'd be only too glad. Wait a minute, Paul, till I use the telephone."

"Not now, Brock—I don't want to spoil your party."

Brockney was on his feet. "Excuse me, Coralie? Dance her around and be nice to her, Paul?"

"Do I have to be asked?" said Paul.

Thirty-five minutes later, Brockney came back, beaming. "Had to call up everybody in Greenwich Village. Here's the address, Paul, and if you can help Jonesy—"

"Brockney," said Coralie, gathering purse and gloves, "I'm sorry, but really we have to go."

Brockney looked at his watch. He was astounded. "So long, Paul. Come on, Coralie!"

When they reached the hall, Coralie said, "Please don't come in with me." She was scared, but smiling. "Thanks for the wonderful dinner."

"Look, Coralie—you're a peach and I like you, and you don't know anybody in the city. Supposing I rally around every day and kind of look out for you?"

"Brockney, that's sweet of you, but I must go. Really. Goodby."

"Let me go to the booth with you. I'd really be only too glad to take all the blame."

"Brockney!" she said firmly.

"What—? Oh—well, look, Coralie, I'll be around when the show closes, and take you home. Be only too—"

SHE was almost in tears. The evening crowd was streaming into the exhibition hall. Now she was over an hour late. "Brockney—I beg of you—the Koonrods consider themselves my chaperons—and—and—goodby."

"Wait a minute!"

But she was going through the crowd like a broken-field runner.

Coralie got through the jam at the Koonrod enclosure and went in to find Mr. Disbro expiating, and Mr. Koonrod, in evening dress, being exasperated. At the rear of the booth sat Mrs. Koonrod, on the edge of her chair, so she could reach the floor and tap it. She was a large lady, and she gave Coralie a look a lion would give a deer.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Koonrod—really, but we were delayed."

"So are we!" Mr. Koonrod sarcastically emphasized every syllable.

"For the moment I won't refer to the responsibility to the factory, and to our co-workers, at home. But I must mention the personal responsibility which Mrs. Koonrod and I have assumed for your moral"—deep nostril work—"and physical well-being while you are in New York. Your aunt has entrusted you—"

"Really, Mr. Koonrod—"

"No interruptions, please!"

Coralie James was furious. Furious—and helpless. She said, "I'd be glad to explain now—or whenever you wish."

"I hope you can explain—and I need not remind you that your conduct this afternoon and evening minimizes your chances for a position in our New York office. Oh—are you ready, dear?"

Mrs. Koonrod rose. As she passed Coralie she said, while smiling for the crowd, "Really, my dear—we are so disappointed in you."

"And was he mad!" said Oliver Disbro to Coralie, when he got a chance. "We'll have to mind our p's and q's the rest of the show."

BEFORE closing time, Coralie's unhappiness had worn off. She kept seeing the cheerful, moon face of Mr. Brockney Watson. She liked Mr. Watson.

When the magnate of Hectorville and his wife came back from the theater to escort Coralie to her hotel, they were sleepy and indulgent. In the taxi, Mr. Koonrod said, "This man who volunteered during your absence and Mr. Disbro's—is he from a competing company?"

"Oh, no," said Coralie quickly. "His name is Watson, and his company—it has something to do with picture framing, I believe."

Mrs. Koonrod said, "You won't see Mr. Watson any more, will you, dear? You are too pretty a girl—and much too young, to be at the mercy of strange men."

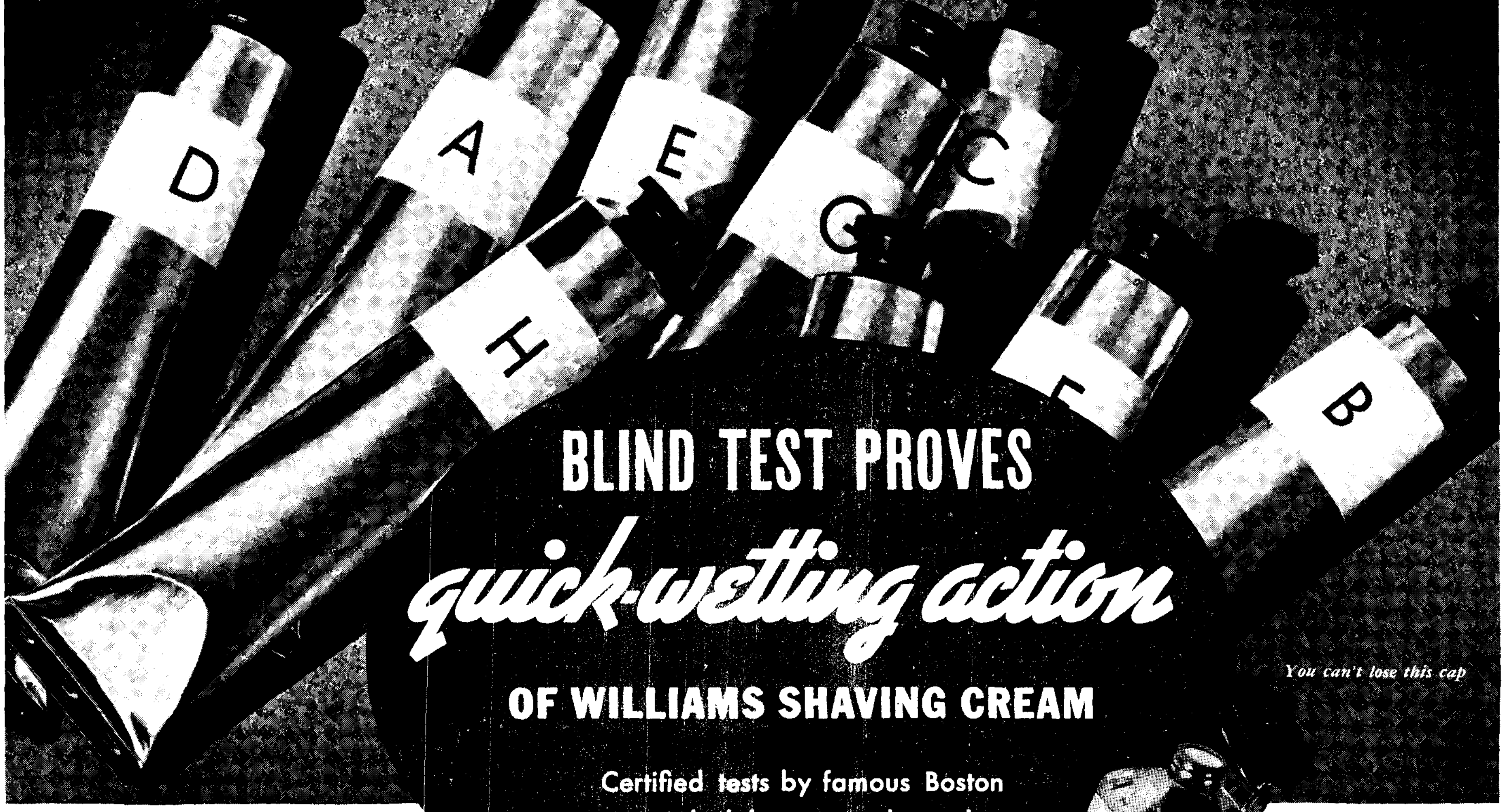
(Continued on page 34)

We went to a famous Boston Research Laboratory, asked these scientists to go out and buy, in the open market, samples of Williams Shaving Cream and eight other leading brands.

"Test them," we said, "with your Tensiometer and all your other *Truth* machines. Find out which shaving cream softens the beard faster, more thoroughly."

CASE NO. 829

So they bought not one—but many samples of each cream. Then they tested . . . conscientiously, thoroughly. Result? According to their official report, Williams is superior in its ability to drench, penetrate and soften the beard. The reason: Williams quick-wetting action.



BLIND TEST PROVES *quick-wetting action* OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

Certified tests by famous Boston research laboratory show that Williams is superior in its ability to "wet out" and soften the beard.

You can't lose this cap

These are proofs—not claims! Boston research chemists recently made an intensive study of nine leading shaving creams . . . found that Williams is superior to the eight other creams in its ability to "wet out" and soften the beard preparatory to shaving. *That's Quick-Wetting Action*—and means that every hair is drenched and soaked to softness by the super-moist lather of Williams Shaving Cream.

It's the water *in* your beard that makes *it* cut more easily.

Try Williams! Discover for yourself that for all its "Quick-Wetting Action" Williams is super-mild. It leaves your face more comfortable, more fit.

And remember, finish off any and every shave with a wake-up dash of refreshing Aqua Velva.

Williams
Luxury
Shaving
Cream
W
LARGE SIZE

Williams Aqua Velva
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. C-101
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
(LaSalle, Montreal, Canada.)

Williams "Quick-Wetting Action" sounds good. Please send me a Flying Trip Package—that handy little kit that contains a generous quantity of both Williams Luxury Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva for after shaving. I enclose 10 cents in stamps.

Name..

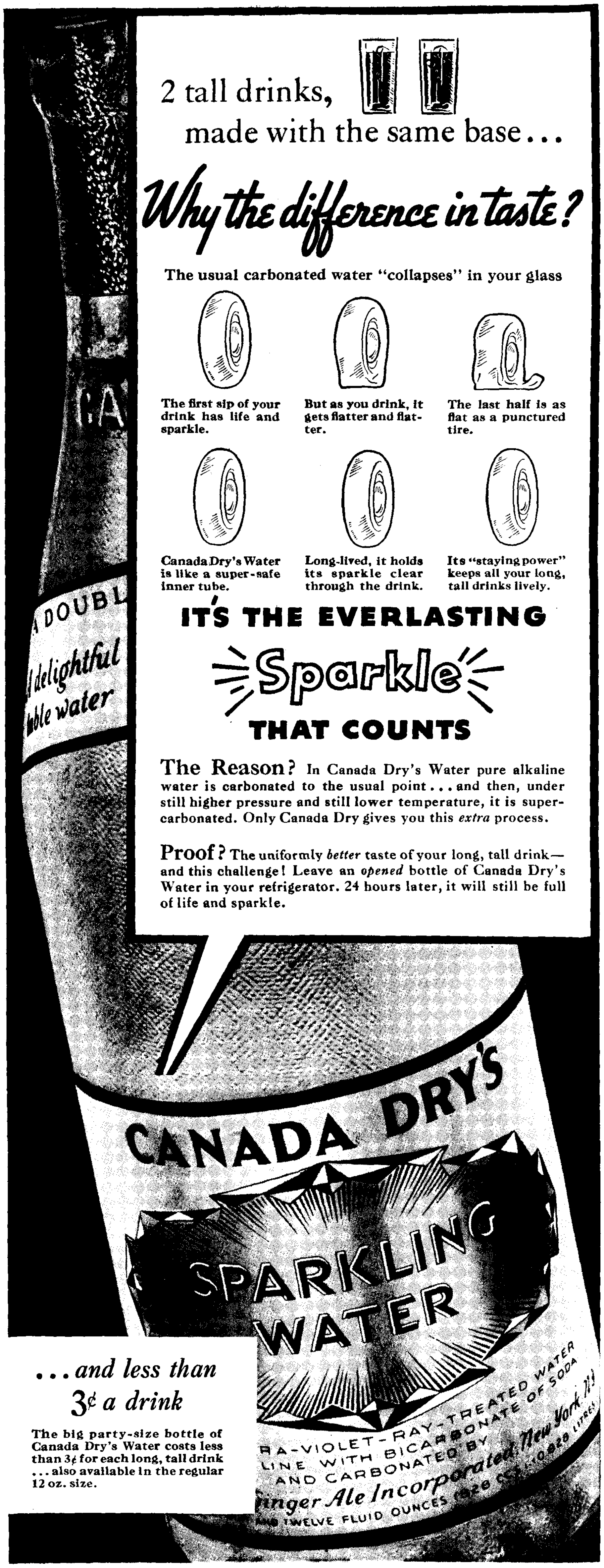
Street..

City ....

State ....

Williams SHAVING CREAM

It's quick-wetting



DOUBL
delightful
ble water
CANADA DRY'S
SPARKLING WATER
RA-VIOLET-RAY-TREATED WATER
LINE WITH BICARBONATE OF SODA
AND CARBONATED BY
inger Ale Incorporated, New York N.Y.
TWELVE FLUID OUNCES

2 tall drinks, made with the same base...

Why the difference in taste?

The usual carbonated water "collapses" in your glass

The first sip of your drink has life and sparkle.

But as you drink, it gets flatter and flatter.

The last half is as flat as a punctured tire.

Canada Dry's Water is like a super-safe inner tube.

Long-lived, it holds its sparkle clear through the drink.

Its "staying power" keeps all your long, tall drinks lively.

IT'S THE EVERLASTING Sparkle THAT COUNTS

The Reason? In Canada Dry's Water pure alkaline water is carbonated to the usual point... and then, under still higher pressure and still lower temperature, it is super-carbonated. Only Canada Dry gives you this *extra* process.

Proof? The uniformly *better* taste of your long, tall drink—and this challenge! Leave an *opened* bottle of Canada Dry's Water in your refrigerator. 24 hours later, it will still be full of life and sparkle.

...and less than 3¢ a drink

The big party-size bottle of Canada Dry's Water costs less than 3¢ for each long, tall drink ... also available in the regular 12 oz. size.

Only Too Glad

Continued from page 32

Coralie thought, "Darn being pretty—and I'm not a schoolgirl!"—and she was glad when they reached her hotel just then, for she felt ready to explode.

THE next forenoon, when District Manager Disbro was chatting with a young chap from the New York salesrooms, and while Coralie was doing her prettiest at the washing machine, a huge basket of flowers with a messenger boy under it advanced on the Koonrod booth.

Coralie had to stop demonstrating and sign the book, as the flowers were for her. The card attached read: "Good morning, Coralie. I had your horoscope read. You are to stay in New York. Success and smiles. Brock."

At noon, Mr. Koonrod dropped in. "Very nice flowers. Who sent them?"

Disbro, who wasn't a bad guy, came quickly to Coralie's rescue. "Must have been the directors of the Homemakers' Show, Mr. Koonrod."

"Very thoughtful of them," said Mr. Koonrod, breaking off a blossom for his buttonhole. "I'll have some of them sent to the hotel for Mrs. Koonrod."

Coralie's face was the color of one of Brockney's roses. She thought, "Why am I such a coward? Why don't I speak up? But it wouldn't do any good if I did."

Mr. Koonrod hung around the booth, petting his products. At noon a telegram came. Mr. Koonrod signed for it, stared, then said, "It's for you, Cora."

She had to open it, right under the guns of the enemy fleet:

SORRY I CANNOT TAKE YOU TO LUNCH BUT WILL BE ON DECK AT SIX AND WE'LL HAVE DINNER. BROCK.

Mr. Koonrod demanded, "Anything wrong at home?"

Coralie leaped at the chance, for she'd had a letter from her aunt that morning. She smiled at Mr. Koonrod. "No—everything is all right—and my aunt said she felt fine."

AT a quarter to six, Brockney Watson thrust open the gate. He started toward the blushing Coralie, who in her confusion redoubled her efforts to captivate her audience at the rail. Disbro took his arm and led him away.

"Oh, hullo, Disbro," said Brockney, his eyes banqueting on Coralie. "By the way, did some flowers come?"

"Sure—over there in the corner." Mr. Disbro lowered his voice. "Look, Watson, no offense—but—don't get Miss James in wrong with the boss. He was plenty peeved when she was late last night. If you take her out—get her back by seven—or half past at the latest, will you?"

Brockney grinned at him. "Thanks. I sure will watch the clock."

He kept his word. He watched the clock on his wrist, even if it meant tearing his gaze from Coralie, across the table. She was astonished when he said briskly, "Time's up. Rotten shame, but you've got to go back to prison!"

"Brock! No! It can't be! Let's see your watch! Mine is never accurate—well, of all things!"

They had dined at a place not as far away as the one he had taken her to the night before. With his car, and driving skill, they could get back well within the limit, and with no gifts from traffic cops.

Brock's car was a big sedan. They were alone on the front seat. It was almost as nice as though they were seated before an open fire in their own little house. "He must like me—or he wouldn't have been so attentive," she thought. "But he doesn't say anything about it."

"Coralie," said Brock quietly, "I know it's unfair of me. I'm a stranger to you—and you're sort of at my mercy—out here alone, in strange territory—"

"I'm not scared, Brock."

"But you don't know what I'm going to say next—and if you're furious or anything, don't jump out of the car. I mean I'll—I'll—"

"What is it, Brock?" she asked softly.

"It's just that I'm crazy about you. I can't help it. Ever since I first saw you. I never felt this way before. That's why I'm so clumsy at trying to express myself. I may as well get it off my chest. I love you and *jumping Judas priest! What's this?*"

"This" was a car in the ditch, some people standing by it, and a man in the middle of the highway, waving his arms in the glare of Brock's headlights.

BROCK pulled up and hopped out. "Anybody hurt?" he shouted, and Coralie lowered her window and looked out anxiously.

The people came to Brock—five of them—unhurt but anxious to get to their destinations. Three other cars pulled up, and their drivers volunteered their services, but Brock insisted on doing the honors.

"No trouble at all. Only too glad. Pile right in. Plenty of room for all of you. Say, here's your tow car now."

"Brock," Coralie whispered, "let me take a street car or a taxi."

He patted her knee. He said cheerfully, "Nonsense. Do this job in a jiffy, then we'll be on our merry way."

It was a long jiffy. One couple lived on a road a couple of miles to the west. The other had their abode at some distance to the east. The odd man lived a mile beyond the roadhouse where Brock and Coralie had dined the night before.

When they reached the exposition hall, he couldn't get to the curb. She had to leave him in the middle of the street. A hundred angry horns were sounding, as he tried to talk to her, and piercing their racket were policemen's whistles. She had time only to smile, and to wave to him, then he had to go on.

There was a mob at the Koonrod exhibit, and Mr. Disbro and a chap from the New York office were on duty. Mr. Disbro gave Coralie an agonized look of sympathy when she came in. As she tied on her apron, an icy voice from the rear said, "Come here, if you're not too busy, Miss James."

SEATED at a table partially screened from the crowd by Brockney's tremendous floral offering, was Mr. Koonrod. He gave her a look calculated to slay the whole alphabet of her vitamins.

"Mr. Koonrod, let me tell you what happened—" she began.

"Over an hour late last night. Tonight I marvel that you came back at all. I am not interested in what has happened—but I'll tell you what is going to happen, if you desert your post again. There will be no opportunity for you in our New York office—and your services as my secretary will be terminated in Hectorville. Now, if it isn't asking too much of you, will you please remember why you were brought to New York—and act accordingly?"

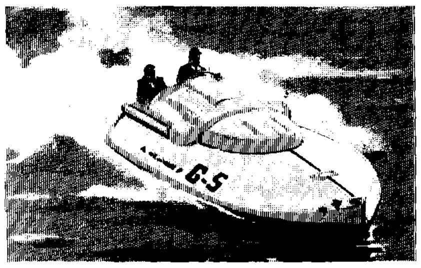
With that, and a refined sneer, he took up his hat and coat and made his exit.

For half an hour, Coralie demonstrated the Koonrod Washer and the Koonrod One-Hand Vacuum Cleaner with all her skill and diligence, being patient even with two admiring sailors who probably couldn't find much use for either device in their submarine. Then

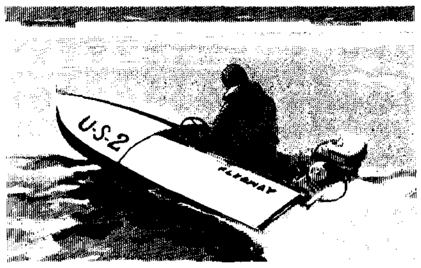
(Continued on page 36)

PREFERRED AT HOME
PREFERRED ABROAD

WHITING, IND.—Babe Stapp, in his Champion-equipped Pirrung Special, broke the track record and won the 100 mile AAA Championship race at the new Roby Speedway. Sillimanite, Champion's exclusive insulating material, accounts for their high resistance to heat and mechanical shock, so vital in modern engines.

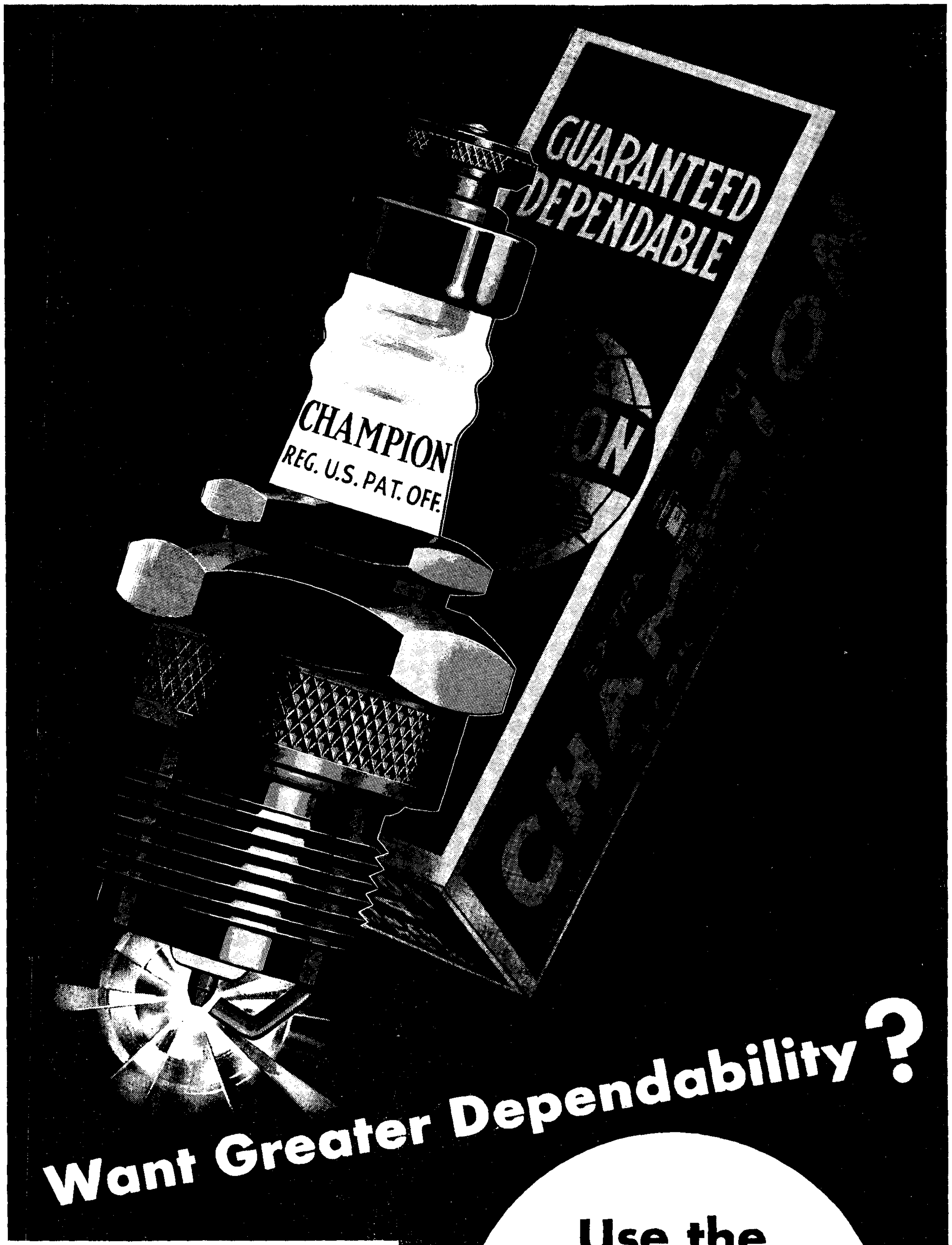


DETROIT, MICH.—Herbert Mendelson's streamlined Notre Dame, winner of the President's Cup, recently set a new world's record for Gold Cup class boats when it averaged 76.08 m. p. h. over the one mile course. Champion's exclusive Extra-Range insulator, was of primary importance to wide open throttle on this high speed engine.



FRED JACOBY, JR., a Champion booster, won the two highest honors in the outboard racing field during 1935, the Townsend Medal and the Ferguson Diamond Medal. Champion's New Sillment Construction—the only gas tight construction—permits maximum compression ratios—characteristic of modern outboards.

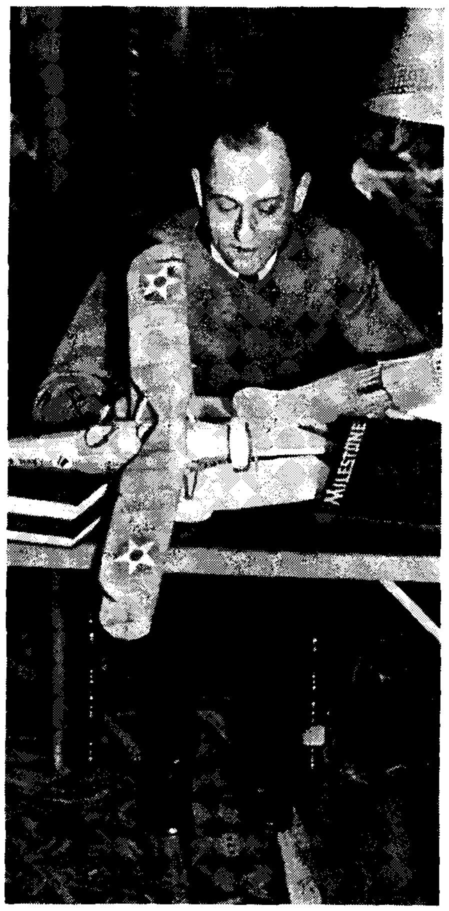
NEW JERSEY—The New Jersey Bell Telephone Company uses Champions to keep their 860 units operating at a maximum of efficiency. Dependability, the one positive requirement in the maintenance of telephone service, is characteristic of Champion Spark Plugs due to more than a score of exclusive (patented) features.


GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Want Greater Dependability?

Use the Spark Plugs Champions Use

If another manufacturer of spark plugs attempted to duplicate a Champion in every detail, he would be liable to suit on twenty-seven broad basic patents—to say nothing of many specific patents—all issued by the United States government. Every one of these patents represents a proved and re-proved Champion superiority. That is why Champions are preferred the world over—and why every important race victory at home and abroad in the last twelve years has been won with Champions. Why jeopardize the broad performance advantages of modern fuels and lubricants with spark plugs less positive and dependable than Champion Extra-Range Spark Plugs?

TO KEEP ENGINES YOUNG TEST, CLEAN AND REPLACE SPARK PLUGS AT REGULAR INTERVALS



W. S. Rinehart, Louisville, Ky., designing an airplane theme for a college year book.

"I FIGURED OUT A WAY TO SAVE MONEY"

Gentlemen:

In my job of selling printing, I have driven my Plymouth over 47,000 miles in the last 18 months. This is a lot of traveling, and car upkeep is an item to be considered.

Therefore, I have figured out one way to save money: I selected four widely advertised oils; used each oil three times, 2,000 miles each time, a total of 6,000 miles on each oil. Two of the oils had to have four quarts added before 2,000 miles were completed. With one, I had to add two quarts.

But with Quaker State, I never used over one quart in 2,000 miles. That meant a saving of nearly fifty quarts a year as a result of this simple experiment.

All tests were made over approximately the same roads and same conditions. Average speed about 45 miles per hour when on open roads.

Sincerely yours,

W S Rinehart

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Retail Price . . . 35¢ per quart

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Only Too Glad

Continued from page 34

a boy came to her with a telegram. It was from Brock and read: "Urgent. Please telephone me at once from a booth where you can talk," and it gave a number.

"Oh, dear, Ollie—what shall I do?" she asked Mr. Disbro. "I just know he's in trouble."

"Take a chance," he advised. "I don't think Koonrod will be back until closing time. I'll try to square you, if he shows up—but don't linger at it, Cora. Take a tip from me."

"I wouldn't think of leaving—if it wasn't an emergency," she said, and hurried to a booth.

"Brock! Brock dear! What is it?" she asked when she heard his voice.

"CORALIE! You darling! I'm so sorry about tonight. Did I get you in bad again?"

"Well, no, but please hurry, Brock. What is the matter? Can I help?"

"You bet you can help. I must see you as soon as I can. I didn't get a chance to finish what I started to tell you, in the car—" and then she heard him say, "Oh, hello, Officer. I'm ready for you!" Then he spoke into the phone, "Just hold the wire a minute, will you, dear?"

She held the wire. She didn't know where he was. She was afraid if she lost the connection now, she might not get it again. In a torment of anxiety, she held the wire. Eighty-five cents' worth. Twice she had to open the door of the booth and appeal to passers-by to change silver coins into nickels for her. She said "Hello? Hello?" until she was almost out of breath. Finally a "Hello?" was answered.

"Coralie? Gosh, I hated to keep you waiting."

"Brock! What is the matter?"

"Some friends of mine had a robbery. Diamond and emerald necklace. They were too excited to give the police an accurate description, so I had to help them out! Why, Coralie—what's the matter?" he said, as he heard her indignant gasp.

After a moment she said, "Can you hear me, Brock? I just want you to know that I am never going to see you again. Goodby."

SHE hurried back to her post. Again Mr. Koonrod was seated behind Brock's flowers. He was waving a check, to dry it. "So!" he said. "So now you disappear the moment my back is turned! Well, I gave you fair warning. This is the end. Mrs. Koonrod and I no longer feel responsible for you. Transportation back to Hectorville will be sent to your hotel. Here is my check for two weeks' salary. When I return, I shall thank you not to appeal to me to reinstate you!"

He held the check so she would have to reach for it. She didn't take it. She looked at him, and turned away. She picked up some personal things as Mr. Koonrod watched—angered because he was interested in her high pulchritude quotient, as it related to Koonrod products, and he wanted her to plead for her job—whereupon he would let himself relent, after an appropriate lecture. She said goodby to Oliver Disbro and went through the gate.

She was so dazed as she moved through the crowd that the words "Miss James!" were spoken three times in her ears before she heard them, and then only because someone had caught her arm and made her listen.

It was the thin man, Paul, she had met with Brockney, the night before. "Oh, Lord," she thought. "Just when I don't want to talk to anyone."

Paul led her out of the crowd.

"Dropped in to look over the show. Went to your booth three times, but you were out. Chap said you dined with Brockney."

"I did," she said, wishing she could get away.

"Salt of the earth!" said Paul enthusiastically. "Good old Only-Too-Glad."

"What?" she asked quickly. "What did you say?"

"Only-Too-Glad Brockney. That's what we all call him. That, or 'Seven Passenger Watson'—because he's always giving people rides, and the more, the merrier."

"I don't understand," she said.

"Oh, you know—everybody uses that line when people are in trouble—'If there's anything I can do to help—I'll be only too glad.' Point with Brock—he means it. He makes it stick. He goes through with it, no matter how much it puts him out or what sacrifices he has to make. Brock just can't help it. It's in the blood."

She said faintly, "He works for a company that has an exhibit here, doesn't he?"

Paul laughed. "I should say not. Brock is independent, but just to ease his conscience, he works as a society jewelry salesman, if you can call it work. He goes to parties and dinners and things, and they just throw orders at him. He's with Frame and Frame, second or third biggest jewelers in New York."

"Oh," said Coralie. "Oh, I see. Well, goodby. I have to rush."

She went back to her hotel, and packed. She telephoned the desk to have her bill made out. If she hurried, she could catch the late train for Hectorville. . . .

There was a knock at the door, and then a two-handed tattoo. She opened the door. Brock, in his big overcoat and derby hat, rushed in and slammed the door. He put his arms around her and began to kiss her rapidly. The big derby fell on the floor. She had an idea that the situation called for her to push him away, but this was hard while she was clinging to him and returning his kisses.

"Oh, Brock!" she said finally.

"Oh, Coralie!" said he.

"But they don't allow men in here!"

"There's a man here now!"

"How did you get in?"

"Just a minute!" He kissed her a few times more. "Told 'em I was a doctor, and demanded your room number!"

"DARLING—I am fired. I have to go back to Hectorville, the way Napoleon came back from Moscow."

"Nothing of the sort. I know a place in Westchester where we can get married tonight, and we'll go back to Hectorville to the tune of Lohengrin's ditty—if you'll have me. And Coralie—no more of this only-too-glad nonsense. I've learned my lesson. No more. Never again. It's a promise!"

"Hush, sweetheart. I think you're splendid. I wouldn't change you for anything. I was only hurt because I didn't think I meant anything to you—but now I understand. Oh, bother!"

Her telephone was ringing. She answered the call.

"Have you a man in your room?"

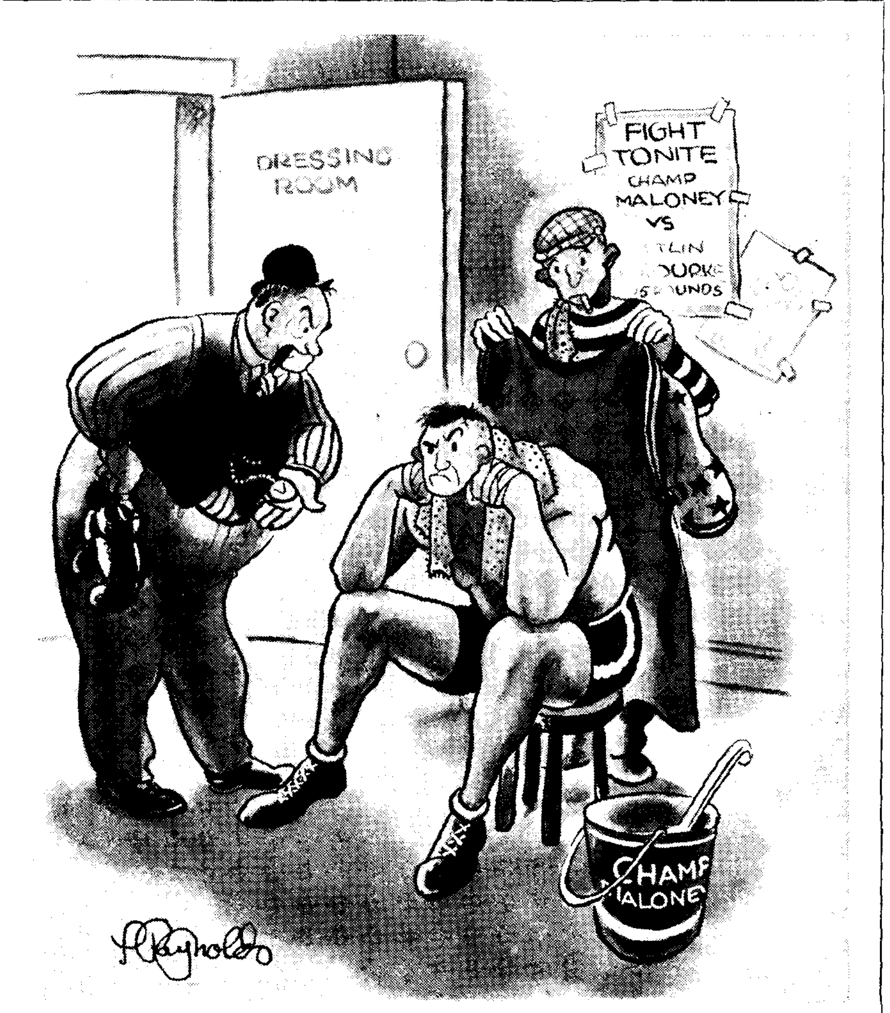
"Yes."

"Is he a doctor?"

Coralie looked at Brock with dancing eyes. "He's awfully nice and talented, but I don't think he's a doctor."

"We shall have to ask you to vacate at once!"

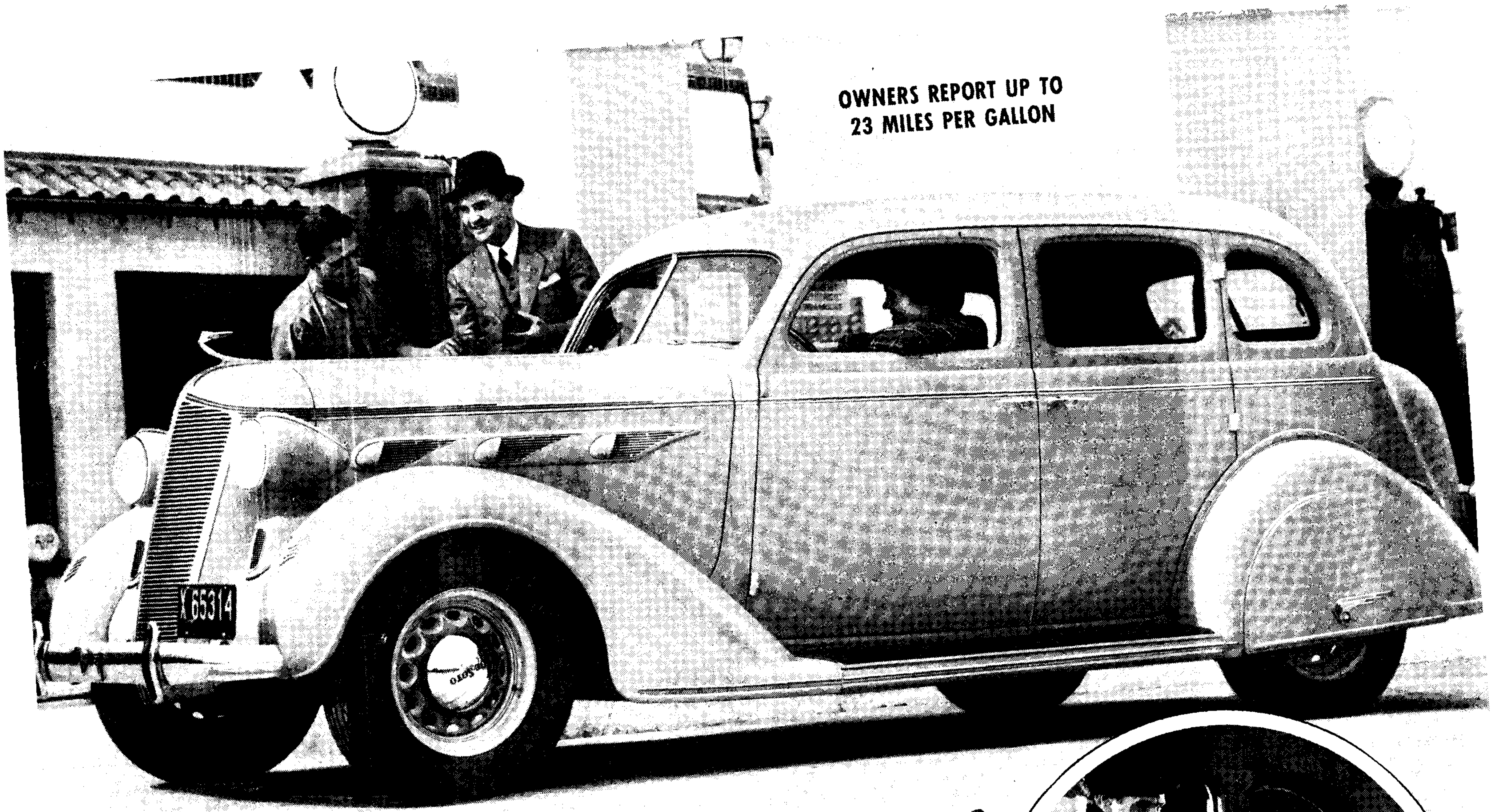
Coralie smiled at Brock, and blushed. "I shall be only too glad!" she said.



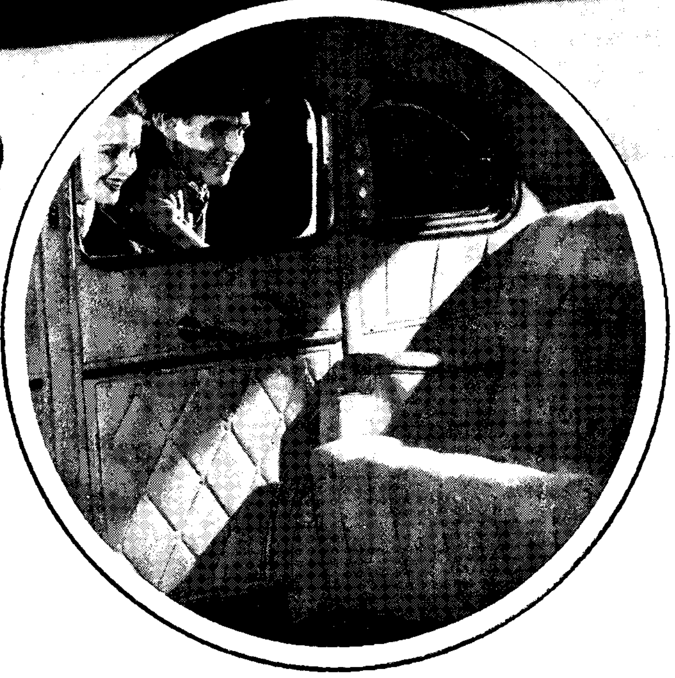
"You had no business matchin' me with Battlin' O'Rourke. You know we don't speak!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

OWNERS REPORT UP TO
23 MILES PER GALLON



Another "First" for De Soto!



STARTLING ECONOMY NOW TEAMED UP TO CUSTOM-CAR LUXURY —WITH DE SOTO'S GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES, SAFETY-STEEL BODY

FIRST IN ITS FIELD with genuine hydraulic brakes, scientific weight distribution, equalized springing...a pioneer of all-silent transmission, Safety-Steel body, dozens of other features...De Soto again scores a "first" with a *new type* of car for 1936!

In the past, you have had to choose either a big, luxury car, costly to buy and maintain...or be content with a small, "economy" car.

Now De Soto bridges that gap...presents a tremendously big, *custom-styled* car of amazing economy! Owners report up to 23 miles a gallon with the new Gas-Saver Transmission.

And the purchase price...just a very few dollars above the bottom-priced cars made today!

You can *see* De Soto's difference ...in its exclusive styling. Its bold, crowned radiator and sweeping lines. Its new interiors. You simply don't find such roominess...such satisfying luxury...such fastidious workmanship...outside the custom-car field.

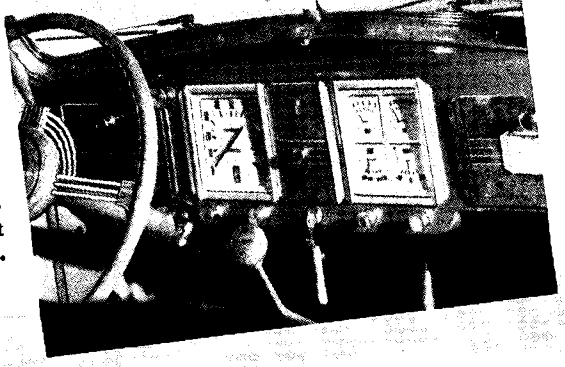
Your wonderment grows as you take a ride. De Soto's flashing pickup...its floating glide over *any* kind of road...its effortless operation...take a different kind of car language to describe.

This is the year to "graduate to De Soto." Go see what this new, low-price leader has...what it will do...how much money it can save you.

Ask for the New **Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company**
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.
1 Start with your unpaid balance.
2*Then add insurance cost.
3 Then multiply by 6%—for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required. NO OTHER CHARGES



***Smooth, even* stops...that only De Soto's *genuine* hydraulic brakes deliver.**

New style touches! Cloisonné-finish dials. Smart Circassian grain paneling.

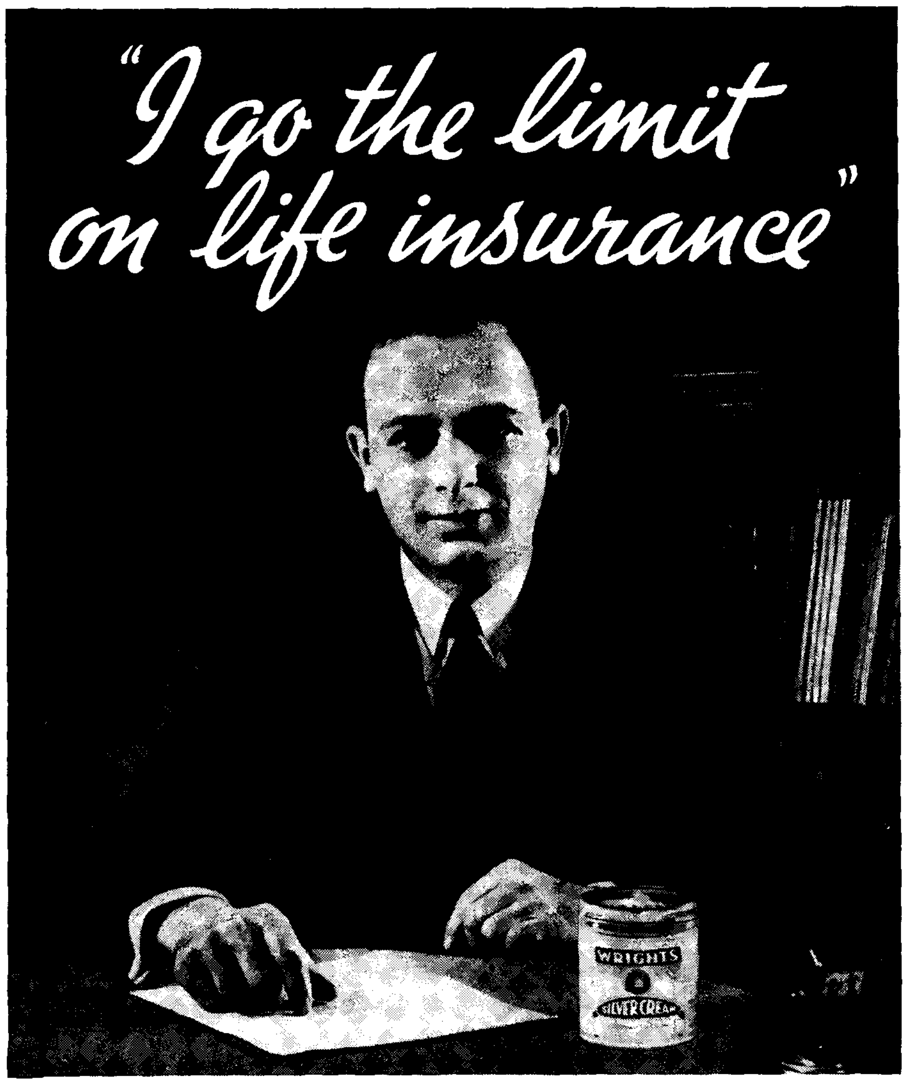
Graduate to a DE SOTO

DE SOTO $695

AND UP. LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
Special Equipment Extra

COMPANION CAR TO DE SOTO AIRFLOW III
PRODUCTS OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

★ INTIMATE INTERVIEWS WITH POLICYHOLDERS ★


"I go the limit on life insurance"
WRIGHT'S SILVER CREAM

● John P. Wright, president J. A. Wright & Co., Keene, New Hampshire, advises other young men

"SEVEN years ago," Mr. Wright continued, "I placed my first major investment in life insurance with The Mutual Benefit. I chose this Company because I was convinced that it practices the highest ideals in life insurance management and in every transaction with its policyholders. Since that time I have taken the limit with The Mutual Benefit, being still of the same mind as to its soundness and broad liberality."

Though still a young man, Mr. Wright has become one of the large buyers of life insurance in America. His program covers these four points:

1. Estate: The providing of funds to take care of outstanding obligations, including Inheritance Taxes.
2. Protection: The creation of a trust fund for his family.
3. Investment: Life Insurance has stood the test during the past five years as has no other property.
4. Security: From the long range viewpoint the reserves built for future contingencies — including retirement — are so certain that they are worthy of first place in his life's investment plans.

GET A GOOD AGENT—
AND PLAN WHILE YOUNG

Mutual Benefit representatives are capable advisers. As in Mr. Wright's case, they fit a plan to both your needs and your budget. And they will give you sound reasons why their Company deserves your best consideration. The Mutual Benefit was first to modernize old policies so as to give them as far as possible the advantages of new ones. Likewise one of the first to employ the principle of Non-forfeiture. It is preeminent also in other respects.

An outstanding Company for young investors, The Mutual Benefit asks you to receive its agent when he calls.

The
MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Newark New Jersey
MODERN LIFE INSURANCE SINCE 1845

Life Insurance is Good Property

An adequate Mutual Benefit program gives you the satisfaction of knowing not only that your family is fully protected but that you are building a sound enduring estate. Write for booklet, "GOOD PROPERTY," which tells you how and why.

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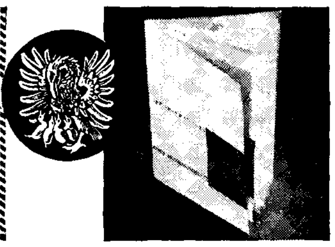


The Man Who Hated Music

Continued from page 24

"'One final drink, Von Genthner.' Eric filled and raised his glass. 'What shall we toast? Life? It's been fun but it hasn't lasted long enough to warrant the dignity of a toast. Death? We don't know enough about it to waste good brandy on it. Oh, I know, my friend. Do you know those lines of Du Maurier's:

"La Vie est breve
Un peu d' espoir
Un peu de rêve
Et puis—Bonsoir."

"Eric smiled. 'A good epitaph: "Life is brief, a little hope, a little dream, and then—good night."'

"I STOOD up. At least I would try to match his courage. I had to do this thing. 'Goodby, Eric,' I said, grasping his hand. I don't know if he saw the tears in my eyes. I couldn't see his and the dusk had fallen, and darkened the dugout.

"'Goodby.' He wheeled and turned toward the door. He turned once and glanced back. His eyes fell on my phonograph. Then his eyes wavered. And now he wasn't the mocking-eyed Eric I had always known. Suddenly some inner support which had been holding him up collapsed. He was beaten. Not afraid, God knows. He had no physical fear. But suddenly he realized that his sense of values had toppled like a house of cards. That to which he had always clung had fallen and he was left without a support.

"'Von Genthner,' he asked, and his voice cracked, 'would you play Liebestod for me? Play it loudly so that I can shut my eyes and hear it even outside. Play Liebestod for me, Von Genthner.'

"I sprang forward, then stopped. 'No, Eric,' I said sharply, 'I won't play Liebestod for you.'" . . .

Von Genthner pulled himself out of his chair and walked to the window. Those chimes had stopped and now my room was empty of the sound, but full of something else.

"Twenty years ago today that was," he mused, "at just about this time." He turned from the window. "Fine weather for April, isn't it? Look at those peonies in the park. In another two weeks—"

"Finish it, finish your story, Von Genthner. What happened?"

"Why"—he looked surprised—"I did finish it. He asked me to play Liebestod—the song of death—and I refused, that's all."

"Well, you might have played it for him. After all, you were going to have him killed in another two minutes."

"Killed? Killed?" the Baron said testily. "Do you think I could kill a man who asked me to play the Liebestod? Of course I didn't have him killed. I told Kreutzer and Marschner that our friend had been drinking too much and that his ordering a firing squad had been a joke. I told them to get hold of an English officer's uniform and give it to Captain Gluck. I said that we were sending him over into the British lines to see what he could find out. His English was so good, I said, that it would certainly fool the enemy. He could say that he had just escaped from a German prison camp. My captains thought it a great idea.

"'You are a very brave man to take such a risk,' Kreutzer said to Eric.

"Eric looked at me and said, 'If you have music in your heart and in your mind and in your soul you do not need to be brave.'"

VON GENTHNER stood up.

"Is the story finished to your satisfaction now?" he asked. "I think I have omitted nothing . . . Oh, about those church bells which bothered you. It is the custom in Germany to ring the church bells from one o'clock until four one day a year. It is to remind us of the three hours of agony which our Lord spent in the Garden of Gethsemane."

To Hell by Troopship

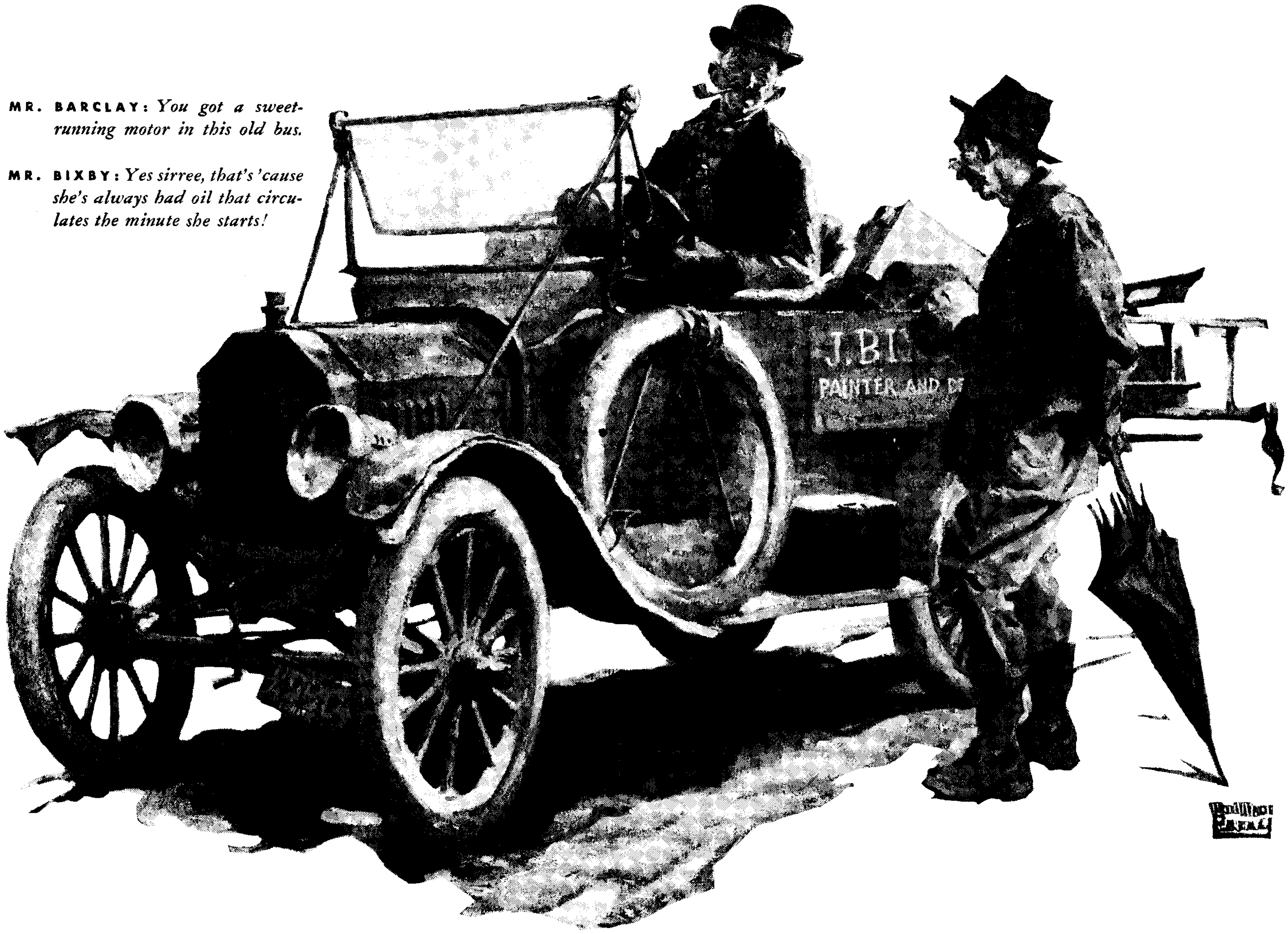
By W. B. Courtney

A vivid first-hand story of the converted freighter Sannio on her voyage from Naples to Massaua with a contingent of the Roman Legions bound for the African war.

In Next Week's Collier's

MR. BARCLAY: *You got a sweet-running motor in this old bus.*

MR. BIXBY: *Yes sirree, that's 'cause she's always had oil that circulates the minute she starts!*



A DURNED GOOD CAR . . IN SPITE OF HER FENDERS

Mr. Bixby is smarter than he looks.

He has found out a most important fact about *any* automobile. Ordinarily, over 50% of all the wear on your motor *takes place on starting.*

Old or new, in zero weather, *the first 5 minutes* wears out your car much more than even a 100-mile stretch driven after that.

When the engine starts cold and the oil is too sluggish to circulate . . . that's when your car grows old, loses power.

But you can select oil that flows from the first instant!

You can keep your car powerful, snappy, full of reserve stamina. You can prevent its rapidly growing old, despite added mileage.

Everything depends on how *fast* your oil starts circulating.

Even below zero, Havoline starts circulating instantly. Due to the new Furfural Refining Process, it has the ability to be fluid, to flow freely at low temperatures, and *still* lubricate under hottest engine temperatures, too.

The Havoline Lubrication Chart is your Dealer's Guide to the correct S.A.E. grade for your make of automobile. Change *your* crankcase oil to Havoline and save wear whenever your motor starts. Keep your car *new* in power and stamina.

DEPENDABLE DEALERS CAN SERVE YOU

Next time you need oil that starts as fast as the engine . . . ask for HAVOLINE. It comes to you in 1- and 5-quart cans, sealed at the refinery for your protection.

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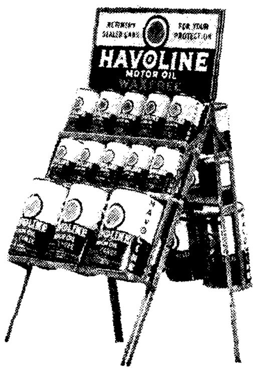

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Modern to the

YOUR first consideration in choosing a new car today might very well be is this car fully modern, and complete with every fine-car feature? You will find the most satisfying answer in the 1936 Oldsmobile — "The Car That Has Everything!" . . . From its freshly streamlined Style-Leader styling — originated by Oldsmobile and now developed to new and smarter distinction — down to the finest detail of its quality construction, Oldsmobile is thoroughly modern . . . It is modern in size — a big, roomy car with level, unobstructed floors . . . Modern in all the appointments of its luxurious, newly enriched interiors . . . Modern in performance that is smoother, livelier and more economical . . . Modern in its riding quality and its features for extra safety, such as big oversize tires, Safety standard all around, and many other fe besides those illustrated here . . . And m too, in leading the trend to greater value new low price . . . See "The Car Tha Everything" — at your Oldsmobile deal and secure for yourself all the modern a tages of this most modern of present day

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Minute !

in Styling... Comfort.. Performance ...Features

(Upper right)

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS AND RIDE STABILIZER—Front wheels move up and down independently of each other... "step over" bumps and holes. They combine with the Ride Stabilizer to provide a restful, gliding ride.

(Center right)

ROOMY, LUXURIOUS INTERIORS—Plenty of head room, shoulder room and leg room is yours in Oldsmobile's spacious interiors. Level, unobstructed floors add to your comfort... Safety Glass to your peace of mind.

(Lower right)

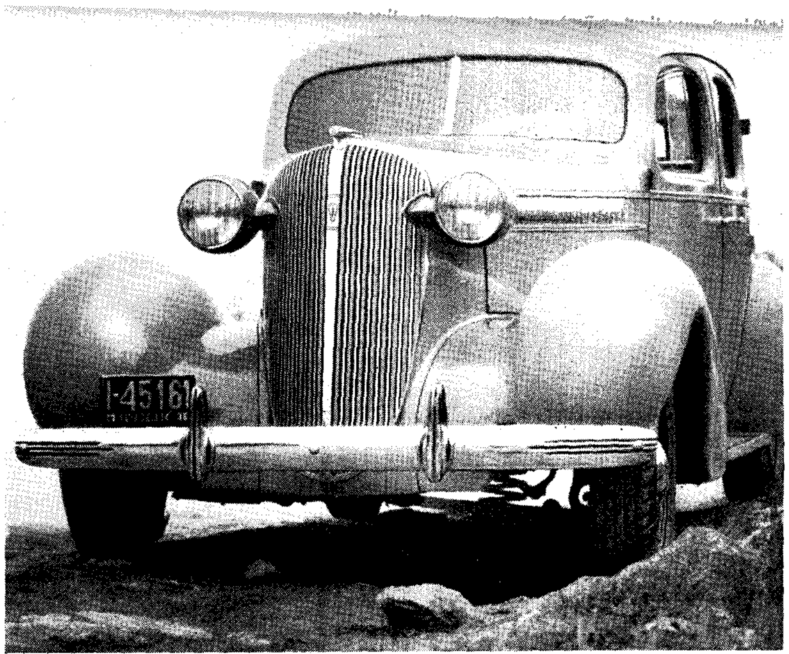
SOLID-STEEL "TURRET-TOP" BODIES BY FISHER—One-piece, solid-steel top construction permits new grace and beauty in Oldsmobile bodies... gives you the protection of steel over head, all around and under foot.

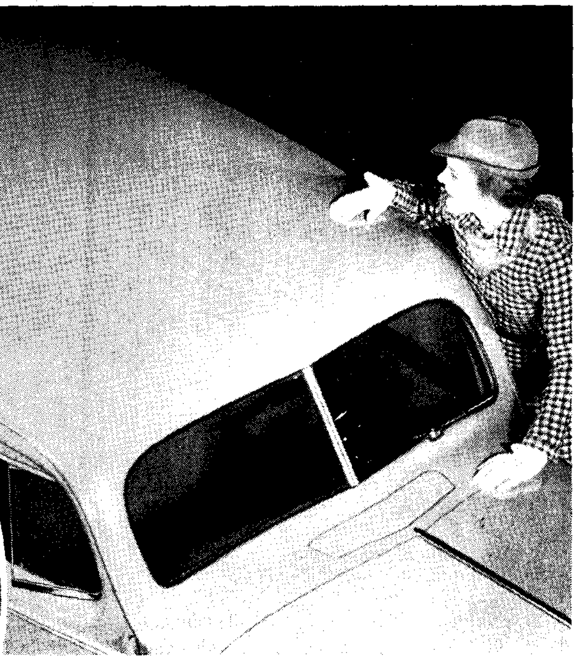
(In circle)

SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES AND BIG, OVERSIZE TIRES—Oldsmobile's big, powerful brakes are self-energizing. With the traction of extra size, low-pressure tires they bring your car to a quick, smooth stop.

(Lower left)

CENTER-CONTROL STEERING AND ALL-SILENT SHIFTING—You hold a true course with the slightest effort... change gears easily and quietly. No Draft Ventilation admits plenty of fresh air... but excludes rain or snow when you drive through storms.



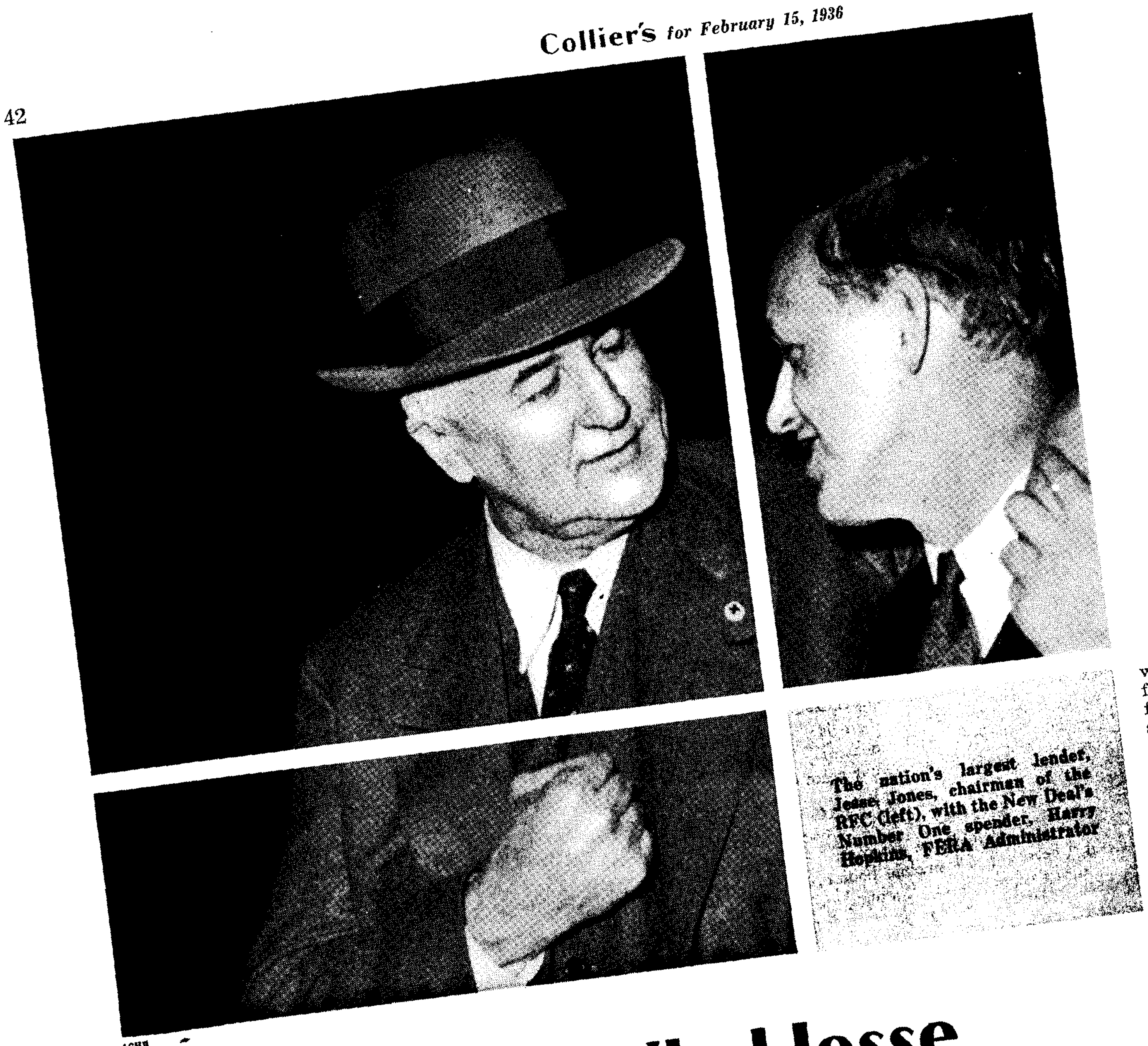


New Low Prices

$665

Sixes $665 and up... Eights $810 and up, list prices at Lansing, subject to change without notice. Safety Glass standard equipment all around. Bumpers with guards, spare tire, and rear spring covers built into all cars at the factory at extra cost. The car illustrated is the Six-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $820 list. A General Motors Value

• NEW 6% G. M. A. C. PLAN •



The nation's largest lender, Jesse Jones, chairman of the RFC (left), with the New Deal's Number One spender, Harry Hopkins, FERA Administrator

ACME

Hard-Boiled Jesse

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

THE rising tide of campaign eloquence, mounting higher and higher, does not even dampen the feet of Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Having been appointed originally by Herbert Hoover, Republicans treat him with a consideration shown to no other denizen of the New Deal, and due to his rockribbed Jeffersonian faith, Democrats never fail to give the Texas boy a big hand.

Mr. Jones' position as the largest money-lender in the United States also contributes materially to his popularity. Up to date he has put out more than five billions in loans, and the railroads, banks, insurance companies and industrial corporations that owe the RFC large sums and small affect a huge body of public opinion that makes it a point always to speak glowingly of Jesse the Great and the Good.

The non-borrowing portion of the population likewise thinks well of the towering Texan by reason of the belief that he is a prudent and vigilant lender without any of the Santa Claus quality that marks the heads of so many New Deal agencies. Strangely enough, this is a fact and not the usual political myth. The gay Tugwellians and the Harvard Hot Dog group may scatter millions as though picking petals from a daisy, screaming with laughter as they chant, "He loves me, he loves me not," but Mr. Jones has given ample evidence that he does not belong to this school of thought. Or maybe thoughtlessness is a better word.

When it comes to passing out government funds, all that Jesse wants in the way of security is a couple of good names on the note, a bunch of gilt-edged collateral, and a few eyes, arms and legs thrown in by way of fair measure. Nor is that the end of it. Before a loan is granted, he indulges an almost insatiable curiosity with respect to the applicant's pay roll. What are the salaries of officers? The amounts paid to lawyers? And how about bonuses and commissions?

Take It or Leave It

Frugality, he murmurs, is a borrower's first duty. Any business forced to ask a loan would seem to be in no position to let the president and vice-president dip both hands into the treasury. Of course, he may be wrong, but that is the way he feels about it. Putting money into the business itself is one thing, but putting it into the pockets of executives is quite another. Saying which, he swings a large blue pencil into drastic action.

By the time a loan is completed, the offices of the RFC look like the operating room of a hospital, amputated salaries covering every inch of floor space. Where the pay of a railroad president used to run up to $150,000 a year, $60,000 is now the maximum with Mr. Jones, and choice indeed is the number that receive it. Any insurance company wanting to borrow from him may not pay an officer more than $17,500 a year, and while a good many corporations still pay their head men one, two and even three hundred thousand a year, it is not so with such concerns as receive loans from the RFC. The pay roll of every borrower, in the higher brackets, at least, must be cut to the bone until Uncle Sam gets back his money. There are those who call him "Jesse James" Jones behind his back.

Salaries are not the only items that come under the scrutiny of the chill, unwinking, blue eyes. By way of bolstering certain banks that looked as if a little strengthening would not hurt, the RFC invested $34,000,000 in their preferred stock, capital notes and debentures. Straightway the matter of dividends excited Mr. Jones to an eager and intimate interest. Would it not be wise, he opined, to conserve assets as far as possible, emphasizing protection for depositors rather than profits for stockholders? As a result, those banks in which the RFC has an investment have reduced dividends from six per cent to three and a half, and five years must pass before the rate can be raised.

A hard-boiled policy, perhaps, causing many prominent citizens much anguish, but justified by the balance sheets. Since February, 1932, the RFC has made loans in an amount of $5,700,000,000, and of this vast total, $3,140,000,000 has already been repaid. Due to the fact that he borrows his funds from the Treasury at two and three-fourths per cent and lends at three and one-half and four, Mr. Jones is able to show a profit of $115,000,000 today, a sum set aside to take care of losses. Aside from one large bank loan, however, made to avert what might have been a wholesale crash, Jesse does not figure on losing a dollar in all his dealings.

A Thriving Loan Business

By way of showing the care with which loans have been granted, and also the progress of recovery from the depression, itemization may be interesting. The banks of the country, for example, borrowed $1,142,000,000, and to date $971,000,000 has been returned. Taking the choice securities of closed banks as collateral, the RFC loaned $860,000,000 for speedy distribution to the depositors, and $610,000,000 of this amount has been paid back. The tidy little sum of $46,000,000 has also been gathered in from dividends on preferred stock held by the RFC.

Life insurance companies borrowed $42,800,000 on their fast-frozen assets, and $38,700,000 is back again in the coffers of the RFC. . . . All other kinds of insurance companies received loans aggregating $46,700,000, and have managed to pay back $41,500,000. Even the railroads have not proved the bad risks they were feared to be. They were loaned $487,000,000 to pull them out of their hole, and while only $90,000,000 has been returned, Mr. Jones is not losing sleep over the balance.

Contrary to general opinion, the RFC does not confine its activities to banks, railroads and insurance companies by any means, but extends a helping hand to commercial businesses of all kinds, small as well as large. As a matter of

SAVE DAYS AND DOLLARS WITH A

NORGE MATCHED UNIT KITCHEN

Minutes make days • Pennies make dollars
Save both with Norge Distinctive Home Appliances

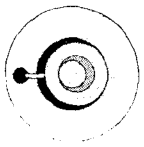
★ After your first thrill at the sheer beauty of these Norge Matched Kitchen Units, you will begin to realize that Norge beauty cloaks good, sound, practical *use* value.

Norge utility expresses itself in *saving*—saving in food, in time, in effort, saving in actual dollars and cents. Rollator Refrigeration has long been noted for its economy—savings up to $11 a month. And the Norge Concentrator Gas Range carries on—effects saving through low gas consumption and certainty of good cooking results.

The 1936 Norge Matched Kitchen Units are full of practical improvements. Rollator Refrigerators are newly designed inside and out. Flexible interior arrangement is enhanced by intimate convenience features which make it *easier* to get the richest benefits of dependable, money-saving Rollator Refrigeration. Concentrator Gas Ranges are more beautiful, more efficient than ever.

Make your home truly modern in its most important part. Visit the Norge dealer near you. See these beautiful Norge Matched Kitchen Units in white and in color. Ask about prices and easy payment terms. Prove to *yourself* the surpassing value of Norge home appliances—the appliances that have been *proved* by exhaustive scientific tests —*approved* by the American Housewife—now still further *improved* to give still greater labor-saving and money-saving advantages.

NORGE DIVISION Borg-Warner Corporation, 606-670 E. Woodbridge St., Detroit, Mich. *In Canada,* Canadian Radio Corporation, 622 Fleet St., W., Toronto, Ontario



THE ROLLATOR COMPRESSOR...
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Smooth, easy, rolling power instead of hurried back-and-forth action. Result—more cold for the current used and a mechanism which is almost everlasting. Only Norge has the Rollator.

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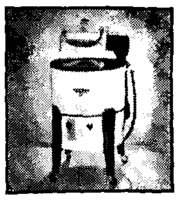
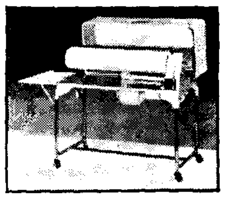
February 10th to 16th is Norge National Show Week. Visit the Norge dealer near you. See, examine, compare, discover for yourself the intrinsic excellence in all Norge home appliances.



NORGE AUTOBUILT WASHER



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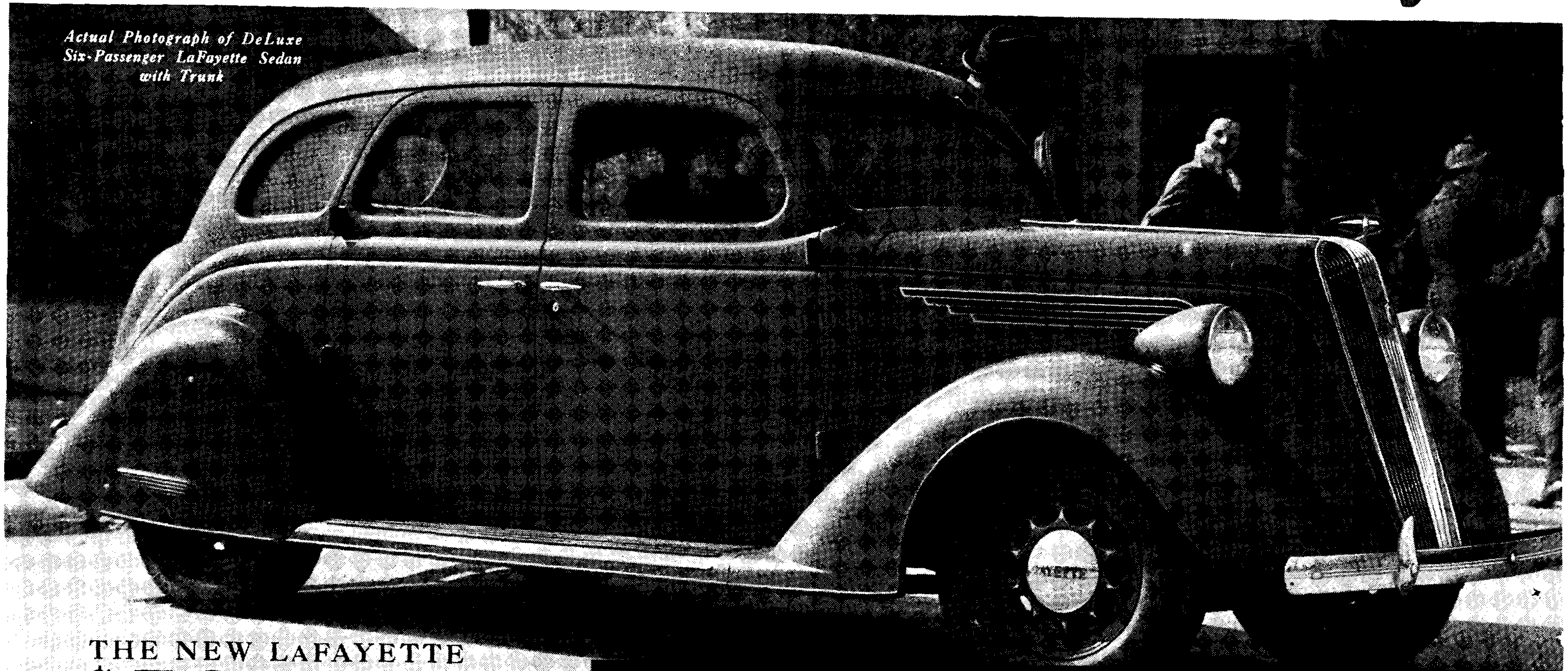
ROLLATOR REFRIGERATION (Domestic and Commercial) • GAS and ELECTRIC RANGES • WASHERS and IRONERS • WHIRLATOR OIL BURNERS • FINE-AIR FURNACES • AIR CONDITIONING • CIRCULATOR ROOM HEATERS

Sensational gas-saving available to low-priced car buyer's



Actual Photograph of DeLuxe Six-Passenger LaFayette Sedan with Trunk

THE NEW LAFAYETTE

$595 and up f. o. b. factory Cruising Gear available at slight extra cost

Here are the ONLY low-priced cars that are engineered, powered and lubricated exactly like the highest-priced cars! ...With greater safety, more headroom and wider seats than you'll find in cars costing 2 and 3 times as much!

THE NEW NASH "400"

$665 and up f. o. b. factory. DeLuxe models $10 to $25 higher Cruising Gear available at slight extra cost

Actual Photograph of DeLuxe Six-Passenger Nash "400" Sedan with Trunk

Cruising Gear now in Nash "400" and LaFayette!

Most important advance in automobile efficiency in years! Formerly available only on Nash Ambassador. Automatic "fourth gear" reduces engine revolutions one-third at speeds above 42 miles per hour. Gives you an entirely new kind of ride sensation! Makes possible amazing savings in gasoline and oil!

The Nash Automatic Cruising Gear. *One of the most important contributions to motor-car efficiency in recent years!* Available for the first time to buyers of the lowest-priced cars on the Nash "400" and LaFayette!

The Cruising Gear is simple. It's entirely automatic. But what a difference it makes in the performance of your car! What a difference in the mileage you get from gasoline and oil!

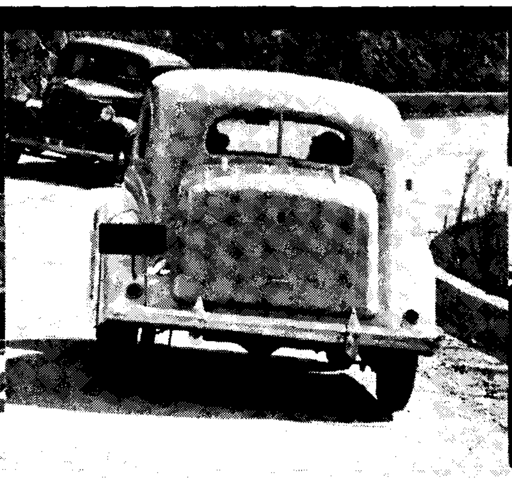
The Cruising Gear acts as a "fourth gear." *It comes into operation automatically* when your car reaches a speed of approximately 42 miles an hour in ordinary high gear. Then . . . as your car goes faster . . . your engine revolutions are reduced about one-third. For example, when you're going "60" in a Nash or LaFayette equipped with a Cruising Gear, your engine is turning over only as fast as it would at "42" in the same car without a Cruising Gear!

Thus, at these higher cruising speeds, every part of the motor operates *more slowly, more quietly*. Your car seems to be floating on air! There's not the slightest suggestion of straining or motor effort. You can readily see how this minimizes wear on the moving parts of the engine. And . . . because consumption of gas and oil is proportionately greater at high speeds . . . how it saves money! Actual tests have proved that gasoline mileage is increased 15% to 25%; oil mileage as much as 50% in cars equipped with the Nash Automatic Cruising Gear!

By making the Cruising Gear available to buyers of even its lowest-priced cars, Nash Motors again demonstrates that "Out to win America" is not just an advertising slogan, but a determined policy to capture a large share of the low-priced car business in 1936 on value alone! So . . . before you buy any low-priced car this year, at least go to the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom and see the new types of cars with which Nash is invading the low-priced fields! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

TURN YOUR NASH OR LAFAYETTE INTO A SLEEPING CAR! Make a roomy, 6-foot bed . . . in less than 10 minutes . . . right inside the car! A marvelous convenience for camping, emergency stops. No mattress required. Cuts down travel costs!

WHY YOU CAN STOP THEM QUICKER THAN ANY CARS EVER BUILT! Nash "400" and LaFayette have the largest double-acting hydraulic brakes in relation to car weight on any car at any price! Quicker stops. Brakes last years longer.



THE HARDEST CARS IN THE WORLD TO TIP OVER, to side-slip or skid! They are lower—wider in relation to height and length. Remember, 126% more auto fatalities happen on curves than the average for all accidents combined!

MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000! More headroom—wider seats—in Nash "400" and LaFayette! And the world's first complete, seamless one-piece all-steel body with steel top, steel sides and girder steel frame!

NASH AND LAFAYETTE

"OUT TO WIN AMERICA ON VALUE ALONE"

NEW 6% C. I. T. TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Convenient 6% terms

★ *1936 Nash Ambassadors in two series—at prices you formerly paid for smaller cars! Big, luxurious, 125-inch wheelbase sedans—$835 to $995 f. o. b. factory! Cruising Gear optional at slight extra cost.*

Hard-Boiled Jesse

Continued from page 42

fact, the loan of which Jesse Jones is proudest was one of $200 to the owner of a fishing boat. Borrowers of five and six hundred dollars are increasingly common, and out of a total of 1,514 RFC loans to business, 565 are under $10,000.

"Little fellows," to tell the truth, bring an almost human gleam into the eyes of Mr. Jones. A corner grocer who wants to put in a new front, a factory eager for modern equipment, the operator of a few fishing smacks, a miner with a promising property, all are given even more sympathetic treatment than the high-powered executive asking for millions. The sole requirements are proof that the business is soundly conducted, that there is need for it in the community, and that bank credit is not available.

A Canny Bargainer

Not only is the gentleman from Texas a prudent lender but also a very prudent helper. Among the enterprises hit hardest by the depression were the drainage, levee and irrigation districts scattered over the United States. Organized by the high-pressure boys in prosperous times, and capitalized out of all reason, the crash threatened ruin to farmers and bondholders alike. Mr. Jones was entirely willing to help, but only if principal and interest were cut down to a point where the districts had a chance to pay out.

"We are not here to throw good money after bad," he argued sensibly. "You bondholders have a hopelessly frozen obligation for which there is no market, and on which you are receiving no return. Compromise your claims against the districts, and we'll come forward with real cash for your bonds."

The offer was accepted in almost every instance, and with no more than total loans of $99,446,000, the RFC aided 525 districts in thirty-one states, retiring indebtedness to the amount of $231,672,000. A nice, helpful debt reduction of over $132,000,000.

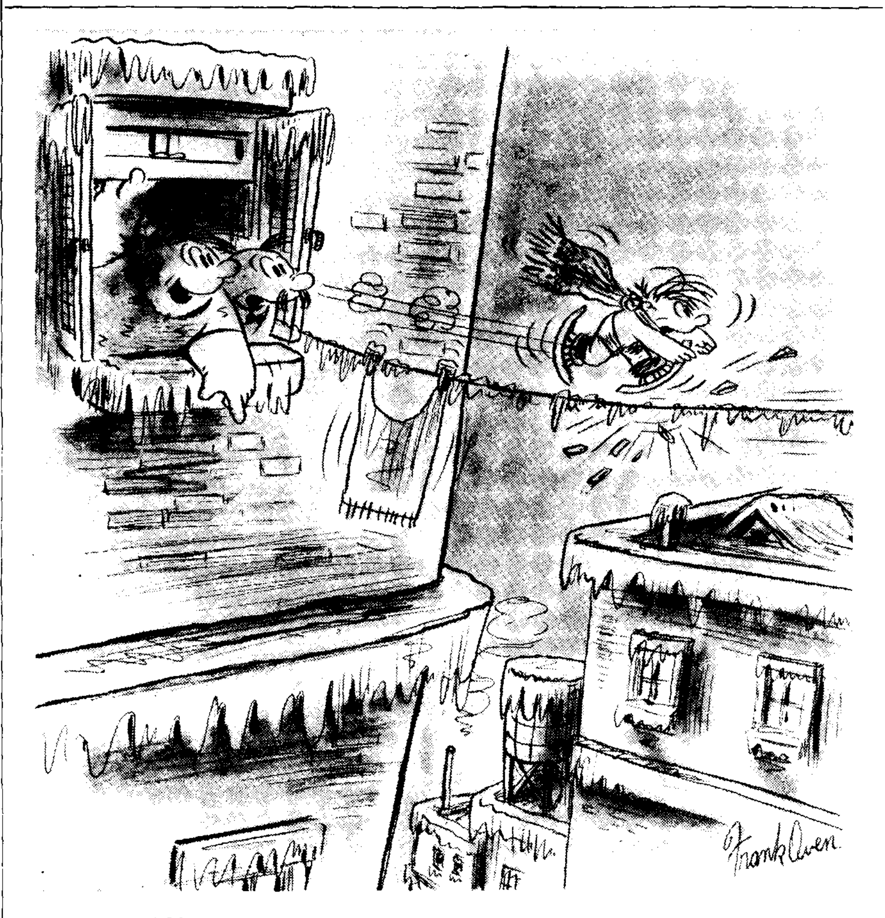
A pretty capable person on the whole, this Jesse Jones, and President Roosevelt might do far worse than to send over the Hot Dogs and Tugwellians for a few years of schooling at the RFC. The office and field forces of this gigantic agency, for example, number only 3,200 people, and the overhead is one half of one per cent as compared with the ten and fifteen per cent of other New Deal bodies. Not one cent of upkeep comes from the tax revenues of government, for the corporation takes care of its own operating expenses.

The answer, of course, is that Jesse Jones knows his business. Born in Tennessee in 1874, his twenty-first year saw him in the Texas lumber business, and after making a success at that he went on to banking. Today he has both banking and lumber interests, and also owns a newspaper in Houston along with hotels and office buildings. Back of his remarkable record as head of the RFC, therefore, are forty years of experience in handling men and money and large affairs, so that he did not have to get his training at the expense of the harried, overburdened taxpayers of the United States.

Maybe men of his type are hard to find. It may be difficult to discover tried and tested businessmen in the country both able and willing to devote themselves to the public service at about one tenth of the salary that private industry would pay. All the same, and notwithstanding, careful search might possibly develop a few more.

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Philbert, darling, there's more ice on the ledge here!"

The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth

Holland: *Fishermen of Volendam enjoying their Martini & Rossi on return to port. Traditional costume: dark gray caps, black trousers, black coats violet-lined.*

New York: *Fun over Martini & Rossi Martinis in well-known restaurant.*

"DE ZON gaat nooit onder bij Martini en Rossi Vermouth"—"The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth"—it's true in Dutch, true in any language. Especially in ours because Americans last year bought 3 times as much Martini & Rossi as *all* other Italian vermouths together. Martini & Rossi is the world's standard simply because it *blends* better—so *much* better you'll be doing yourself a real favor if you specify it. There is no substitute for it if your palate is sensitive.

Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

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DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

World's standard...U.S. buys 3 times as much of it as *all* other Italian vermouths together...

WE WANT YOU TO BE OUR FRIEND IN 1940

Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes
Smooth and sure in any weather

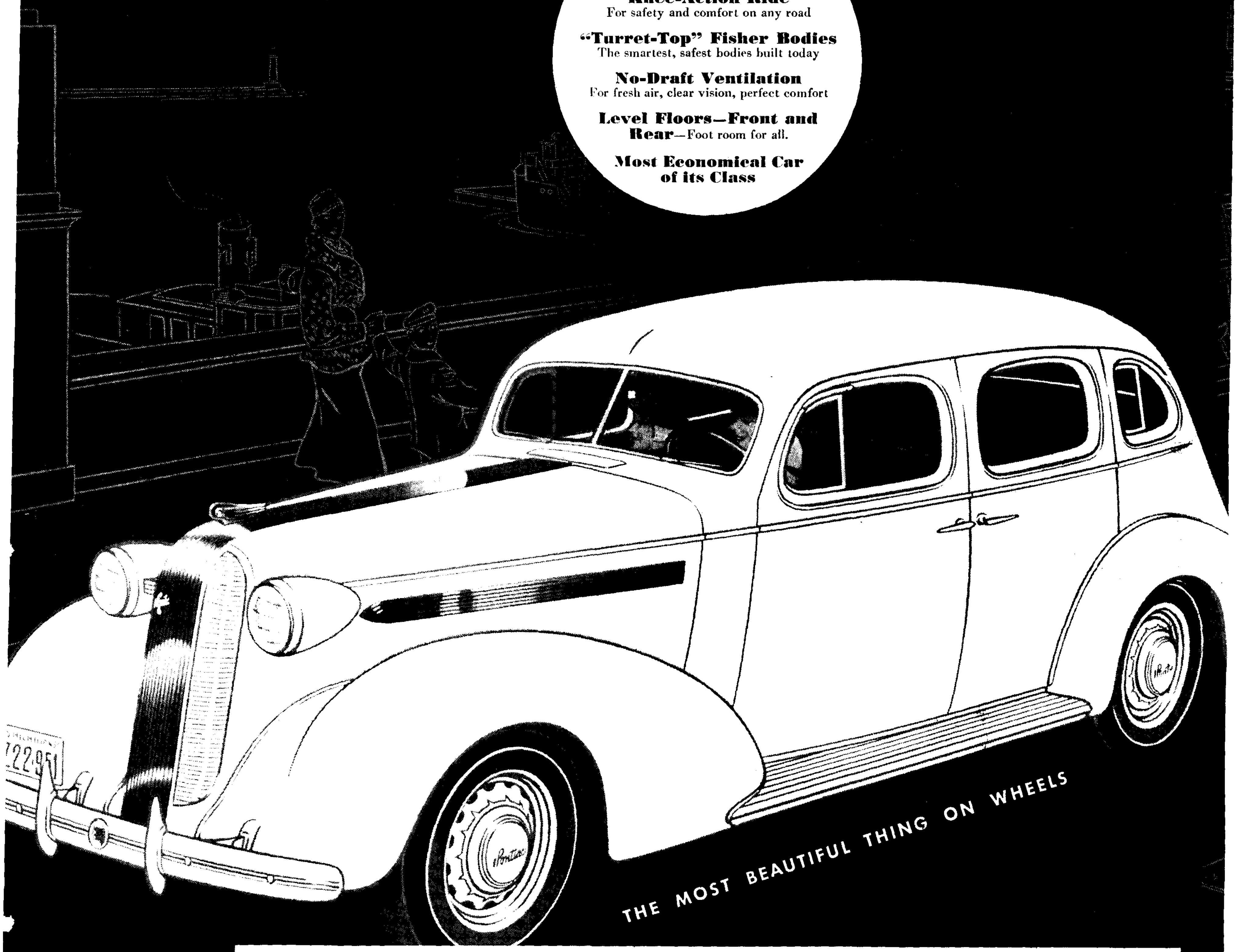
Knee-Action Ride
For safety and comfort on any road

"Turret-Top" Fisher Bodies
The smartest, safest bodies built today

No-Draft Ventilation
For fresh air, clear vision, perfect comfort

Level Floors—Front and Rear—Foot room for all.

Most Economical Car of its Class


THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

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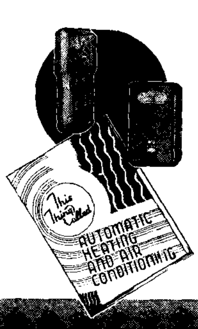

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
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New Worlds for Alexander

Continued from page 25

incredible romances as it concocts for the world's screens, can ransack its vaults and its klatsches without finding another one to match the story of this gloomy Hungarian. For he is not only a success, he is a power: he is, by fair present measures, an artistic genius; but he is also a business genius. He is, moreover, an intellectual and a gentleman.

Alexander Korda was born in Hungary, ancient kingdom that grew where the nomad waves lapped farthest into Europe. Hungarians have specially endearing characteristics; warmth and wildness, gentleness and fierceness, mingle in them. Today, all who are left of the true gypsies stem from Hungary; those strange and rootless vagabonds, with their romantic customs and harrowing old songs—and very bad habits. Korda has inherited everything that makes the Hungarian blood mad and unpredictable and delightful.

His personal early background was not spectacular. Papa Korda was a land agent on a bishop's estate, and Alex—oldest of three sons—made the best grades in school. Brother Zolly dreamed the days away; Vincent, the youngest, drew pictures. Alex, precocious scholar, took over the support of the family at fourteen, when his father died. He taught school, and pegged out his own education; and at twenty, cultured and ambitious, he became a journalist—a reporter on a Budapest paper. In Central Europe a journalist is quite a fellow; he wears spats, tails, gloves, and a cane and does not go around with his coat tucked into his trousers nor with Indian arrow holes in his hat. He writes essays, rather than news squibs; and that is how Alex was trapped, for in the course of his work as literature and drama man he wrote an essay on motion pictures, the novelty which was only then trickling into the Balkan and steppe lands.

No one in Mittel-Europa had ever done anything like that before, so Alex immediately was looked up to as an authority. He was asked to translate the German, French, and English film titles into the Hungarian language. He has a gift of tongues; speaks half a dozen major languages—all quite incorrectly, his friends explain. The cat got out of the bag recently, however, when one of Alex's brothers caught him speaking his native Hungarian with an accent: it's all part of his show!

Upward and Onward

Given the cue, young Korda began to fancy himself as the film oracle of Hungary. He bought a movie camera, rented a bystreet shed, and, beginning with a picture based on a Freudian dream theory, henceforth wrote, directed, photographed, cut and titled, and ofttimes acted, three productions a week. Hungary, of course, was too small to contain such appalling energy; so Alex packed his studio into a satchel and went to the capital of the Dual Monarchy. He immediately became a typical Viennese; the ability to become an overnight Roman is one of his most charming talents. Today, in Paris, he is a representative Frenchman; in London, the perfect Londoner. Only New York beats him; he retires into a hotel suite and frets.

In Vienna, the Hungarian prodigy became a director on the lot of Sascha Films, made a fine hit with his first picture—The Prince and the Pauper—and got a letter from Jesse Lasky, offering him a job. He had never heard tell of Jesse Lasky, and probably figured he was just another of those American businessmen whom all good little Central European boys used to be brought up to fear along with ogres and werewolves; at any rate, he never answered the letter, which isn't like him. Then upward and onward to UFA in Berlin, and increasing successes. UFA, in those pre-Nazi days, was a springboard to Hollywood. So Korda now wrote to Lasky. And Lasky never answered; which isn't like him. It is fun to speculate what might have happened if these two had minded their manners a little better.

Laughton Takes a Chance

First National signed Alex and he went to Hollywood for the usual purgatory of heel-cooling. Blame it on the "System," or the "Machine," or whatever you want to call it; something must have been awry, either in Alex or in Hollywood. For his undoubted gifts quit flowering; and he made some quite indifferent program features of which the very best, The Private Life of Helen of Troy, was poor. Warner Brothers ate up First National, and the brooms swished, and Alex went over to Fox—and subsequently to other art pastures, with adventures we have already wept over. The ignominy of his retreat from Hollywood must have been etched deeply in his face and manner, for he tramped the streets in Berlin and elsewhere, on which he had once been a kingpin; and no one had time for him. Paramount's Joinville lot gave him a chance in Paris, and he did the picture, Marius, which made a fine success in France, though little was heard of it outside. Thereupon, the business genius and the wild Hungarian dander rose up altogether.

Alex's plans inflamed Lajos Biro, writer and old friend, and Stephen Pallos, French movie salesman; they handed over all their francs, Korda added his, and London Films was born. It might have been called Paris Films, except that exigencies of the purse required Alex to go to London and make a few potboilers for Paramount and Gaumont. One such was Reserved for Ladies, with Leslie Howard; a rather darned unusual potboiler, which turned out to be one of the deftest, most civilized screen plays of the decade, a sell-out in America, and a warning—unheeded—to Hollywood that the exile was hurling bombs across the Atlantic.

Now Alex was able to get back to his own schemes; the "company" hurried over from Paris and fetched Brother Vincent to be art director—a job for which he had qualified by painting unsalable pictures in a Montparnasse attic. They hired a musty floor in a house in Grosvenor Street, just off the Square; in this dreary, dreamy place, surrounded by the oldest-fashioned West End of London—which is still quietly celebrating Waterloo and has never heard of Gettysburg, and where every vista is a faded Boz drawing—the epochal Henry the Eighth was born.

Laughton had gone back to England for one of his frequent vacations in Shakespearian, when he was fetched to Grosvenor Square from the Old Vic to meet Korda. Alex must have been in one of his artistic twilight sleeps; for he glanced up into the sex appeal of Laughton's conked-mackerel face and saw, not the actor, but the old rake Henry.

Laughton promised to gamble with Korda and his little group. Three great American and international film corporations laughed, smugly repeated the old movie bias against costume plays, and said, "Good day, we're busy!" United

(Continued on page 50)

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New Worlds for Alexander

Continued from page 48

Artists timidly agreed to try to distribute it, if it were ever made; but told Korda he would have to look elsewhere for his pennies. The few thousand francs he and Pallos and Biro had thrown into the pot in France were available; subsequent earnings, very meager, were added; Laughton staked his work against the future and did not collect a shilling until the box offices reported; and Alex pledged his last stick and shirt.

Korda and his devoted men built and painted and decorated the sets, Alex driving them after the fashion of a master in a medieval guild shop. Henry the Eighth was truly the work of his own hands. There were sometimes amusing, sometimes pitiful encounters with daily "must" bills; struggles to buy raw film stock, to pay for lights, and to reimburse the lesser help who could not be asked to wait. Henry the Eighth, despite the glamor and seeming richness of its production settings, cost less than the least of Alex's Hollywood jobs. But when it was finished, and publicly viewed, Korda had become Alexander the Great, Laughton had attained his full stature, and as great a revolution had taken place in the artistic conceptions of picturemaking as sound had been on the technical side.

Henry was flaunted by many English critics as a vindication before the world of the long-doddering British film industry; as a triumph of the English studios. It was no such thing, of course. Alex had not been even a stepchild before; he was not adopted by English capital and the British motion picture industry until after Henry. And herein turned up the luck, the fortunate marshalling of circumstances which are factors in the success of every great man; and I don't care what the moral platitude books say. The released ambitions of the English film makers were only one element.

A more potent contribution was the resentment that had been festering for many years not only in England but throughout Europe against the imitative and tasteless run-of-the-mill Hollywood films, and the autocratic methods of the American picturemakers. Various countries have tried by means of quota laws to restrain the importations from Hollywood, and to help their own industries; but Hollywood had too great a technical head start, and moreover the American system of telling the exhibitor, "You take what we give you or go whistle," kept Europe horsewhipped into line. On the other hand, the occasionally superior European pictures, while not actually boycotted, were accorded no chance in the glutted American market.

The Korda Raids

When Korda, and the English studios revitalized under his influence, began to make good pictures regularly in Europe—in the motion picture sense, England must be considered in Europe—the Hollywood program feature received its stoutest blow outside the United States. Even more important, with Henry the Eighth carrying the banner, and Korda's subsequent pictures—The Scarlet Pimpernel, Catherine the Great, and Sanders of the River—bearing high its promise, the foreign-made films invaded the United States, crashed the best houses, and enabled Korda to force equitable releasing arrangements from Hollywood.

Korda fought Hollywood with its own precedents. First, he recognized that longest and most intensive experience had made Hollywood's technicians by all odds best; and he was smart enough to do what European producers generally had been too self-pleased, or too frightened of labor-quota laws to do. He brought over American studio chiefs and helpers, and cameramen, and all sorts of skilled workers; other English studios followed his lead, and now the Yanks are reaching England by the bargeload. If you go any noon hour into the Star and Garter public house in Denham, the picture-book town on the high road from London to Oxford where Korda is putting last touches to the largest studios in Europe, you will miss the vowels of Old England and find the place resounding with American consonants; jammed to bulging with people you have known in Hollywood. The sort who do not get their names onto the screen, but make or break pictures, nevertheless. Moreover, Korda took away American, or American-made stars and directors; Leslie Howard, Jean Parker, Bob Flaherty, and many others. The non-Korda English studios made even greater raids; until today Elstree and Denham notes read like the gab columns of Hollywood dailies—Aubrey Smith, Fay Wray, Ann Harding, Richard Dix, young Fairbanks, Arthur Tracy, Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Anna Sten; there's no end.

Every Fan a Critic

Hollywood was unable to stem these forays and desertions, for the same reason that Berlin of old could not; Korda, and the English producers who are riding the flood with him, had the money to outbid the West Coast Studios. This was another of the lucky breaks for Alex. The depression lingered on in the United States after England had balanced its budget and begun its recovery march. British capital had dammed up, and was looking for outlets. Korda, after Henry the Eighth, became the white-haired boy for Equitable, which is one of the great insurance companies of the world and could build and maintain a respectable navy with its earnings. Other British film studios got other angels—as eager, if not as affluent. The American stars, able to work both Hollywood and England, are enviable; the American technicians, not so much. Soon England's film industry will be self-sufficient, technically. The American workers come in under time restrictions imposed by the British Labor Immigration quota laws; they are filling in, while British workers are watching them and learning, ready to take their places when the Americans are sent home.

These are the conditions and facts, then, which played for Korda. Washed out of Hollywood on an ebb tide in his private affairs, he is now hurled back upon it gloriously strong on the crest of a flood comber that promises to smash a lot of sacred cows and shibboleths in the American film industry. Some British quarters have been making extravagant claims that England, led by its Hungarian messiah and fortified by unleashed and stabilized finances, will become the film capital of the world—some London suburb the new Hollywood. These point out that Korda has shown the cinema the value of literary quality, and that England, being the storehouse of English literature, in the cultural rather than the literal sense of course, with more active first-rate writers, adjacent to all racial backgrounds, is the natural place for the modern and future cinema art; that Hollywood's one claim, weather, has been invalidated by the new technique of sound and transparency.

Alex does not hold with such ideas—not completely, that is. He believes it is

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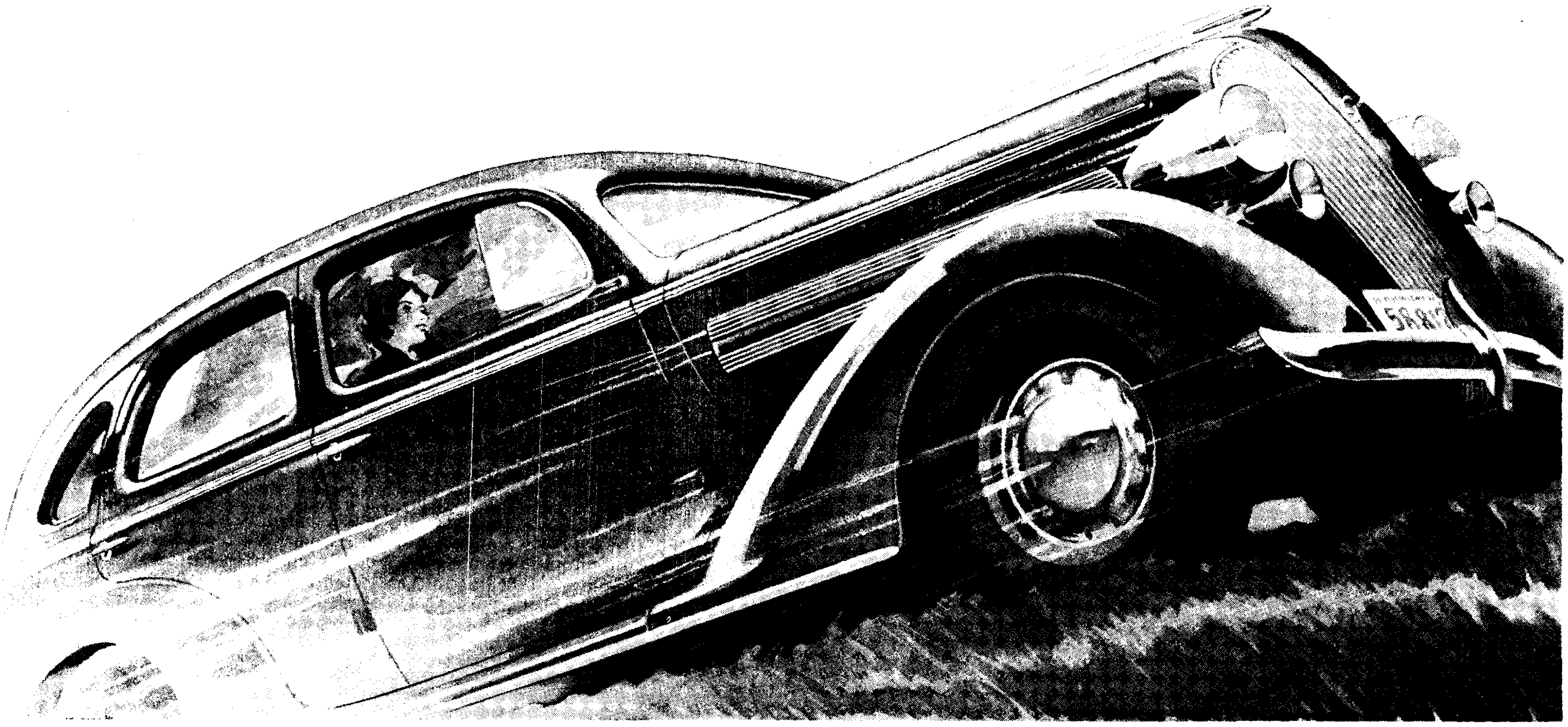

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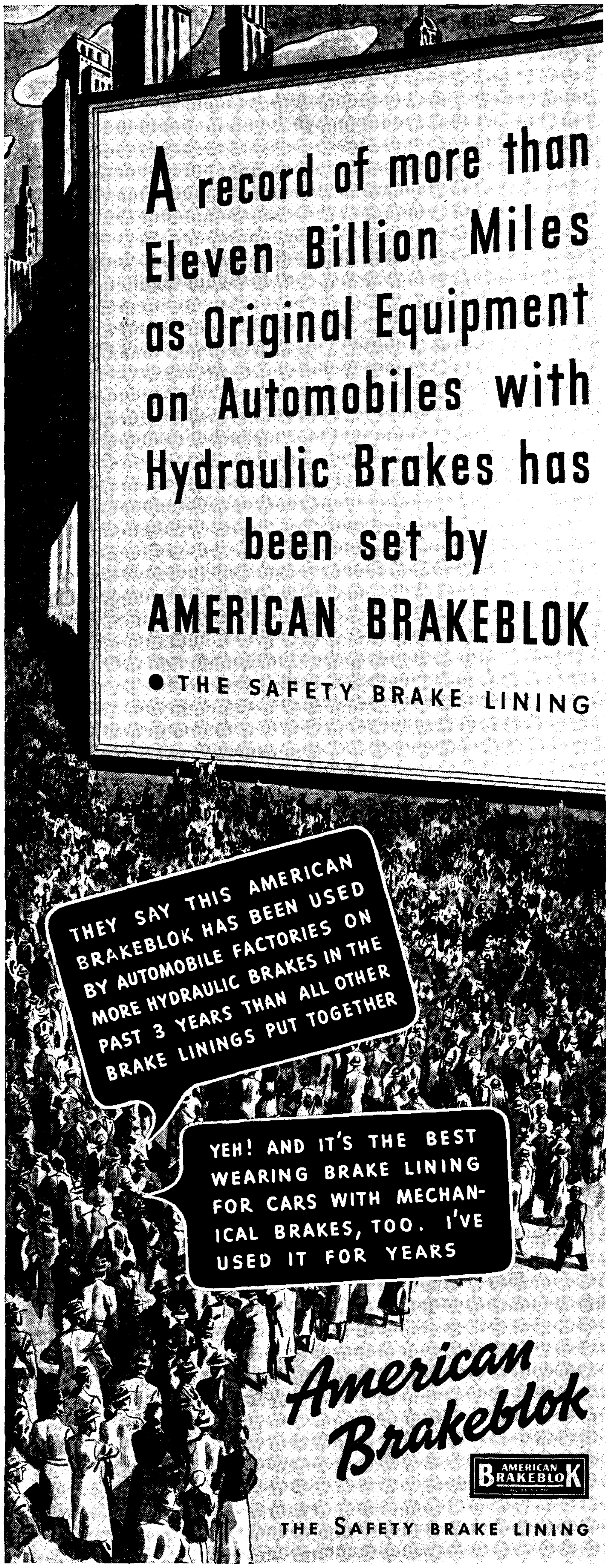
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New Worlds for Alexander

Continued from page 50

apparent that Hollywood's preëminence has been levelled down, and that her assumption of exclusive rights, in both European and the American theaters, has been edited. On the other hand, he believes that the American film industry has built up certain valuable production traditions; and while it may not pioneer all the technical advances hereinafter, it will remain shrewd and fluid enough to adapt them quickly; furthermore, that freer competition will stimulate it in every way.

He believes foreign assaults may scare Hollywood into making better pictures; sort of progress through fright. The greatest killings-off—and this is a good thing—will be among Hollywood's sausaged "program" features. There is, finally, one singular and weighty premise in the international situation of which Korda, and other European film men, are brightly aware. The United States, with its thousands of movie palaces, is the vastest single market for pictures, and it is at the same time the least nationalistic and the most discerning.

The average American "fan" has grown to be a better judge of picture quality than the average citizen or subject of any other land; and he will not go to see a photoplay merely because it is American made, but only if it is good entertainment—in which case he does not care whether it was made in Hollywood or Bombay. He is, therefore, not an unvarying and bitter-end ally of the American producer; in fact, he is apt to be caustic with regard to Hollywood. This mounting appreciation of American movie-goers' taste has done more than court battles to defeat the monopolistic tendencies of the film magnates; of late years, few good pictures have gone unrewarded and fewer bad ones have been hot in the box office, although sheer weight of publicity expenditure has made certain exceptions among the latter. Korda has proved all this to the benefit of his own and his backers' pockets.

A Distinguished Pay Roll

Alexander the Great has just turned forty, and is excited and happy because he knows that the form of art in which he has chosen to labor—unlike martial conquests, which are bounded by the map—leaves more worlds to conquer than he could account for in forty times forty lives. He is going to make poor guesses; there is a Jules Verne streak to his imagination, and I believe that fantasy is a thing on which he will stub his toes. Perhaps he will break fresh trails here, though. Of one thing you may be certain; his triumphs will be greater and more frequent than his setbacks. No ultra-fanciful pictures ever have been convincing. But Alex is opinionated, so you can't tell him that—or anything else. The perceptions to be gained from the movie screen are so immediate, the suggestions given off by it are so limited by time and space and the irregular attentiveness and defective processes of the eye and mind, that it cannot contend with the leisured page or the still drawing in fantasy. That is why I have misgivings about the meeting of two such minds as H. G. Wells and Alex; especially since Wells usually has a "message" tucked up in his extravaganzas.

Wells is not the only great name on Alex's pay roll; there are Aldous Huxley and Winston Churchill, too, and I should not be surprised to find Jeans or Carrel or Einstein punching the time clock at Denham any day now. Alex is unaffectedly happy in associations of this sort. He is the first genuine intellectual in everyday motion pictures; although there have been many who have posed as such, especially in the earliest days of Hollywood when a man who had read a book was a novelty. Alex's surroundings and methods at Denham are a far cry from the guarded posturings and the plush and push-button offices of the archbishops of Hollywood. There is nothing about him to remind you of yes-men Napoleons, such as Lubitsch; or Jewish Don Quixotes, like Zanuck. But he works and accomplishes prodigiously, in spite of his deceptively slack appearance.

With Lawrence in England

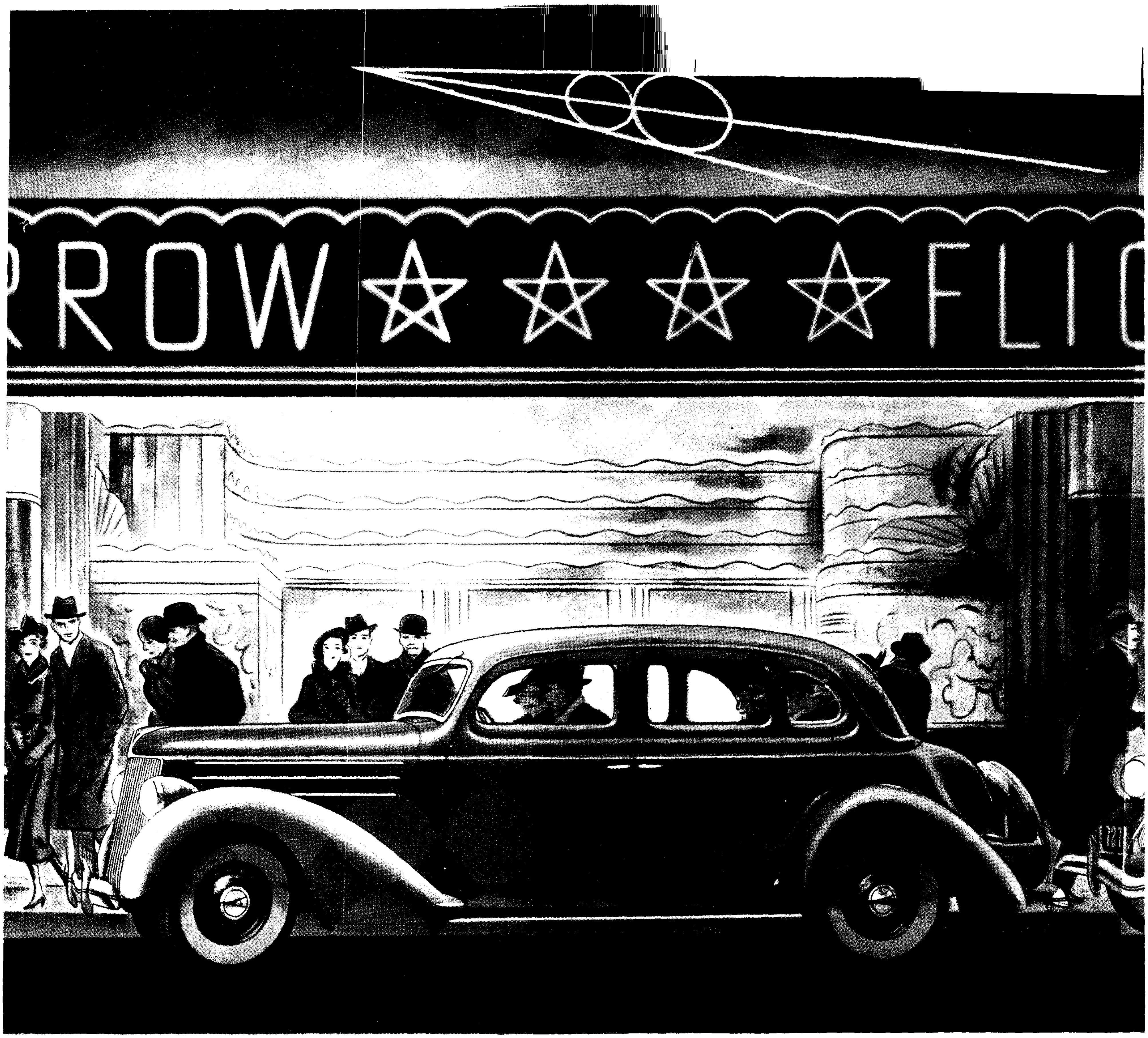
He is tall, shaggy, pallid, genteel, reckless, fiendishly clever, and his dark eyes, which always look as though he has just suddenly awakened, give him a fanatical look. You say, five hundred years ago this might have been Savonarola. He is London's most active play and cinemagoer. Late every night Alex goes to his home near Regents Park, unwinds his long muffler, then, according to whether his mood is up or down—and it may be both within three minutes—he talks shop with his cronies, or stares into the hearth fires and sees there his pictures of the future. Alex is an implacable idealist, with the orthodox hates of ignorance, dirt, greed, injustice and war. He hopes that his picture, The Shape of Things to Come, soon to be released, will be a document for peace. But he is unsure: what's the use of trying to turn people against war by telling or showing them its horrors? "Human imagination is feeble," he says, "whereas human courage is unbelievable!"

Alex is a mystic. One of the most interesting episodes of his career occurred when he met another noted mystic, the late Colonel T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia. Alex has wanted for years to do Revolt in the Desert; and had selected for the lead Walter Hudd, whose resemblance to Lawrence is extraordinary and who portrayed him in a stage production. Lawrence had given up all equities in his book to some army charity fund; and Korda had bought the movie rights. He did not want to go ahead without Lawrence's permission. He made advances, tried to meet him, without avail.

Once, after months of this, Korda heard a chugging and looked out of his front window. A short, slight figure in the uniform of an enlisted man of the Royal Air Force was parking his motorcycle. He came in—Colonel Lawrence, the mystic, adventurer, scholar, genius, in his masquerade as Aircraftsman Shaw. He sat and talked amiably enough with Korda, who noted his well-known peculiarity of never looking into one's eyes, but always keeping his gaze diverted to the floor—a manifestation of excessive shyness. "He had the bluest eyes I ever saw," Korda says. Yes, Lawrence had seen Hudd; thought he did a fair representation on the stage. Yes, he believed that Revolt in the Desert would make an interesting picture; and that Korda would do a commendable, authentic job. No, he did not like moving pictures—loathed them, in fact.

He rose to go. Still he did not look at Korda. "I agree that you should make a film based upon my book," he said, "but please do not make it until after my death!"

Then he was gone; and Korda sat reflecting upon the strangeness of such a request, from a young man apparently in soundest health. A week later Colonel Lawrence was killed in a motorcycling accident.



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NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1936

The kitchen party, with the guests as cooks, is the newest answer to the hostess' prayer

Come and Bring Your Recipe

By Selma Robinson

If you want to make your dinner party a hit, invite the cook. In fact, invite several cooks from among the amateurs of your acquaintance, and let them prove it. Here's the way to a tempting table and applauding guests

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

NINE tenths of the world's population likes to talk about food, but at least ten tenths loves to eat it. And everybody, man or woman, artist, artisan or stockbroker, cherishes the thought that, given the time, the place and the mixings, there would emerge a dish that would send a French chef jittering with jealousy back to his pots and pans. Therefore the cooking party, at which you supply the materials and your guests themselves do the cooking.

The cooking party is based on the assumption that everybody knows at least one prize recipe, gleaned from Grandma, from a headwaiter in Marseilles, from the tattooed hash slinger in the wayside lunch wagon. It was invented by a hostess who was sick and tired of hearing her friends boast that no one else knew how to bake a pie, or make decent coffee, or crisp salad, etc.

"If you're that good," she said at last, "you ought to be made to prove it. Come up next Thursday night and do your stuff."

They came. They cooked. They were marvelous. And they've been getting together at least once a week ever since. Other friends were invited and later gave their own parties. Today they are widespread. Paul Manship, the sculptor, gives them in his studio. Block and Sully, the radio lunatics, give them after theater. Lotte Lehmann, the soprano, and Vincent Sheean, the writer, give them.

The way to begin is to grasp your telephone firmly in both hands and say to half a dozen friends—no more—"We're giving a cooking party in our kitchen next week. Everybody is expected to cook at least one dish. What can you make?" Ignore wisecracks of the bring-ing-a-ham-sandwich-to-the-feast variety until you come to scrambled eggs with sherry or something equally interesting. Find out exactly what ingredients will be needed and tell your guests to come early enough to do the cooking.

You will be amazed at the number of fancy cooks you can count among your friends. And the men will probably be more interesting chefs than the women. But even if they only know how to boil potatoes well, ask them in. The perfect potato boilers are scarcer than the Lobster-à-la-Newburgers, and scarcest of all are the perfect coffee makers. You'll discover that you have a kitchen full of Oscars, and that each will want to be a star. But explain to them that it's more of an achievement to prepare eggs some new way than to make guinea hen Smitane (which, after all, you can order in any good restaurant). If you let them persuade you against your better judgment, you may find yourself as Claudette Colbert did, with no vegetables but three desserts. (She, ingeniously, combined the brandy-flavored ice cream, the almond-stuffed black cherries and the white cake into a single magnificent dish which she called Cherries Triumvirate.) Cooking parties seem to bring out the interior decorator in you, and men who are too busy to sign their own mail will spend half an hour concocting just the right and perfect sauce for a steak.

At the very start, make up your mind to avoid complicated, spectacular recipes that take too much work and too much watching to be appropriate for amateur cooks. Elaborate frozen desserts may make you speechless with admiration, but they take hours to do properly. A crown roast of lamb, with its little paper caps, tastes no better than a tender, juicy steak that your guest broils in twelve minutes on a dollar charcoal stove in your fireplace—not anywhere near as good if your friend has been smart enough to season the steak well, rub it with a cut clove of garlic or a smear of

(*Continued on page 60*)

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

15, 25, 40, 60 WATT SIZES **15c**

75 AND 100 WATT SIZES **20c**

Instantly You Catch Cold

DO THESE 2 THINGS

For Fast Relief, Remember These Pictures

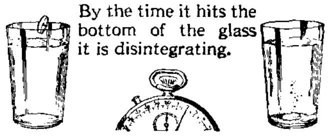
1. Take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.

2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, follow the pictured directions above:

Two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water.

Three Bayer Aspirin tablets, crushed and dissolved in ⅓ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

Your doctor will approve this treatment as perhaps the quickest, simplest way known to fight cold and sore throat.

The Bayer Aspirin taken internally will combat a cold almost instantly, and ease the usual pains that accompany one. The gargle will ease sore throat in a few minutes. For it acts like a local anesthetic in relieving pain and rawness.

When you buy, though, see that you get real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets. For they dissolve almost instantly in the stomach and thus start working almost instantly. And they dissolve completely enough to use as a gargle. Watch out for this. Learn how quickly you get relief.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

Bayer Tablets
Aspirin
Genuine

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

The River's Gift

Continued from page 9

Long Staple saw river steamers boosted right against the sky.

"The old sarpent means mischief," Joe Barbey said, polishing his fire engine.

The old sarpent did. All the able-bodied men were on the levee now, wheeling dirt and filling sandbags; but muddy water was oozing even in the borrow pits.

"While she cracks, she holds," Easy-going Ed told his people. He performed prodigies with the gang of convicts working under his direction.

Then it seemed as if the river paused in its mad career. It stood still; but maybe it was only letting go to get a better hold. Things were bad enough, any way a man looked. In Long Staple people had practically all got out of town. Cattle bawled like lost souls, going for the higher land. Ed put his convicts in a string of boxcars for delivery to Cornfields county jail, and went back to what he referred to as Harkleroads' place to snatch an hour's sleep.

EVERYTHING was still *in statu quo* there. Chris hadn't found another room. She was sleeping on a cot bed in the scow, but her clothes were still hanging from a rod in the back bedroom closet. Harkleroads had the front bedroom, but he was beginning to mistrust he wouldn't have it long. Bud McNeil was on the premises again. He had made a special trip to induce Chris to go away with him for good and all.

And suddenly, Ed, plastered with mud and soaked down with river water, didn't like the look of that immaculate young man. McNeil had a snooty look. A cleft chin was a sign of degeneracy. Microbes never died.

"Poor Ed. You look positively conked," Chris cried at Ed.

"I'll get an hour's sleep and come back like a rubber ball," he said.

"How's the river?"

"She's comfortable. I've been shoving blankets down on blisters, and I guess I got 'em, unless she breaks out in a new place. Looks to me like the old sarpent's at a standstill sure."

Bud McNeil gripped Chris' arm.

"Can't you see? He's got the lot of you mesmerized, taking that easy tone of his. You're about the last people left in town right now. Chris, you get your things and come with me while we can still turn the car over."

"I may," Ed said, as if Bud McNeil had never spoken, "I may have to knock down the back part of Harkleroads' house to make a lining for the levee at the bend if she eats away any faster."

"That's all right with me," Harkleroads said in a voice that trembled a little.

"I'm glad to hear that," Ed said. "Yes, that takes a load off my mind."

"The world around here is just a bowling alley for the river, and people are the pin boys," Chris cried bitterly.

"Say it is. We can always set 'em up in the other alley," Ed drawled, half asleep. He was going to sleep under their very eyes.

"I'm going with Bud," Chris suddenly decided. "I won't stay here and let the river do things to me all my life. I won't. I'm going tonight. Now."

Ed came wide awake.

"Hold your horses, Chris. Say tomorrow."

"No. Tonight."

Chris ran upstairs—just to put a few things into a bag, she called down to Bud McNeil.

Easy-going Ed turned the palms of his hands up.

"Well, she's yours, Mr. Man," he said to Bud. He seemed to let Chris go to McNeil as he had let the property go to Harkleroads, without, as Harkleroads himself had said, a whimper.

There was a strained silence. Harkleroads and Axel Thorwaldsen were in the office.

"I tell Chris there's things I can do for her that a man situated as you are can't." McNeil muttered.

"I can do one thing for her," Ed said close in McNeil's ear; and he took hold of that young man by both his arms. "I can make it my business to see to it that the man she goes away with treats her well, and if he doesn't, I know how to follow a trail, and I can overtake him and nail his naked hide to a tree."

High stages in the human soul. Ed Barlow felt the river boil as high as his throat. Harkleroads relieved the tension by coming through the office door.

"Maybe we better skedaddle," Harkleroads suggested. He wouldn't have hung on so long as he had except for his dislike of leaving Ed alone on the premises. "There's a bagful of water getting ready to plop."

"Going to let her go by the board a second time?" Ed said, looking round the grocery.

"I guess this time she'll stand without hitching," Harkleroads opined.

"You leave me skipper of her, and this time I won't ground her out at all," Ed said.

Axel Thorwaldsen groaned dubiously. Suddenly Chris came, very neat and lovely, in a traveling dress, like a bride fixed for going away. McNeil took her bag. All at once, Ed felt her cheek burn against his, she kept it pressed hard there.

Outside, the siren hoot of Joe Barbey's fire engine filled the town with a traveling wail as of a banshee scream.

"What's that?" Harkleroads yelled.

Easy-going Ed swung his legs down off the counter.

"That's Joe Barbey's fire engine. That's the last warning to get out of town," Easy-going Ed said. "Levee's gone out."

Chris' hands were on Ed's wrist.

"Ed, come with us."

"I'm staying. Somebody's *got* to stay and plant radishes for the next crop," Ed said cruelly.

AND then he found himself alone. He heard McNeil's car whine away in low, and he got up and walked out into the street. It was empty and beginning to puddle. The drugstore door was open. Ed walked in. The tall cardboard girl there drooped toward him in the dusk. Her cardboard feet were soaked. She looked oddly like Chris. Ed walked into the telephone booth, and took the receiver off the hook. Central had fled along with all the others.

"Chris," Ed whispered. "Little Chris, I'm sorry. I'm heartsick sorry. You come on back, and let me make it up to you."

He put the receiver back carefully. The break in the levee was serious, he didn't much doubt that. The lights there were drowned, he hoped all the sandbaggers had been taken off. Easy-going Ed went aboard Axel Thorwaldsen's scow. Axel had fled along with all the others, but his scow was afloat, and provisioned from the grocery—even to firewood and a bunch of Long Staple Leaders. She was made fast to a sycamore tree with new rope, and Ed was bending down, examining the hitch, when he heard somebody badly winded, breathing hard just at his heels.

It was Chris, wet to her middle, and holding her hand over her heart.

"I guess this looks like the prodigal's return to you," Chris gasped.

"Steady. Steady over the shoals," Ed said, with his arm around her. "You're wet to the skin. You get inside and change. There's a pair of cotton pants of mine you can put on, hanging from the line."

"It's nothing, Ed."

"You do as I say," Ed said, and he was trying grimly to keep to the parental note.

"Okay, Warden," Chris submitted. She went in, and Ed could hear her towelling herself. Then she called out, "The coast is clear, Ed," and Ed stepped into the cabin of the scow. Chris was sprawled there, barefooted, with his cotton pants turned up around her ankles, and the rest of her lost in a shooting jacket that belonged to Axel.

"I could do with a nip of whisky," Chris confessed slyly. Ed dropped a lighted newspaper into the airtight stove, and she uncurled her toes to the heat.

"I figure the regime of whisky is at an end for you, young woman," Ed said.

"The regime. Anyway the supply is," Chris said. "It's almost a wonder you wouldn't ask me how I came to come back."

"TIME enough," Ed said. As a matter of fact, he felt something like a threat in the air. But he had no time to say more—a cow was bawling like mad outside the window. He ran out. The moon was up, and the flood seething. A chicken coop full of drowning chickens swirled past, and Ed rescued it. The cow that was doing all the bawling had got her neck stuck in the fork of the sycamore.

"Ah, poor darling," Chris cried, "that's Mrs. Lanning's cow, can we make room for it, I wonder?"

Easy-going Ed pulled the scow up hard against the sycamore. He got the cow alongside with a rope around her horns, and rolled her in stern-first over the scow's side, with a rolling hitch around her tail.

"It's Noah's Ark all over again, and we can't refuse anything wild or tame a refuge," Chris contended, her teeth chattering with excitement. "There's another chicken coop. No, it's rabbits, bless their souls. I'll take one end and you the other."

"You go in by the fire and get warm before you knock the teeth out of your head," Ed told her sternly.

Chris in a blue blaze retorted, "Don't you think you can order me around like some poor orphan child. I'll do what I like, even to the red enamel on my toes I saw you squinting at. Yes, you were. And I'll tell you why I came back, too. That man Harkleroads is an impostor."

"He's a good meatcutter. Makes nice Spanish sausage."

"All the same, when Bud McNeil's car stopped and it looked as if they wouldn't get it started, and the river at his heels and all—well, this Harkleroads thought it was a judgment on him for his wickedness."

"No kidding," Easy-going Ed said.

"No kidding, this never was his property at all," Chris flamed. "Bud McNeil went to Cornfields, and put Harkleroads up to claiming it. Even that five-dollar bill in the spider's nest was just a deliberate plant of Bud's," Chris burst forth, infuriated. "And do you know why he did it?"

"Must be he was sore on account of that razor-blade trick I played on him," Ed remembered. "Say, that *is* being sore."

"Ed, why in hell *did* you play that trick on him?"

"More than once," Ed said severely, "I've told you what I think of young women using profanity. You don't hear it from my lips. You got the habit of swearing from McNeil along with that habit of nipping out of a flask."

"All right, Papa Barlow, you win," Chris said glacially. "But you're wrong about Bud's reason. It wasn't razor blades."

"What was it then?"

"He wanted me to go away with him, and the drawback was, he thought I was in love with you."

"He thought—"

"He was jealous of you, Ed," Chris pointed out. "Can you bear it? He thought you were—you know—in love with me. Wasn't that crazy, with you acting like the man that put loco into loco parentis, looking daggers at my toes, and pounding me between the shoulder-blades to make me stand straighter?"

"Posture counts for everything in this life," Ed mumbled.

"I'll say it does. Plenty of men have found my posture ravishing," Chris taunted. "All but you, and you carrying on like the original father of all young women. Don't stop me. Let me finish what I'm saying. I read somewhere that if there was nothing but oxygen in the air we'd all be born and grow up and burn up and die in about half an hour."

"I saw that, too," Ed said, shoving hard against Mrs. Lanning's cow. "Has to be nitrogen for a holdback."

"You've got the necessary nitrogen," Chris rushed on. "I mean for listening. You listen to me. Did I say I hated this river? I love it, and I *will* love it, if it drowns me. It scared the truth out of Harkleroads, and brought me back to you.... Maybe it'll wash the red enamel off my toenails. . . . Maybe, if it does, you'll tell me you do love me a little, Ed. You must, only you're not used to *recognizing* it. It's like some people can be half dead of a disease and still not know enough to call a doctor. . . . Ed, take me back, put your arm round me like you did when I was washed up to you as a girl. . . . That's swell. . . . I swear to you I'll never say another word to you against your blessed river. I won't, I swear. Why, only yesterday I saw where they think now the original Garden of Eden was right between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers in Mesopotamia."

"I saw that, too," Ed said. "And if it was, it must have been under water plenty in the spring."

Chris was suddenly not attending to him.

"Ed, look there," she cried.

A water moccasin was coiled round the stalks of a sinking yellow bush, and an eddy swept it close against the scow. In a flash, Chris thrust an oar down against the bush, and held it.

"Take it aboard, Ed," she entreated, struggling to hold the bush in place.

"No, ma'am, I draw the line at snakes," Ed drawled.

"I don't," Chris combated him.

"You did. You did once."

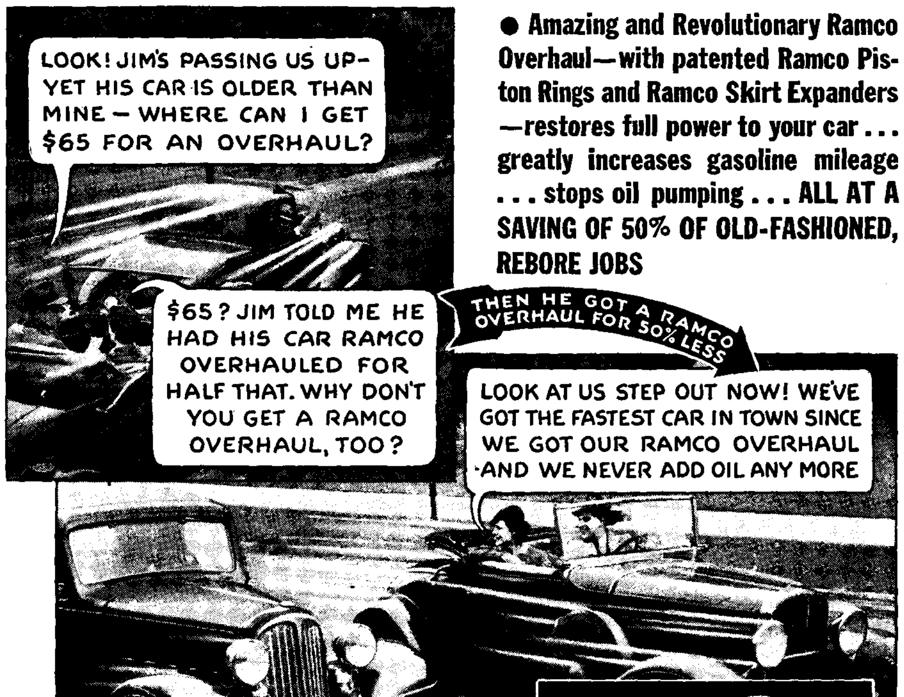
"I don't now. Not in an emergency. Ed, grab it."

"Maybe you want me to pick it up in my thumb and finger," Ed suggested.

"Get a loop around its head. You got a rawhide lacing in your boot. This is the last thing I'll ever ask of you in this life, Ed Barlow," Chris cried. "*It's just the Garden of Eden over again.*"

LONG after the river took its water back, Joe Barbey used to say to strangers, "Long Staple never was a ghost so long as she had Easy-going Ed. I tell you, life is nothing but a panorama on a large scale. One time it looked like Ed was nowhere. Lost his property, and lost his girl, but the river washed 'em back, like he knowed it would. Yes, sir, the old sarpent washed him up a house, and washed him up a wife, and he didn't hardly bother to take his legs down off the counter. And if there should be another flood, it wouldn't surprise me a mite if the river washed Ed up a *family*."

CAR OWNERS SAVE 50% ON OVERHAUL COSTS! GET NEW CAR PEP FOR ONLY $18 UP!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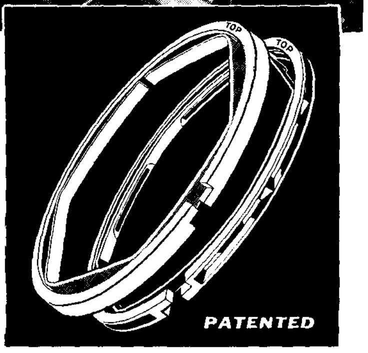

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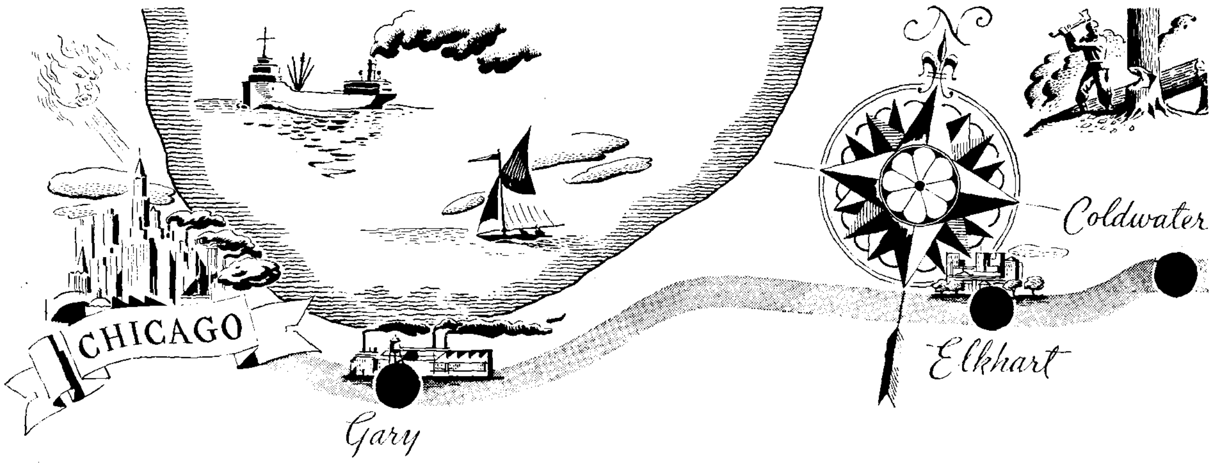
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CHICAGO
Gary
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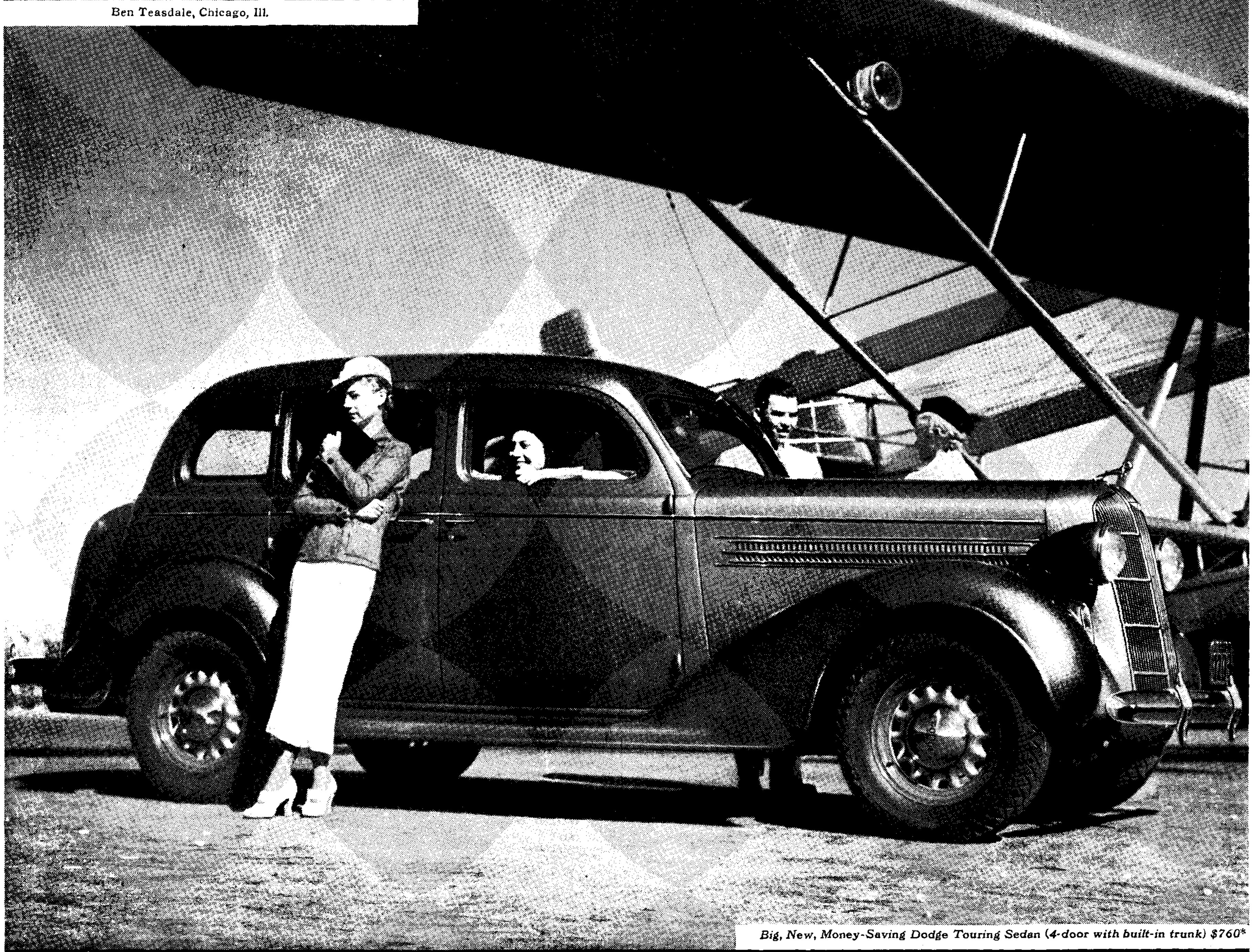
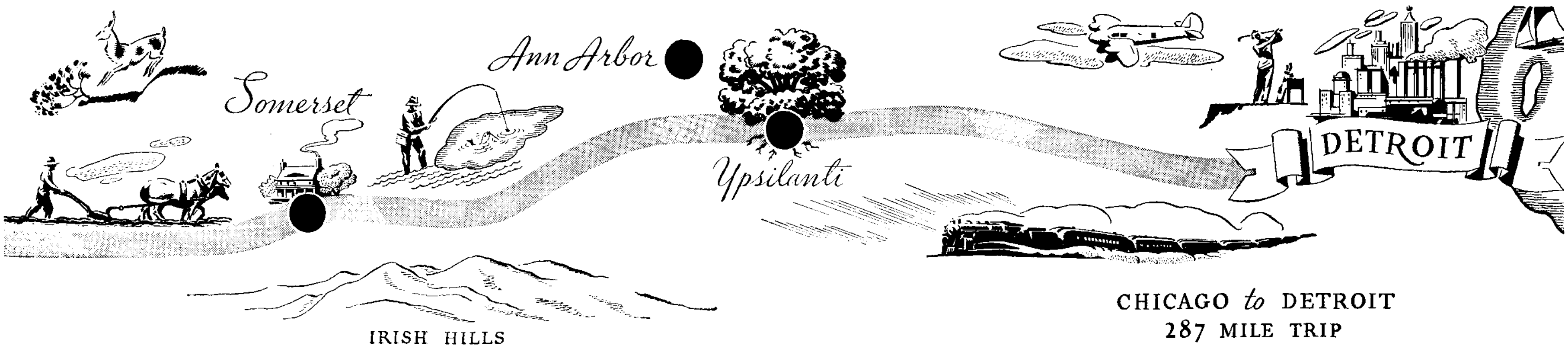
Coldwater

"I DROVE MY NEW CHICAGO TO DETROIT



*Big, New, Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760**

The "BEAUTY WINNER" OF 1936 . . .



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"I USED to think," says Ben Teasdale of Chicago, "that even 13 or 14 miles on a gallon was good gas mileage. But the very first trip I took in my new Dodge Beauty-Winner certainly set me right. I drove from Chicago to Detroit—287 miles—on less than a tankful of gas . . . 14¾ gallons, to be exact, better than 19 miles to the gallon! And that's not all—my new Dodge is the smartest looking car on the road!"

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Never has a car combined such sensational style with such startling economy and so many extra-value features! Hailed by famous fashion authorities as the most beautiful car in Dodge history, Dodge gives you *genuine* hydraulic brakes—brakes that have more than eight years of experience in hydraulic brake building behind them . . . the famous safety-steel body, pioneered by Dodge—today stronger and sturdier than ever before.

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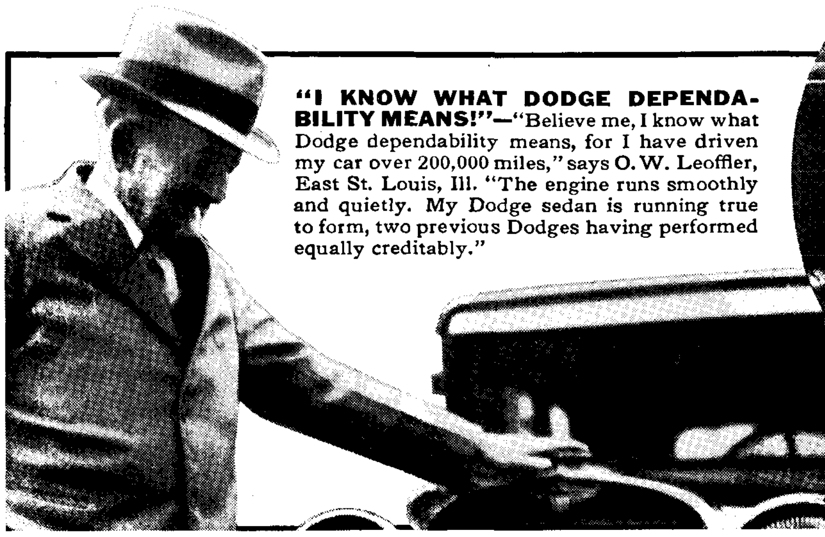
Read What These
FASHION AUTHORITIES SAY ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL NEW DODGE

"One big reason for Dodge beauty," says Lilly Daché, famous American designer of women's hats, "is the way its designers have worked every unit into it as a definite part of the whole. It's an exquisite job of styling."

"A gorgeous looking car," exclaims Sally Milgrim, nationally-known creator of women's styles, "but the thing that will thrill every woman's heart is the attention that has been given to interior appointments."

"As for the exterior of the car, I think it is absolutely gorgeous—with that advanced styling of the radiator front—the chromium beading accentuating the low, graceful lines of the car."—Betty Goodwin, fashion critic, National Broadcasting Company.



"I KNOW WHAT DODGE DEPENDABILITY MEANS!"—"Believe me, I know what Dodge dependability means, for I have driven my car over 200,000 miles," says O. W. Leoffler, East St. Louis, Ill. "The engine runs smoothly and quietly. My Dodge sedan is running true to form, two previous Dodges having performed equally creditably."

THESE SEATS ARE *CHAIR-HEIGHT!* Examine this picture carefully! Note how closely Dodge seats approximate a comfortable easy chair! This has been accomplished by actually lowering the floor to provide more legroom and headroom. These new Chair-Height seats are not only more comfortable to ride in, but are far easier to get into and out of!

Big MONEY SAVING **DODGE** *at new low price—only* $640*

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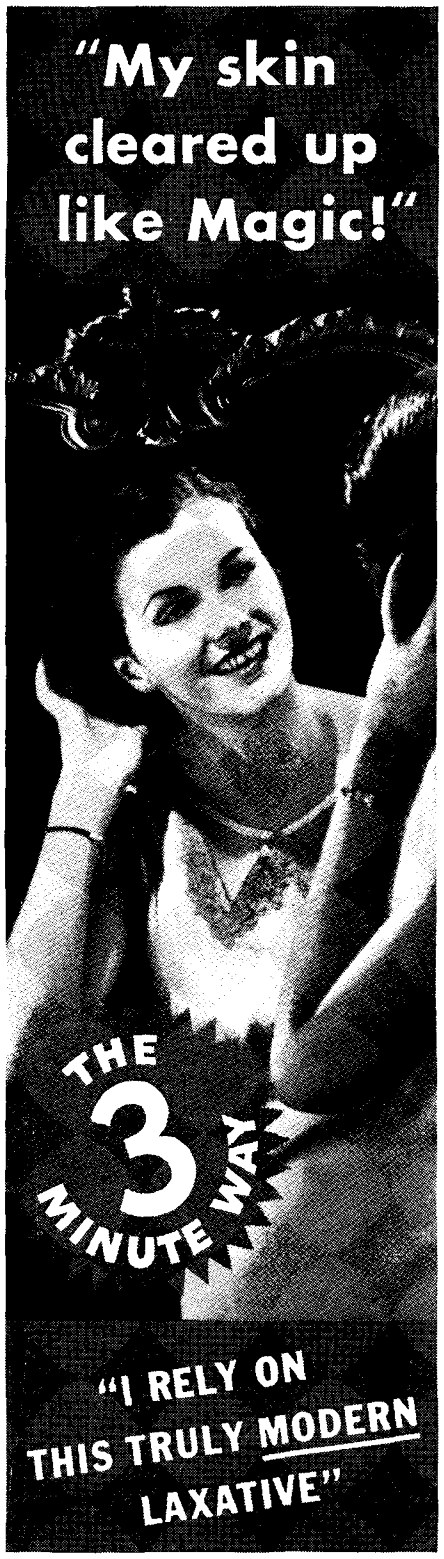
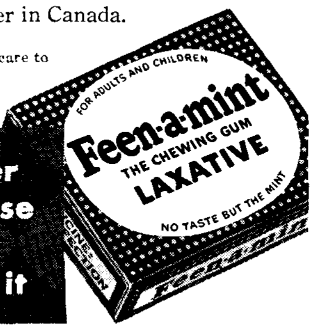

"My skin cleared up like Magic!"
THE 3 MINUTE WAY
"I RELY ON THIS TRULY MODERN LAXATIVE"

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to



better because you chew it

Come and Bring Your Recipe

Continued from page 54

mustard, before broiling! Nothing should take over an hour to cook. Nor should there be too many courses.

If somebody can make a dish like the hors d'oeuvres of Giovanni Martinelli, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, by all means play them up, even if they are supposed to be only appetizers. Martinelli makes an antipasto foursome that generally gets the place of honor at cooking parties. The greenest cook can make them, too. One is merely a slice of smoked ham wrapped around a sliver of ripe melon and speared with a toothpick. Another is hard-boiled egg halves stuffed with their own yolks, into which have been mixed chopped anchovies, minced onion, white pepper, paprika and olive oil. The third is Florentine tuna: a large can of tuna fish, mixed with three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, seasonings, a touch of grated onion, all well blended and spread on toast. The last is little envelopes of pastry dough, containing liver and egg paste, and baked to a golden brown. Then hunt among your friends until you find one who can turn out a savory bowl of Italian spaghetti with meat balls, get another who knows the gentle art of tossing endive, romaine and chicory together in French dressing until each little leaf is coated with oil. And then you'll have a dinner you'll remember fondly.

Showman Stuff

If you have a prize guest who is a better showman than he is a cook, crepes Suzette is his dish, because the tedious work, frying the innumerable little pancakes, is done beforehand by the hostess. The batter is a very simple one, but it does depend on thorough mixing. Therefore, a good, old-fashioned wire whip is essential. For half a dozen guests you will need as many eggs and you use only the yolks. To this you add a pint of milk, a pinch of salt and a cup and a half of finely sifted flour, beaten until not a lump remains. If your batter is too thick add a little more milk, but not too much or the cakes will not hold. A small iron frying pan, no more than six inches in diameter, and well greased with good butter, should be used with just enough batter to cover the bottom. Tilt the pan so that it makes a thin, even pancake. Brown both sides and spread the pancakes on a clean soft towel that will absorb all grease.

If you are a little skeptical about the sauce that your guest makes, give him some that you have prepared yourself and tell him that you make enough to last for a long time; the alcohol employed in the mixing preserves the sauce, which is a kind of glorified hard sauce, indefinitely. The secret of a really good Suzette sauce lies in the flavoring—it should taste faintly of oranges. This is how you do it: take eighteen lumps of sugar, one lemon and two large oranges, and scrape the rind of the fruit with the sugar until the lumps are saturated with the essence. Save even the tiniest scraps that fall and cream all of the sugar into one pound of sweet butter (having previously broken it into bits to soften it). When the sugar is entirely dissolved in the butter, add the juice of half an orange and half a lemon, stirring constantly. If you have any trouble blending the juices and sugar stand the mixture over a pan of hot water for a few minutes to soften it. Lastly, add two ponies each of brandy and Cointreau (another liqueur like Grand Marnier or Kirsch will do).

Your guest can do the rest over an alcohol or electric stove at the table, allowing about a tablespoon of the prepared butter to each pancake, beating them frequently with the sauce and using an additional pony of brandy for each batch of six pancakes. The highlight of the occasion is the moment when he tilts the pan, sets fire to the pancakes for a second, and serves them, dripping with richness.

The Host's Entrance

Of course crepes Suzette can be ruined by having too ornate a dinner preceding. The ideal dinner was one that Vincent Sheean served. It opened with a supreme of melon, which was nothing but little scooped-out balls of melon, served ice cold in maraschino liquid and trimmed with fresh mint leaves. Someone made the green turtle soup by opening a tall can of green turtle soup essence and an equal amount of canned consommé, seasoning it with celery salt and with pepper ground from a French pepper mill. When the soup rose to the boiling point a glass of sherry was added and each guest was served from an old-fashioned tureen. After this there was breast of chicken, Orly. Slices of the skinless white meat were dipped in an egg batter, cracker crumbs, fried in butter and served on slices of hot Virginia ham. There was a separate sauce that went with this, made of quartered tomatoes, cloves, one bay leaf and pepper and salt, strained and served in a gravy boat. A mixed green salad. And after that the crepes!

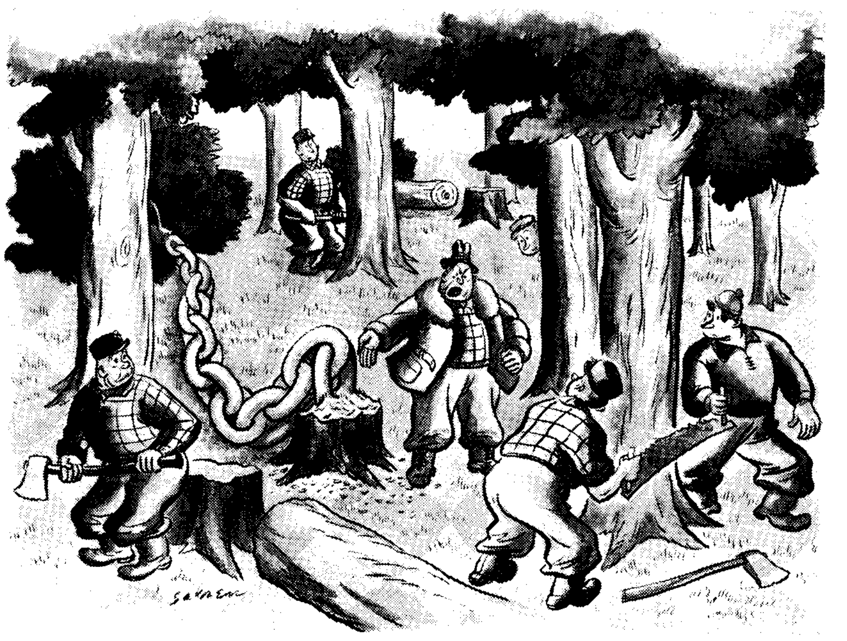
Vincent Sheean gave another small cooking party built around fried chicken. While the chicken was browning in butter, Mr. Sheean made cocktail canapés of the chicken livers by frying them in butter and mashing them with hard-boiled eggs, minced onion and olive oil. Somebody made something called egg-plant creole, a mélange of cubed eggplant, tomatoes and onions cooked together in their own juices without water; there were a mixed green salad and wonderful coffee. In this dinner, chicken was king, and nothing on the menu detracted from it, though each course was distinctive, especially the coffee. Lotte Lehmann, the Viennese songbird, made it, in a flowered china drip coffeepot, which she brought with her from home.

Be sure that your food is of the best quality obtainable. Good cooks, even amateurs, deserve good food; besides, you'll never forgive yourself if something fails because the cream wasn't thick enough or the lettuce was wilted.

Informality reigns in the kitchen, when the cooking party begins. Strangers call one another by their first names within a half-hour. There are whoops of laughter. Somebody is telling the story of how he came upon his culinary trick, "Well, sir, you use a can of ordinary tomato soup instead of milk;" and somebody else listens in rapt attention. Your doctor's wife hums a song off key while she stirs a pungent mixture of eggs, onions and Italian squash over a double boiler. A dignified gentleman, wrapped in a purple rubber apron, stands, tears streaming down his cheeks as he chops an onion in a mincing bowl. A woman in an evening dress, looking for all the world like a food advertisement, shakes a mixture of olive oil, vinegar, paprika and Tabasco for French dressing. There are moments of tense, happy silence and sympathetic clucks when anything goes wrong, which means hardly ever. There are ecstatic sniffs of the pot, extravagant promises and extravagant praises, ohs and ahs as a platter is held up for admiration by a cook simply bursting with modesty. That is the kitchen party at its height.

There are no drones at the cooking party. You explain beforehand that those who don't cook are expected to change dishes and tidy up afterward. As a contrast to all this, dignity and order prevail in the dining-room. No paper plates, no paper napkins.

Somewhere between seven and eight o'clock there is a lull in the cooking party that can be filled in only one fashion. It is the moment when the fried chicken is sizzling in its butter, when the marshmallows are bursting over the sherry-flavored sweet potatoes, when the sauce is thickening for the ice cream, when the salad is marinating, and your guests, having assured themselves for the last time that all is as it should be, are relaxed and happy in your kitchen chairs. And this is the moment your husband, if he is the true artist, will pick for his entrance. Glad cries will greet him, and for a second he should pose in the doorway, cocktail shaker in both his hands, shaking it like mad.



"After this, all you men will be searched for pocket knives before you come to work!"

WILLIAM SAKREN

SHOULD WE STOP SENDING FREE SAMPLES?

Are We Giving Away Too Much Absorbine Jr.?

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

A SOMEWHAT puzzling question is asked by many new friends of Absorbine Jr. Here is a typical letter—one from Mr. J.R.B.—who writes:

"Late last summer I picked up a case of Athlete's Foot. Both feet were affected—one pretty badly. Nothing I did seemed to help. Then I noticed one of your 'Watch your step' ads, offering a free sample of Absorbine Jr. I wrote for the sample and when it came I started right in to use it.

"The bothersome itching stopped right away. Soon the little blisters disappeared, and in a few days all signs of the trouble were gone.

"Now I know Absorbine Jr. is the best thing there is for Athlete's Foot, and I am very grateful for it. But I did not buy any. There was no need to. In fact there is still a little left in the sample bottle.

"I'm puzzled by this. How do you expect to sell me, or anybody else, any Absorbine Jr. when the free sample you give away does so much work?"

Well, Mr. J.R.B., since you put it that way, we may as well come clean. Truthfully, such wonderful results from only a sample bottle are exceptional rather than the rule.

We'll even go so far as to say that in extreme cases of Athlete's Foot a doctor should be consulted. But in most cases a free sample of Absorbine Jr. is sufficient to demonstrate its merit in relieving this fungus infection of the toes and feet.

We figure that, once you get acquainted with the soothing, easing benefits of this fine product, you will not wait to write us for another sample but will send right out to the drug store for a full-size bottle.

Another thing: we know too that you will try Absorbine Jr. for other uses—as a liniment for muscular aches, pains and sprains.

We also know that people who use a sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. become real friends and recommend it to family and others for various things.

And so, we think we shall keep right on sending out samples of Absorbine Jr. to all who ask for them. It is such a great help in clearing up Athlete's Foot and relieving muscular aches, pains and sprains that all who try it surely will pay us back in the good words they spread about Absorbine Jr., and also in the Absorbine Jr. they buy later for their own use. On sale at all druggists, $1.25 a bottle.

Shall we send you a free sample? Please use coupon below. *W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Massachusetts.*

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

The U. S. Public Health Service states: "It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it (Athlete's Foot) at some time."

* * *

Tests by a famed laboratory prove that within *thirty seconds* after it has penetrated to the fungus, Absorbine Jr. kills it.

* * *

Boil your socks 15 minutes to kill the fungus and prevent reinfection, if you have Athlete's Foot. It's hard to kill.

* * *

Tinea trichophyton, the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot, may be lurking anywhere you step in your bare feet. You may pick up the infection at a swimming pool, in a locker room, or in your own bathroom.

* * *

If neglected, Athlete's Foot may cause serious trouble and take a long time to get rid of. Physicians advise prompt action when you notice any of these symptoms . . . *redness between lesser toes, tiny white blisters, excessive moisture, cracking, peeling, soreness, pain.*

* * *

Use of Absorbine Jr. on your feet after bathing will kill the fungi of Athlete's Foot before they have a chance to dig in.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot

FREE SAMPLE
Absorbine Jr.

You can have free this sample bottle of Absorbine Jr.

SEND FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE NOW

W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street
Springfield, Massachusetts
I want to try Absorbine Jr. Please send sample to

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

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(Print name and address)

IT WASN'T ETHER

NEITHER!

IT was the paralyzing combination of rank tobacco in a pipe that needed a major cleaning operation. For wide-awake smoking happiness we prescribe regular pipe cleaning and a diet of mild Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. Sir Walter is a most remarkable combination of sunshiny Kentucky Burleys. So cool and slow-burning it heals scorched tongues and nurses grouches into grins; so delightfully fragrant it will make you and your pipe welcome in any ward or living-room. Try a 15¢ tin—see why it's become a national favorite.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

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15¢
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-62

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

No Witnesses

Continued from page 11

proposition: "Tomorrow morning right after breakfast I want you to drive me down to Colburn. I want to get me some money at the bank. It'll take me about thirty seconds.

"Yes, sir; I'll have the car gassed and ready."

Archer Long's estimate of the time he would require in the Colburn bank was in error by more than seven minutes, but presently, with a thick bundle made up of one hundred twenty-dollar bills parked in his right hip pocket, he left the bank and returned to where young Gerald Harper waited for him in the car.

"I cleaned that up mighty quick," he said to Harper. "They dug up two thousand dollars for me in twenty-dollar bills without a struggle. . . . We might as well head back to Sky Ridge. I'm gittin' hungry for my lunch already."

Three hours after he had finished his lunch Archer Long left the Ridge House and walked to Ed Hall's saloon in Sky Ridge. Quietly, across the bar, after his second gulp of cold beer, "I'm going to walk down to Minch's place and play my ace like you advised," he confided to Ed Hall. "I went down to the bank this morning and got two thousand bucks in twenties. I'm going to slap 'em down in front of Minch and see what happens."

AT NINE o'clock, after serving coffee to the last supper guest in the dining-room of the Ridge House, Gerald Harper walked back to the kitchen and faced old Hong Yet.

"Mr. Long hasn't showed up," he said. "Those trout that you're saving for him aren't going to get any better in the ice chest. How about cooking them for my supper?"

"You supper!" Hong Yet spluttered. "What name you! Boss he say keep fishee for Mis' Long. I keep him."

"Listen, you flathead. Mr. Long isn't going to fall for any antique fish. Go on and cook 'em and we'll split 'em fifty-fifty."

Old Hong Yet reached dramatically for a meat cleaver. "You talkee-talkee lilly bit more I split you fitty-fitty so big you die."

Falling back on the vernacular, scowling at his opponent, "Oh, yeah? You and who else?" Gerald Harper retorted. "Listen, you slant-eyed—"

Interrupting the battle at this point, Chester Greeley, proprietor of the Ridge House, appeared in the doorway of the kitchen. "What's going on here?"

"I was just trying to get Hong to cook those trout for me that he is saving for old man Long."

"Never mind about those trout. Save 'em for Mr. Long's breakfast. Didn't he show up for supper?"

"He hasn't showed up yet."

"Probably eating supper with some of his new friends over in Sky Ridge. Keep the trout for his breakfast."

Early the following morning the trout theme, lingering in Chester Greeley's mind, impelled him to inquire about Archer Long. "Mr. Long show up for his trout?" he asked, sampling the coffee that Gerald Harper had served.

"Not yet, Mr. Greeley."

"That's funny. Slip over to his cabin and see if he's asleep. He's always up before I am."

Three minutes later, returning from his inspection trip, "He isn't in his cabin," Gerald Harper reported. "He didn't sleep in his bed."

Chester Greeley frowned. "I wonder where he spent the night. That's the first time the old boy has stayed out all night."

In Sky Ridge, an hour later, Chester Greeley stopped at the post office and then made his way down to Ed Hall's saloon. "Morning, Ed," he said gravely, "how are you feeling?"

"Okay and then some. How's everything?"

"Fair enough. . . . You haven't seen anything of Mr. Long, have you?"

"He was here yesterday afternoon. That's the last I seen of him. Didn't he show up at your place?"

"He wasn't there for supper and he didn't sleep in his cabin last night. You don't suppose he was walking around and broke his leg or anything?"

"It ain't likely. All he had to do was yell loud and somebody would hear him."

"Well, I'll be going along. Ask the boys when they drift in if any of them know about Mr. Long."

"I'll look around," Ed Hall promised.

After he had swept out his establishment and sprinkled the rough floor Ed Hall turned his joint over to the first native that showed up and headed for Levi Minch's ranch.

Answering Ed Hall's first direct question, "Long come in here early yesterday evening," Levi Minch answered. "He stayed about half an hour."

"What did he talk about mostly?"

Levi Minch hesitated for a moment and then, "Well, mostly he talked about wantin' to buy this place. He was ready to pay cash."

Ed Hall grunted. "What made you think he could pay cash?"

Levi Minch's eyes glittered for a moment. "The main reason was that he had the cash with him—two thousand dollars."

Ed Hall, in feigned surprise, permitted a startled look to occupy his rugged countenance. "You mean that feller showed you two thousand dollars all in a bunch?"

Levi Minch nodded. "Yep. Two thousand dollars all in twenty-dollar bills."

"I always knowed you was crazy. You mean you let that much money get away when it was right in front of you?"

"Well, doggone it—I wanted time to think things over. I told him I'd let him know today."

WHEN Ed Hall had returned to his haven he found six of the regular rest crew lounging on the front porch. "You fellers come in here," he said.

When the seven men were in the barroom, "Lock that front door," the proprietor ordered. Then point by point he set forth the reasons for his suspicion that Levi Minch might have murdered Archer Long. "That's the whole case in a nutshell," he concluded. "You know how Levi is about money."

"The only thing to do is to call up the sheriff. That's the best way. Tell him to come up here and look Levi over."

Ed Hall nodded. "I'll do it. I'll telephone Joe right now."

Searching Levi Minch's cabin, Joe Banfield, the sheriff of the county, and one of his skillful deputies found Archer Long's tobacco pouch and a leather coat that had belonged to the missing man.

"He gave me that pouch for a present," Levi protested.

"How about the leather coat?"

"He left it here because he was sweatin' and didn't want to carry it. He was comin' back for it."

"He didn't leave that pack of twenty-dollar bills in that coat, did he?" the sheriff asked abruptly.

"What twenty-dollar bills?" Levi Minch gulped.

"Levi, you know damn' well what twenty-dollar bills I mean. You seen 'em, didn't you?"

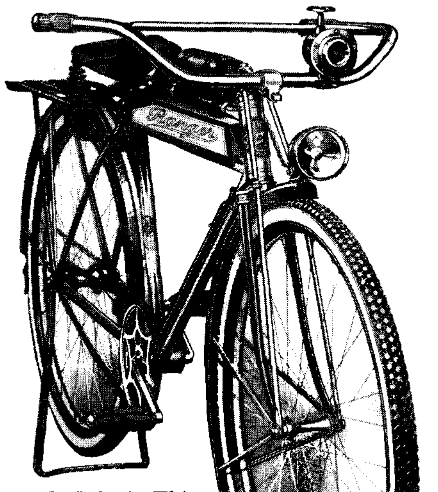
"I never saw—" Levi Minch began;

(Continued on page 64)

Boys! Take Your Choice Of

300 BIG PRIZES

AND MAKE MONEY, BESIDES



OH, BOY! This classy 1936 de-luxe model motorbike can soon be yours! Comes equipped with headlight, horn, coaster brake, etc. Enameled in beautiful colors; chromium trimmings. Swift as the wind! Get it—and your choice of 300 other big prizes—by delivering Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, and The American Magazine in your neighborhood. Mail the coupon, and we'll start you at once.

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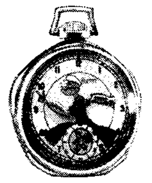
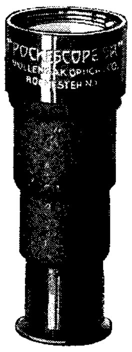


This clever Pop-Eye watch is one of the 300 dandy prizes you can get. You can have a powerful microscope like the one shown at the left, too. Magnifies 40,000 times surface area! For hunting, camping, or hiking you'll want this pocketscope. It's a 3-power.



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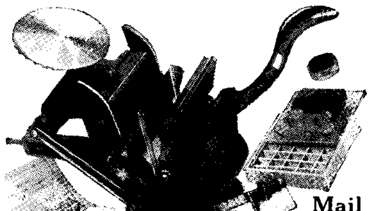

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Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-128
The Crowell Publishing Company
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Dear Jim: Please send me a Prize Book and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES.

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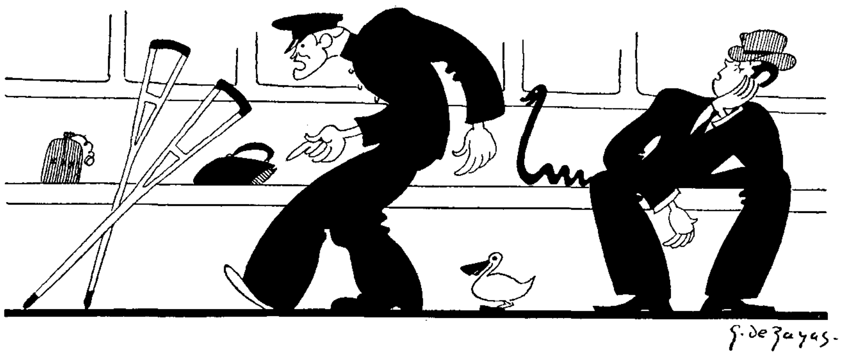

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

About every imaginable thing has been left by forgetful passengers on the subways of New York, including strait jackets, snakes, marriage licenses and burglar's tools. One of the oddest "finds," however, was an empty whisky flask lying beside a pair of crutches.

More different noises and voices are heard in a villa in Uccle, Belgium, than in any other spot on earth. There, day and night, a staff of the Union Internationale de Radiophonie "police" the radio stations of Europe to see that they are adhering to their wavelengths. The place is a bedlam of squeals, whistles and roars and programs that come through in about 125 languages and dialects.

Many persons whose vocal cords have been removed are able to speak or sing. A few have developed a pseudo-larynx in the esophagus, but most of them use a vibrating reed activated by air carried to the mouth through a tube from a bellows under the arm. Even addresses have been delivered with this artificial voice, several of them in the United States Senate.—*By R. T. Oliver, Madison, Wisconsin.*

The Camionale, the new motor highway through the mountains of northern Italy, is reserved exclusively for the use of commercial vehicles, and is undoubtedly the most costly road ever built. Along the course of its 31 miles, there are sixteen miles of retaining walls, ten tunnels, four great viaducts and 325 large and small bridges.

Liechtenstein is the only independent sovereign state whose king rules —over the telephone—from another country. King Francis not only reigns from his home in Vienna but he pays all the taxes of his subjects. The country is also unique in that its citizens are not subject to military service.—*By F. Pfrommer, Hammond, Indiana.*

Skansen, the outdoor section of the Nordiska Museum in Stockholm, is the only park of its kind in the world. Its 70 acres reproduce in miniature the salient physical features of Sweden, and contain typical flora, fauna and characteristic dwellings inhabited by peasants in the picturesque costumes of the various districts.—*By Glenn D. McCoy, Washington, D. C.*

The skin of the shark often has ten times as much tensile strength as oxhide; the skin of the South American capybara produces a leather much softer than chamois, and the hair of the Siberian boar is unequaled in resiliency and strength, hairbrushes made from it costing as much as $250 apiece.—*By A. L. Hildebrand, Enfield, Massachusetts.*

Hopelessly insane persons are sometimes able to continue in highly intellectual work. An example is a London university professor who, over a thirty-year period of dangerous lunacy, wrote more than 6,000 articles for a famous encyclopedia.

The termite ants of Africa build giant anthills of stone, made of clay mixed with a secretion. Many of them are larger than the majority of native huts. In several cases motor roads have been cut through the middle of them. One termite hill was so large that it furnished all the stone to construct a mission building.

Ordinary water, or H_2O, is but one of eighteen different kinds. Each element of the familiar formula has three varieties, or isotopes, which differ in atomic weights and from which seventeen other forms of water may be made, each differing in physical properties and in physiological effect on humans and animals.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting *or unusual fact accepted for this column.* Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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What you get after you retire

AN INCOME is paid to you monthly for the rest of your life—whether you live fifteen years after you retire, or forty!

AN INCOME can also be paid to your wife in case she survives you.

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AN INCOME is paid to your wife monthly for life, in case of your death before retirement age.*

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GUARANTEED by a company in business since 1851, the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

FOR DETAILS send for the booklet offered below, explaining all about the different Retirement Income Plans for men and women.

"LOOK, WE CAN HAVE *money paid to us for life whether we work or not. It's like dreams coming true. Let's write them today and find out all about the different Plans."*

THIS PAGE is for the man who says "I would like to have a steady income of my own when I'm 55 or 60, but my salary is small. How can I do it?"

You don't have to be rich to get your own income in 15 or 20 years. All you need to do is follow the simple plan offered by Phoenix Mutual and you can get a guaranteed income every single month for the rest of your life.

How the Plan Works

Suppose you decide that you want to be paid $100 a month for life beginning at age 60. Here is what you can get:

1. A check for $100 when you reach 60 and a check for $100 every month thereafter as long as you live.

This important benefit is available alone; but if you are insurable, your Plan can also include:

2. A life income for your wife if you die before retirement age.

3. A monthly disability income for yourself if, before age 55, total disability stops your earning power for 6 months or more.

How much does it cost? We can tell you to the penny when we know how old you are, when you want to retire, and how much income you want. (You can retire at 55, 60, or 65 with an income of $10 a month, $50, $100, or even $300 or more.)

Write your date of birth in the coupon and mail it today. You will be mailed, without cost or obligation, a copy of the illustrated booklet shown below. It tells all about the Phoenix Mutual Plan. Send for your copy now. The coupon is for your convenience.

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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book describing THE PHOENIX MUTUAL RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN.

Name________________

Date of Birth________________

Business Address________________

Home Address________________

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No Witnesses

Continued from page 62

then, remembering his statement to Ed Hall, "Yes, I saw the money," he said.

After a moment, "Levi, I got to take you with me," the sheriff said quietly.

SEARCHING for Archer Long's body, half of the males of Sky Ridge and various guests and employees from the Ridge House spread out over the country lying around the Minch ranch.

Leading one of the searching parties, Chester Greeley, with young Gerald Harper, James Lee and four other guests from the inn, ranged southward from Levi Minch's cabin. Their search, fruitless up to that time, concentrated on a definite objective after a suggestion offered by young Gerald Harper.

"There's a prospect hole half a mile the other side of Minch's cabin—deep enough to hide a hundred murdered men," he said. "Let's try it."

Chester Greeley swung around. "Come on, men! That sounds mighty smart to me. Let's go."

Within the hour the crumpled body of Archer Long was found at the bottom of the forty-foot prospect hole half a mile north of Levi Minch's cabin. He had been killed with a blow back of his right ear that had fractured his skull.

"He might have fallen into the shaft," James Lee said. "I can't see much conclusive evidence of murder."

"If his skull was fractured falling down this shaft there'd be plenty of blood spilled around," Gerald Harper contradicted.

"That cinches the case against Minch," Chester Greeley exclaimed. "If it had been an accident he'd still have them twenty-dollar bills on him. A man don't rob himself falling down a prospect hole." Then to young Harper, "Boy, one man's luck is another man's poison. If they convict Minch on what you figured out you got a thousand dollars coming to you—standing reward in this country for every convicted murderer."

"It's mighty sad money," Gerald Harper answered, "but I can use it. It'll pay my way through school."

AT THE Ridge House, returning with the sad news of Archer Long's death, Chester Greeley encountered his cook. "What you likee I do with Mis' Long fishee?" Hong Yet asked. "I keep him?"

"Eat 'em, throw 'em away, do anything you want with them! Mr. Long will never come back. He's dead. Somebody killed him."

"Too bad. Mis' Long number one good man. Who kill him?"

"Levi Minch killed him. He was over at Minch's place. Mr. Long had a lot of money on him. Next thing we find is his body. No money. Somebody robbed him."

Hong Yet grunted. "You talkee like you crazy. Levi Minchee him number one good man. He never kill eprybody."

"Stop talking to yourself." Chester Greeley started out of Hong Yet's kitchen. "Stop talking and get to work."

Hong Yet got to work, but for the ensuing hour for varying brief intervals he talked to himself in Cantonese.

Interrupting the soliloquy when it had dwindled to an occasional whispered phrase of criticism for Levi Minch's accusers, young Gerald Harper walked into the kitchen. "I want to use your big tub, China boy," he said. "All right with you?"

"Why you allee time likee big tub? Mo' better you ketchum lilly dishpan."

"I want to wash my corduroys. I'm going back to school next week and I got 'em gummed up with tarweed last week. How about it?"

"You likee big tub you take him."

"Okay, slant-eye."

For a little while after loaning his pet washtub, Hong Yet grumbled to himself at the indignity of lending this part of his personal equipment for laundry purposes and then, halting midway of a cackling sentence, he looked vacantly into space for five seconds. Forthwith, at a quick pace, he walked to his little room at the end of the kitchen. There he found two opium pills. He swallowed these and, his nerves steadying under the effect of the timely blessing, he sought his countryman, James Lee.

Following appropriate salutations, "My heart is heavy with a problem for whose solution I seek your aid," he said. He continued for three minutes with fluent phrases, setting forth the problem. "The eyes of the blind need no ointment."

"You are of clear perception," James Lee said. "Wisdom adorns your words. I will see if we can solve this puzzle. Let me have the pieces of burned pages from the book."

TWENTY minutes later, in the narrow telephone booth of the pay station in Sky Ridge, James Lee took a charred fragment of paper out of his pocketbook. He called the State Library in Sacramento. Presently to one of the librarians, "My problem is this," he said. "I have a scrap of a page from a burned book. I want to discover the name of the book. In the first line at the top of the page are the words: 'accumulated in cavities.' The rest of the fragment is rather obscure except two or three lines farther down in italics the text reads: 'Amalgam. See Page 130.' I want to identify that page. Probably a book on mineralogy. I'll telephone you again in an hour. I'm very anxious to discover the title of the book from which the burned page was taken."

At five o'clock, following his second telephone call to the State Library, "I wonder if you can get young Gerald Harper rounded up for a brief and confidential conference," James Lee said to Chester Greeley.

"You want to see him in line of duty?"

"Yes, if you can arrange it."

"Go up to my bedroom. It's the second door to the left from the head of the stairs. I'll bring him right up. Do you want me to duck out and leave you together?"

"I very much want you to be present."

"I'll stick."

Facing Gerald Harper, "I'd like to get more of your theories about Archer Long's murder," James Lee said. "You have covered all the country around the Levi Minch property, haven't you?"

"Most of it, Mr. Lee. Prospecting."

"The Minch property wasn't included in one of the early Spanish grants, was it? Or do you know?"

"No, I don't know about the title. I don't think the Spanish grants came up into the gold country."

"Do you recall any mention of placer gold in the Spanish land grants in that book that James D. Dana wrote? What was it—Two Years Before the Mast?"

"That wasn't James D. Dana," Gerald Harper corrected. "He was a mineralogist. Two Years Before the Mast was written by another Dana. I think his name was Richard Henry Dana."

Very emphatically, "No, you're mistaken. James D. Dana wrote the book. I am sure of it," James Lee asserted.

"I'll bet you a million dollars you're wrong, Mr. Lee. I happen to know that James D. Dana is the author of several books on mineralogy. I'm studying that subject at school. I know what I'm talking about."

"Listen, boy, I've got seven or eight different editions of Two Years Before the Mast," James Lee explained. "I happen to know that book. I'll take your million-dollar bet. By any chance have you a copy of your Mr. James D. Dana's Mineralogy?"

"Of course, I—" At this Gerald Harper stopped.

"Go ahead. What were you going to say?"

"I was going to say that—"

"You were going to say that you had a copy of James D. Dana's Mineralogy. Is that it?"

Hesitating and then very slowly, "That's what makes me sure—I know the book perfectly well. I've studied it for three years. I've got a copy—"

"Where have you got a copy?" James Lee asked quietly.

"I've got a copy stored with my books down at school."

"What you've got at school proves nothing." Coldly then and abruptly, "By any chance would you have concealed one hundred twenty-dollar bills in your mutilated copy of Dana's Mineralogy?"

Gerald Harper's face crimsoned. He scowled at James Lee and then, in a voice that dripped with venom, "I can make trouble for you if you're not mighty careful, Mr. Lee. That accusation—"

"Perhaps I have reason to accuse you," James Lee suggested. "The tarweed on your corduroys— Why were you in such haste to borrow old Hong Yet's tub? Bloodstains, by any chance?"

Before Gerald Harper could answer, "The tarweed detail is interesting," James Lee continued. "Strangely enough, the only patch of tarweed within three miles of here lies in that area where we found Archer Long's body. Old Hong Yet smelled the odor of tarweed on your corduroys yesterday. The pungent aroma of tarweed disappears in twenty-four hours."

Gerald Harper scowled. "What of it? That means nothing."

James Lee smiled thinly. "Why did you burn seventy or eighty pages of Dana's Mineralogy? Let me return to my original question. By any chance did you conceal Archer Long's money in your hollowed-out copy of that book after you killed him?"

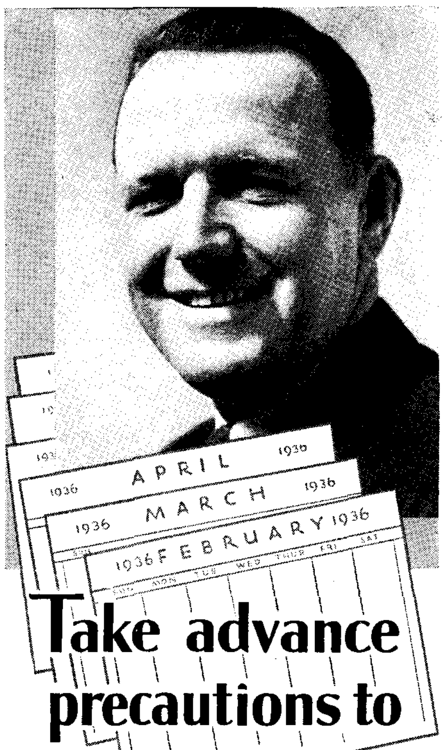
In a moment, speaking slowly, "What if I have Mr. Long's money?" Gerald Harper grated. "It proves nothing. He might have given it to me. I didn't kill him."

JAMES LEE nodded wearily. Then his eyes seemed to narrow to flaming points of green light. "How about a couple of witnesses?" he suggested. "What if two of the old-timers of Sky Ridge prospecting in the tarweed country near Minch's cabin watched you trailing Archer Long? What if they saw you kill him? Shall I bring them in?"

The young man's face turned gray. He took one deep breath. "I killed him," he admitted. "I didn't know anyone saw me do it."

James Lee lighted a cigarette. "No one saw you kill him," he said. "I merely suggested that there might have been witnesses." He turned to the proprietor of the Ridge House. "Please telephone the sheriff that we have Archer Long's murderer," he directed.

Again to Gerald Harper, "You made two mistakes," James Lee explained. "First of all, you overlooked Hong Yet's selfish interest in his pet washtub. Your second mistake was trying to burn the pages cut out of Dana's book in a trash fire. Trifling mistakes, I admit, but I am afraid you lose. I am sorry that you must pay with your life for having left the Middle Pathway. In China they say that a grain of sand can hide a mountain, and that only a dead snake is straight."



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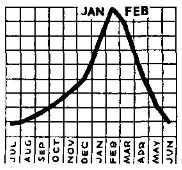
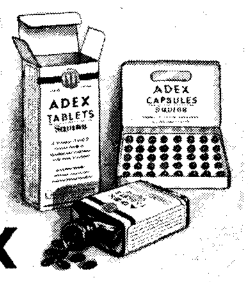
The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U. S. Public Health Dept.





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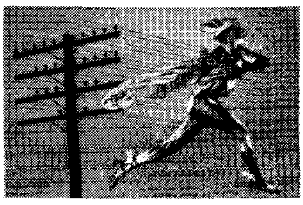

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H-e-l-l-o, P-a-r-i-s!

Continued from page 14

admiral in amazement, and then they began to talk to him. Was he crazy, they wanted to know? They were businessmen—good ones too, they thought—and here he was telling them to tear up a sales contract for twelve or fifteen million dollars and heave it into the wastebasket. But perhaps, they concluded (and this may have been put in sarcastically), the admiral could suggest to them some way in which, if they didn't sell their alternators to the Marconi Company, they could otherwise dispose of them.

"You bet I can suggest it," snapped the admiral. "Use them yourselves. It's your duty to do it. Organize an American company, paid for with American money, and go into an American communications business yourself. What about it, gentlemen?"

For a moment or two Mr. Young and Mr. Rice sat and looked at one another. They didn't speak. Then, finally, in just five words Mr. Young made about as momentous an announcement as has ever been made in American business. He said: "All right. We'll do it."

That was all. Right then it was decided, definitely, that American radio was to be an American-, not a British-owned industry. But remember this: Radio at that time didn't mean what it does today. Today ninety-nine per cent of us think of radio in terms of football games, prize fights, tooth paste, face lotion, scandalmongers, breakfast food, political ballyhoo, stilted diction, amateur hours and what have you. But the four men who were present at that conference in New York on April 8, 1919, had no such vision. All they could then see ahead of them was dots and dashes. What they were after therefore, and all they were after, was to set up for this country *its own* system of international communications. We had to have one. We had to become independent of foreign-owned systems, which might well mean foreign espionage, and, just to bring the thing suddenly to a climax, have we done so? Has the net result of the historic conference mentioned above been that we are now in possession of a world-wide wireless that is our own property? Let us see about that.

A Trip to Riverhead

As you sit in your home and listen to your radio the thought frequently occurs to you that it is a marvelous contraption. Comparatively speaking, it is. In comparison with America's present system of international communications your home set is just about as marvelous as a toy steam engine would be if placed alongside of one of those modern, monster locomotives which can yank a train across the continent at ninety miles an hour. Visit the Riverhead, Long Island, receiving station of International Communications, or the huge transmission station at Rocky Point or the central office on Broad Street in New York City (although you have probably never heard of any of them before), and you will get a perfect picture of what I am driving at.

At Riverhead one of the first things you will see in one of the larger buildings is an alert-looking young man sitting in apparent idleness before what appears to be an ordinary telephone switchboard. But it isn't ordinary at all. Ask the young man to plug in on London for you and you will see why. He'll oblige you instantly and what you will hear will be a clear high note, perfectly sustained, made up of such rapid vibrations as to make it sound to your untrained ear like a musical whistle. Nor can even a trained ear interpret such signals. It is international code; dot-and-dash stuff, machine-sent and coming in at, at least, one hundred words a minute or, in a pinch, at two hundred.

Better Than Local Broadcasts

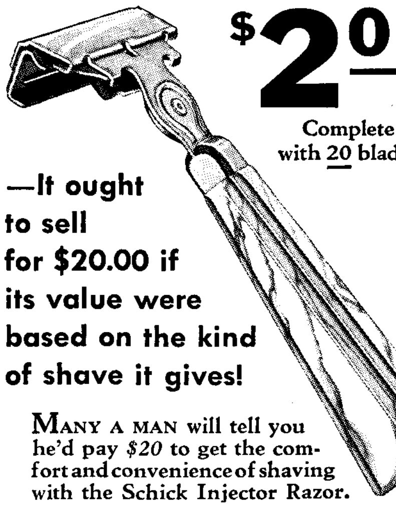
From Paris, Berlin, and now from Rome, because there is a lot going on in Italy, you will hear the same kind of signals except that the pitch may be different. This is so because these stations always carry a heavy traffic and have to be in a hurry about it. From stations in Spain, Russia, Turkey, Norway, Chile, Brazil, Argentina and even Liberia comes a more leisurely correspondence that any experienced telegraph operator can read by ear. At Riverhead, however, no reading is done. The board we have looked at is, in fact, perfectly silent except when the alert young man plugs in on it to see that the incoming circuits are operating properly. In other words, it is a monitor board through which all messages, on their way to the Central on Broad Street, must pass as they come out of the jungle of antenna wire—six or eight square miles of it—which is always, day and night, picking up messages fired at it from forty-seven different countries, and I don't know how many stations, located all over the world.

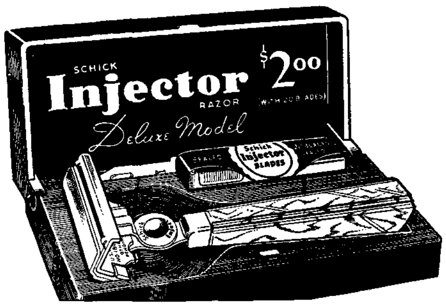
Probably the most interesting thing to you will be the reception and monitoring of entertainment programs coming in from Europe. None of these programs, which reach your home every day, are brought to this country over the facilities of the broadcasting chains which deliver them to you. They all come, as did the Byrd talks from Little America, through Riverhead, via International Communications, which sells this service to any broadcasting company that can pay for it.

And now that somebody is paying for it, let's watch this service perform. It's within a few seconds of four o'clock. Another alert young man, a trained musician who keeps a score sheet on the relative excellence of all the foreign programs he handles, looks at a clock which is synchronized perfectly with hundreds of other clocks just like it thousands of miles away from him; glances at his schedule for the day, and sets his receiving set for London. In a moment, in pours the music. It has quality, clearness, tone, volume, is without distortion, and because there is no outside, man-made interference at Riverhead, is better even than most of the local broadcasts which you and I pick up in our homes.

Until a year or so ago, however, it was not like that. European programs used to fade. You can remember it perhaps, and also how you wouldn't listen to them because it irritated you too much. It doesn't do it now though, because they no longer fade. Why? Look at those three little dials up there in the face of that green metal box and note the behavior of their needles. They are acting very foolishly. First this one, then that one, then the other one, in the course of a few seconds but with no sense of regularity whatever, will register the high mark.

These curious needles, then, represent three groups of antenna wires each several thousand feet long, and each busily engaged in picking up its own version of that London program. They never "hear" it alike. One of the three is always better than the other two, and therefore, although the switch this way, that way, and the other way may occur many times within a single minute, the antenna that is for each second or two





$2.00
Complete with 20 blades

—It ought to sell for $20.00 if its value were based on the kind of shave it gives!

MANY A MAN will tell you he'd pay *$20* to get the comfort and convenience of shaving with the Schick Injector Razor.

It's *different* from other razors. Doesn't *groove* the skin as razors with "teeth" do. The Injector Guide Bar smooths and *flattens* the skin. Pulls it *taut* just before the blade gets there . . . stops nicks and scrapes, gives a *closer* shave. The compact Injector head is *half* the size of other razor heads—yet shaves as wide an area.

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The Injector is worth going out of your way to find. Some stores still have a few of the $1.50 Model . . . a *bargain* at the old price. MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

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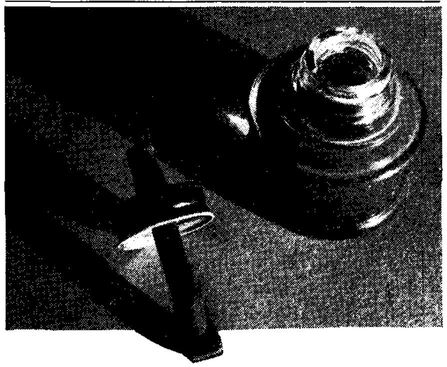

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at the high point on the dials is the only one whose impulses get through to the tubes in the receiving set. The weaker impulses from the other two are automatically killed, eliminated, and with them so is fading.

On now to the transmission station at Rocky Point. This is a splendid place; nine square miles of it, all grown up in a veritable forest of huge antenna towers and lesser poles across which are strung literally thousands of miles of antenna wires whose business it is to send out millions of words monthly to all the far-flung corners of the earth. Again, it seems to me, this means American-owned, American-controlled, international communications. And how quickly and easily we achieved it! In 1776, following that classic Declaration of Independence, we had to go to war with England to make good on it. In 1919, though, following Owen D. Young's terse, "All right. We'll do it," we didn't have to fight. Our independence in communications was, primarily, merely a matter of holding onto our control of the Alexanderson alternator, and now, as we step into the front door of the main powerhouse at Rocky Point, there, squarely in front of us, sits one of those magnificent machines.

It's a stanch, rugged, substantial thing. It had to be. If one of its bearings had ever gotten as much as one one thousandth of an inch out of line it would have burned up. But they never did and it didn't burn up. It stood the racket; it delivered the goods; it won our freedom for us, all to the end that now it has been honorably retired from service to make way for another American device. This device is our version of the vacuum tube which creates oscillations and amplifies impulses so efficiently and so silently that the great station at Rocky Point, although it is continually sending out noise to every foreign capital on earth, is itself practically a noiseless place, with only a very few persons in charge of it. And perhaps some day nobody will stay there. In fact, at Rocky Point, housed in a separate small building, there is now one transmitter, sending to Europe, which attends to all of its business all by itself. Nobody ever bothers it. They are not supposed to. Kept at a constant temperature the year round, by thermostatically controlled electric heaters, or fans, that transmitter receives its signals from Broad Street, sorts them out, amplifies them, and launches them, as impulses, from its antenna, across the Atlantic.

Reducing the Cable Rate

The technique of the thing is fascinating. I asked an operator to ask London how its weather was. He typed the query and as he did so a narrow perforated tape flowed out of the bottom of his machine and, traveling but a few inches, ran into another machine which automatically transformed those perforations into electrical dot-and-dash signals, which went instantly to Rocky Point, passed through the amplifier, reached the antenna and were launched straight at London. They arrived in a fiftieth of a second, so that by the time I walked around to the other side of the desk, where sat a receiving operator, he was already typing a reply informing me that it was clear and warm in London and that the skies were unusually blue for this time of year.

The replies, however, do not come in the form of perforations. It's worse than that. They are carried on a narrow tape and are in the shape of a continuous inked line which forms an unending series of precipitous hills, valleys and canyons. This tape passes rapidly along in front of the eyes of the operator who reads its signals as it moves at the rate of one hundred words a minute and transcribes them on his typewriter.

When I first heard about this method of receiving I remember having said it couldn't be done. Nor was I alone in that opinion. Europe agreed with me. Over there they said that it was impossible for operators to read code from a rapidly moving tape. But we showed them. We sent men over there to teach and to demonstrate; the result being that by the introduction of just this one American innovation we more than doubled the rapidity with which the world's air communications were being carried on. Furthermore, while we were doubling the rapidity of wireless we were rapidly reducing something else. That was the cable rate. Until March 1, 1920, when with the aid of the Alexanderson alternator we sent our first commercial message to Europe, cable rates the world over under foreign control hadn't dropped as much as one penny in twenty-five years. But since that time, due to the competition of an American-owned international communications service, they have been cut so much that, according to an estimate I now have before me, the public has been saved something in excess of one hundred million dollars in tolls.

A Question of Monopoly

That much then, in cash, has come to us as the result of our independent ownership of our own system of world-wide wireless communications. But will our independence continue? That's a question. There is a slogan abroad in the world to the effect that Britannia rules the waves. This means, of course, the ocean waves, and incidentally it also includes the electrical waves that traverse the ocean cables; but are we going to permit it to be widened to include the waves of the air? One hopes not, and yet it is a fact that at this moment, after we have partially achieved independence in international communications, our system of wireless is being attacked on the theory that it is a monopoly.

Well, provided it is an American monopoly, why shouldn't it be one? Our Post Office is a monopoly, and so is our telephone system. If they were not they couldn't function. So is our Navy, and just ask it what it thinks about American ownership of world-wide wireless communication. It will tell you that it "deplores the fact that there is now no federal policy governing either the *security* or the development of it." And then, under its breath it could tell you, if it wanted to, and the War and State Departments will say ditto, that for the efficient operation of a system over which we can send confidential communications, we must have either a controlled monopoly or government ownership.

Today, however, although our present wireless system is American-owned, it by no means represents a monopoly in international communications because the cables, *which are under foreign control*, still carry eighty per cent of the transoceanic business. That sounds pretty bad—doesn't it?—but it becomes much worse when we consider that we own only a one-quarter interest in the cables which connect us with our own government officials in Manila and Honolulu. Thus, were it not for our wireless system we couldn't send a message anywhere without having to employ a foreigner to deliver it for us. That's very clear and yet, as stated above, there is an idea abroad in Congress that our American-owned wireless system must in the name of competition be made to divide the mere twenty per cent of world business that it now gets with foreign-owned outfits that are trying to horn in on us. Are we going to stand for it? We may. No one knows what foolish steps politicians will take, but at any rate, it all makes another story, and an interesting one, which will soon appear.

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Anna May Dales
NOTARY PUBLIC

HER SKIN'S A FRIGHT!

1. *"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."*

THEY DO WONDERS FOR A BAD SKIN

2. *"Hearing over the radio how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."*

WHAT A LOVELY SKIN

3. *"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."*

THE BEST PROOF of what Yeast Foam Tablets may do for you is what they have actually done for others. That's why we have based this advertisement on a true experience—one of hundreds reported by grateful users of this convenient, easy-to-eat yeast.

If you would like to have a clearer, smoother skin, begin now to eat these tablets regularly. Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your system of the poisons which so often cause bad skin. And you should *feel* better as well as *look* better.

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C-2-15-36

Name..........

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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 17

grinned at her under a green eyeshade, leisurely and competent, doing his job.

He looked up. "It's better to be lucky than virtuous. Grampa Foster has resigned from the faculty committee on student discipline, and who takes his place? None other than old Doc Fifield, the motorist's favorite prey."

"I don't call that a break for Dr. Fifield."

"Break for Tommy Pierce. The bohemian set, the truly emancipated, they have to stick together. Bah to probation—a Philistine superstition! Tommy gets his degree."

"Tommy," she said soberly, "needs all the help he can get."

Emery hooted. "Tommy helps himself. Go out and be the Daily's inquiring reporter. Anybody in Morrison will tell you that a guy who's engaged to the daughter of H. H. Herrick has got the world by the tail. He'll marry half a state. Or more than half."

The flippancy disquieted her. She never thought of Helen's wealth. Could it be that—no! She chuckled. You could say the most captious things about Tommy, but his worst enemy couldn't accuse him of enough forethought to be mercenary. No, it was just the amazing convenience of luck's darling, one more bright ball for Tommy to play with.

THEY worked through till the last candidate was sent home, the last proof read, the last form locked in place, and the circulation managers were coming in. They closed Steve's desk, turned off the lights in the city room, watched the poker game in the circulation room for a moment, and left the building. They ate sandwiches on high stools at a lunch wagon, slangily professional, and strolled toward the campus. A good evening, one of the old evenings she had loved! She linked her arm with his, feeling carefree, liking lateness and spring wind, liking Emery.

"How are you, Morrison's mystery man?" she asked. "Steve told me to probe for some dark secret in your life. Were you a changeling or the true prince?"

"Me?" Emery grunted. "Probe Steve sometime on forcing his ruthless way upward from the wrong side of the tracks. I'm just Smith of the Smiths. No Smith could be mysterious, and if one could a fat Smith couldn't. I'm just one of the boys. With a heart of gold, though. A sunny nature and a son of a gun for beer."

"You're a sweetie," she said comfortably, "and what a Daily you'll have next year when Steve is gone."

"When you're all gone!" he said heavily. "I can't imagine Morrison—it won't be the college I used to go to when we all were young." That roused a familiar pang in her but he went on, with odd irrelevance. "Carol, do you really want Tommy helped?"

"How could you help him?" she asked in astonishment.

"I don't know. I don't know that he could be helped. But if you say so I'll find out."

"No," she said decisively. "Tommy needs all the friends he can get. But you're not one of them. I don't want you to be."

They came to a path that curved round little hillocks and through shrubbery toward the Women's Quadrangle. Fresh green scents drifted across the lawn; the night was murmurous with new leaves.

"Don't get scared and bolt, Carol—I'm not going to bother you," he said. "The Smiths know their place. But when the class votes me Least Likely to Succeed, they'll have to vote you Morrison's *femme fatale*. If you think I don't know you've got your arm through mine, you ought to see the idiotic nonsense that's boiling over in my mind."

Caroline moved close, raising her arms. "If it means that much to you, Emery dear," she managed to say. He kissed her and they stood embraced for a long moment while she remembered three years and, kissing Emery, kissed a dear and thoughtless past goodby. His hand moved to her cheek, to her forehead, to her hair, and fell away. He said, "I can't stand this, Carol—you mean too much to me. Good night, my dear," and went back across the drive.

Eugene Fifield said fretfully, "You get more fitful and contrary every day. I can't understand it."

Paula Traggas let her slipper slide off her heel, then slide on again. She smiled and saw his scowl deepen. "That must go hard with a man who understands women." She laughed with frank pleasure when his shoulders moved angrily. "You're being tiresome tonight, Gene. That's a great mistake. You can't afford to be tiresome."

"One would think I meant nothing to you," he said furiously.

Paula accepted the gambit which increasingly had less interest for her. "You can mean to me only what you mean to me at any given moment, Gene," she said coldly. "You've got increasingly tyrannical. Nobody can be my tyrant, my dear. And there have been too many quarrels. That's stimulating for a while but loses its savor. I'm not going to quarrel with you tonight. Why don't you go home and enjoy a nice long sulk?"

He came to stand above her chair. "I don't want to quarrel with you—you drive me out of myself, you make me frantic."

He stooped to her hair but she stood up, giving him a level glance. "And when you're frantic, you're impossibly dull. Don't—" she said with sudden hard hostility, "don't be preposterous as well—don't glare at me. You have a flair for absurdity, and you yield to it too much. A man who is beaten in a fist fight should avoid every possibility of looking silly." A fine excitement ran along her nerves as she saw the taunt infuriate him. But the doorbell rang and she turned away, saying, "I hope this is someone who has a light touch. We need it badly."

SHE opened the door and Tommy Pierce stepped in, saying, "Can I have a drink?" She greeted him with delight. "Tommy—at only five minutes past ten! I can't imagine how you've torn yourself from your blonde at this hour, but nobody ever came at a better time. Gene is here and we're boring each other horribly."

Gene glowered but Paula mixed a highball for Tommy and chatted brightly, tirelessly, determinedly. Pretty soon Tommy went to the piano and, inclining his head from the cigarette, began to play his gay songs. Paula sat on the bench beside him and soon was singing them. "I'd better go—the doctor looks savage," he said, under cover of crashing chords. She whispered, with an oblique glance, "No, stay. But how could you forsake your boarding school so early?" He said, "The darling thought she ought to study—she gets cockeyed notions like that. Here, remember My Man?"

My Man and a dozen successors finally brought Gene to his feet, sulking. Paula's nerves were pleased again when he said, in a cold fury, "My toleration of music is limited—I'll leave you to your art."

She went to the door with him and he reached for her avidly, but she was still displeased with him and kept her lips still. He stamped across the porch in a rage.

"Don't you think I play a nice game of freeze-out?" Tommy said gayly when she came back. "What a pet your chow was in! Can he be jealous of me?"

"That's pretty impudent, Tommy."

"Sure." He beamed. "You like impudence, don't you?"

He mixed a highball and, turning his back to the piano, sat on the bench talking with charming animation. He brought her novelty, something vivid and alluring. A handsome boy, with a winning manner, obviously delighted by her. Paula's interest quickened; the evening began to have life. They sang some more and twitted each other, caricaturing some friends, laughing easily and often.

"This house is the one civilized oasis at Morrison," Tommy said fervently. "I can't tell you how much it means to me. The one place where people can be charming."

HER head slanting, her eyes partly closed, Paula said, "You're right to stay away from it now, though. Any charm it has can't compete with girlish innocence."

"Oh!" He smiled compellingly, "When *a man is in love!*"

She swung her legs up in the chair, carefully covering her knees, and clasped her hands behind her head. "Nothing is so provocative as naïveté. The most sophisticated men are helpless before it." She saw an awkward red tinge his cheeks, and smiled dreamily. "The quality youth has of being eager and unspoiled, even a little awkward—it's invaluable. It's the dewy girl, the naïve shy girl, that my whole sex envies."

"She's a darling!" he said. "I'm crazy about her."

"Of course you are," Paula said. "And it's very good for you, too, Tommy. It makes you fierce and protective. It gives you such male loyalty. It makes you a little dull, too, but that's a cheap price to pay for true love."

The flush deepened on his cheeks. He wouldn't look at her. He was frowning, reduced to a discontented boy, wounded in his vanity. Paula watched him in a tranquillity through which she could feel the beat of her pulse accentuate and grow rapid.

After a while his scowl smoothed away and showed her a winning, boyish smile. "I think love is a pretty dull topic, don't you?"

"It shouldn't be, for the infatuated." She shifted in the chair. "Tell me about it, Tommy. I'd love to hear your young rapture. You must be delightful, making your passionate avowals. You must have a perspiring intensity, pouring out your young soul in eternal dedication." He scowled again and a knowledge of power rioted in her. "How sweet and disarming!" she said easily. "And how thrifty—the millionaire's daughter."

"Paula!" he said furiously. "That's outrageous."

"You like outrageousness, don't you?"

"You're malicious, you're cruel! Do we have to talk about me and Helen?"

"Don't we?" she said. "You've lost your eloquence about everything else. Do you know some other subjects now, Tommy? And, dear me, how dashing and compelling you used to be before you fell in love. It has taken your tang away, my dear."

"Oh, has it?"

(Continued on page 70)

Why Hollywood FEARS the second day

IT'S no secret out in Hollywood that more than one famous star has lost her job because of constipation.

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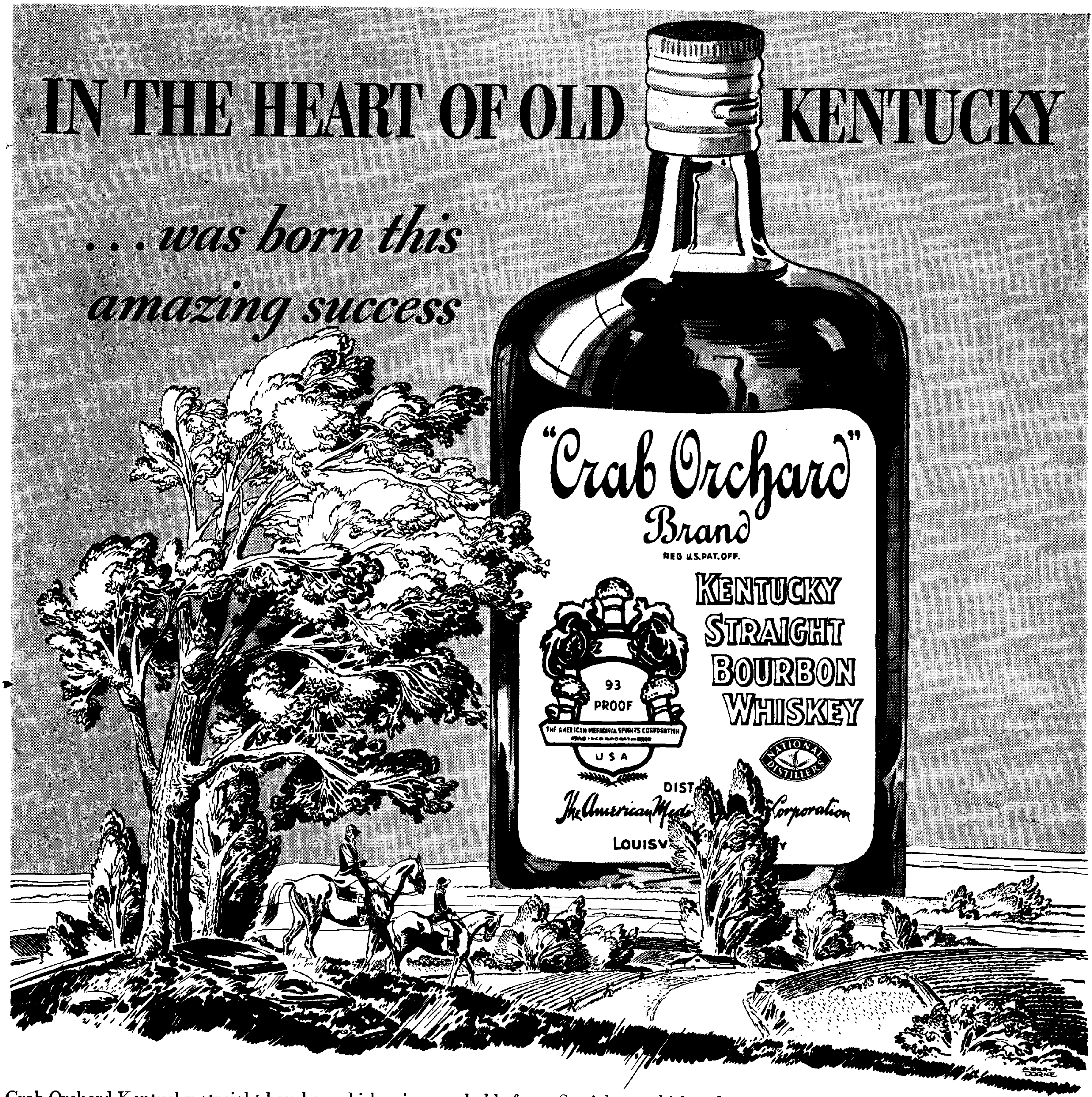
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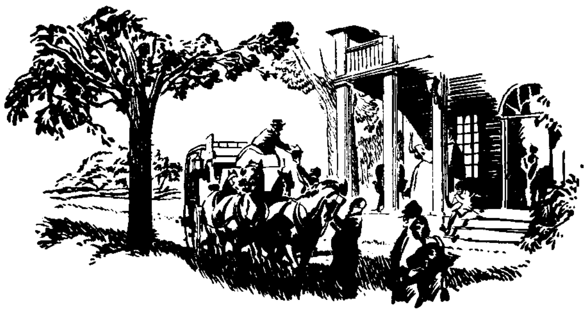

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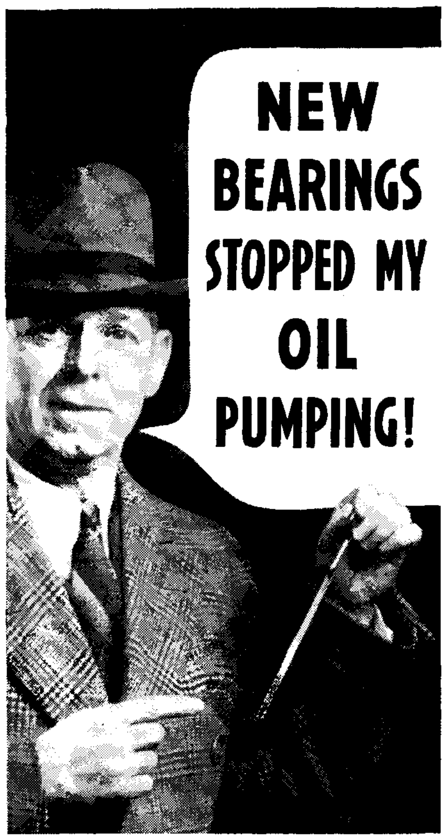
A GOOD GUIDE NATIONAL DISTILLERS TO GOOD WHISKEY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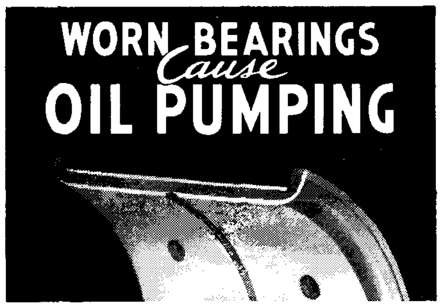

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Life Begins So Soon

Continued from page 68

He glared at her, on the brink of something, then turned away and began to mix another highball. Paula swung her feet out of the chair. "Yes, do," she said softly. "Maybe Scotch will bring back the daring I used to think you had."

"Paula!" He faced her, young and vain, intolerably stung. "I'll make you sorry for that!" he said with fierce determination. She smiled up at him and moved a little, patting the chair beside her.

She was really alive again now, being kissed by Tommy Pierce, hearing him say, "You're wonderful!" over and over, knowing beyond even self-doubt that another man acknowledged her. How sweet he was! And how endearing the young clumsiness of his lovemaking, his uncertainty, his youth. But panic overtook him. He stood up, looking awkward and very scared. He said, "Heavens, Paula, how late! This is shocking. I'd better go."

She agreed at once, smiled in meek acquiescence, went to the door with him. In the hall, danger behind him, he was courageous again and took her in his arms. "You can't really care for a silly little man with whiskers like a goat," he said.

She whispered from his shoulder, "That's more impudence—I love it." A moment later she said even more softly, "I wonder if you can really care for the awkward fervor of a silly little girl."

She stepped out of reach and opened the door. Tommy breathed, "You're adorable, Paula," and went out. She closed the door. She stood listening. She heard his steps slacken, grow irresolute, stop. She smiled, and turned the doorknob without a sound.

DAVE had said, "You're doing a good job, Caroline," his eyes warm with admiration, but she knew that it was really Dave who was doing the job. It was his friendship that had brought Maurice Traggas through. All she had done was to join them sometimes for dinner or a drive or a picnic. Once or twice when pressure of his research had kept Dave at the laboratory, she had walked with Maurice or sat talking with him at Dave's apartment where he spent a lot of time. But it was Dave who ate with him, took endless hikes with him, wrangled with him almost till morning in the meaningless arguments of men. And the job had been done—he had abstracted moods which, Caroline guessed, must mean sudden black despair, but for the most part he was on an even keel and sometimes even gay.

She had come to understand a great deal about Maurice: his brilliance, the contrary elements that warred in his mind, the fury which he kept in check but which let him do tremendous work, something of the enfeebling misery of his marriage. He talked easily to her and would sometimes burst into long monologues that brought him peace by sinking everything else out of sight. She ought soon to be an authority on insanity, she decided, for the monologues were professional, dealing with the most repulsive subjects, with Maurice never suspecting that his enthusiasms could appall anyone. One of these gave her a disquieting moment.

She had mentioned Tommy, whom Maurice had known as part of Paula's salon, and had called him childish. "Sure, we all are, one way or another—just a question which area we didn't grow up in," Maurice rumbled. "Thing to watch in that lad is the schizoid element." Caroline protested the term and he said, "Ought to understand my slang by now, Caroline. Mean he's the type that cracks up. Is he the conquering hero he has visions of being or is he just a college boy? Probably got them badly confused right now—if anything happens to make him prove which he is—if he's suddenly got to make good as a hero—bingo! Call in Traggas and get him certified."

He launched into a lecture. Tommy should have gone to a small college or stayed in a small town—some place where his cleverness would make him prominent, where all the girls would adore him, where he could be a big shot within his capacity. But that type got hell in a university, or a big town. Same old urge to be a big shot, equipment not up to the job, had to make it up by imagining themselves big shots. If anything happened to make them face reality instead of fantasy, if the world put a sudden sharp strain on them, they might go blooie. Politics and the acting professions were full of them. But so were the insane asylums. And so were the jails.

"Specialized form, less interesting, in the Don Juan type. Like—" he stopped short. Caroline's mind flashed, "like Fifield," and she winced, knowing how the knife went home in him. He forced himself on, with a parade of calm. "Or my wife. Why her intense restlessness? Why her violent jealousy of all achievement by others? Why this blind urge to raise hell with everyone—what people call fickleness, infidelity and impulsiveness? Causes more damage in the world than anything except T. B. Sheer, blind, envious rage—"

Dave had perceived the drive. "All right, Dr. Traggas," he said smoothly, "we're all crazy. Just how are you crazy?"

"Word doesn't mean a thing. Crazy? Layman's term," Maurice rumbled. Then he roared with laughter. "I diagnose everybody but myself. Me? I've got delusions of persecution. You, Caroline, you're the red-headed, shoplifting type—all but lobeless ears."

One evening he phoned asking her to walk with him, saying that Dave was hung up with his hydrocarbons again. She felt restlessness in his voice and joined him at once. She had been right and he was low in mind, but cheered up soon and was voluble, striding energetically into a wind that was sharp and reminiscent of March. His energy was insatiable; he could not walk far enough or fast enough to slow down his mind. They went up the river to Shagbark Pond, up the east shore of that to Shagbark Creek and up that to the Ag school bridge, then crossed and went down the west side of the creek. Caroline's legs ached and she longed to suggest a rest. Then he turned westward from the pond down a curving drive and she was distressed, for she guessed that he was impelled to walk past his house. Poor devil, twisting the knife in himself, caught in fierce conflicts, buffeted by desires and denials and necessities sweeping up from the dark places! They were darker places, more hopeless, than any she had imagined could exist anywhere.

"LET'S go home, Maurice," she said. He shook his head, plunging onward. Suddenly he stopped short and dragged her deep into a clump of lilac bushes in the angle where another walk converged on the one they had been following. The suddenness startled her and her alarm increased, for he said "Sh!" with an angry sibilance and his shoulder, touching hers, was tense. He was watching someone on the other path and Caroline heard the same angry voice she had heard phoning at the country club. Was Paula always quarreling? The same curtness, the same charged wrath, and as they passed, Dr. Fifield was just as angry. Caroline recognized his querulous intensity, though in the darkness of the lilacs she could see neither of their faces. They went past, oblivious, their hard voices floating back. On toward Maurice's house.

Maurice stumbled out of the lilacs. He stood there in the dark and burst into shocking speech. Oaths, epithets, threats, half-articulate exclamations burst from him in a tumbling stream. Caroline turned deathly cold. It was not the frenzied speech that frightened her, though some of the things he said were unimaginably vile. It was the man himself—Maurice Traggas altogether beside himself, changed from everything she knew, completely out of control, driven before a gale of feeling that could not be opposed, that made him as helpless, as anonymous, as a leaf in a hurricane.

Caroline's stomach writhed with fear. It took an effort of will that left her trembling to force herself to touch his arm. "Maurice!" she said sternly.

THE big man began to quiver. Tenseness went out of him. He groaned. Caroline sat down on the grass in the shadow of the lilacs, pulling him down beside her. "You mustn't, you know that," she said quietly. He groaned again and his head came to her shoulder. She put an arm around him and sat there supporting him as she might a child, while fury left him and he fought a silent battle for self-control. He won it. He sat up. He was in possession of himself again but his voice was hollow with shame.

"I'll never forgive myself, Caroline," he said drearily. "Exposing you to a display like that. A girl, a young girl. I ought to be kicked into the lake."

"What are friends for?" she said gently. "I'm sorry, too, Maurice. But I'm not sorry I was with you. I'm glad."

He took her hand. She had an instantaneous thought that the big hand which held hers had been a fist beating Dr. Fifield's face in just such a spasm of rage as she had seen. He said, "You have quiet, Caroline, and healing. You're a woman with a gift for friendship. You and Dave have been the shadow of a tall rock. . . . Look, Caroline, that doesn't happen—I'm not crazy—I've only been kicked where it hurts worst. Don't let me scare you, my dear."

"You don't scare me. . . . You're more of a person than most people; you can be hurt more and in more ways. I hate to see you hurt, Maurice."

But he had scared her, badly, and opened up possibilities she hardly dared to phrase to herself. She tried to get Dave Bingham on the telephone the next morning but wasn't able to find him till noon, and then he couldn't join her till four o'clock. They drove toward the mountain and parked where, between trees, they could see Lake Maitland blue in sunlight, an occasional shell flashing by with a fine sweep of blades.

He had her tell him every detail of the night before, making her repeat everything she had observed and heard, even the most repulsive things Maurice had said. She watched his face for the anxiety she expected to produce but none showed there; Dave merely looked compassionate and very tired. He had it all at last and there was nothing to say—only sit there, the squalid story between them, and see powdery-blue sunlight sifting through the young leaves and wait for another crew to pass. Dave's face wore a more personal concern.

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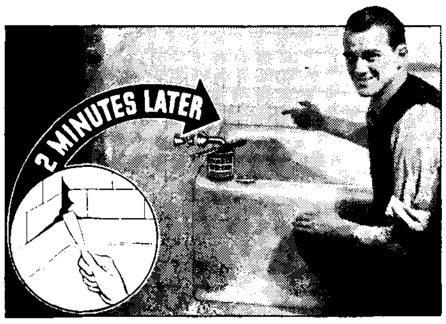

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PLASTIC WOOD

"Carol, what tears me apart is that I let you in for this."

"Why shouldn't you?" she said, obscurely annoyed. "I'm not made of tinsel."

"You shouldn't come in contact with these wretched passions. You're young and lovely. How can I feel, letting you in for loathsomeness?"

Figures she had often repeated to herself danced in her mind: Maurice was twenty years older than she, and Dave was ten. She was suddenly miserable. "See!" she said bitterly, "you think of me as a child."

"That's not the way I think of you!" he said, under stress.

"It is!" She turned away, winking hard. "I'm young, I'm innocent—irresponsible, a co-ed—all the condescending words you'd use to a little girl. I have to be sheltered and protected—I mustn't be allowed to be grown-up or a friend of grownups."

SHE was aware of a confused intent to taunt him, to provoke him. The awareness made her feel more miserable. She looked at him and that feeling was extinguished in another one. For he was looking at her as he could never possibly look at a child, and a great bouyancy caught her up, all annoyance blown away.

"You haven't been a child through this," he said slowly. More rapidly, "You've been magnificent—a woman with a deep feeling for human pain and a wisdom that makes me seem a bungler." An exciting threat suddenly showed in his eyes, but he caught it in time and fell back on a resolute lightness. "If there's been any faculty-student relationship here, it would have to be looked for under a microscope."

She relaxed a little regretfully but an intangible stride forward had been taken and she could be as light as he, realizing it.

"The Gammas have all but used the college telescope. I hadn't known how witty the Gamma house could be."

"Does that annoy you?"

"It enchants me." They smiled at each other, alert to sun and breeze, drawn together, content.

"Don't worry about Traggas. I don't think there'll be any more seizures—that one came from running into Paula unexpectedly. Day by day he's getting more realistic about her. That's the whole battle."

He watched the blue lake for a while, warmly content to share his thoughts and his concern. Pretty soon he began to talk quietly but with complete freedom, and that acceptance satisfied her even more profoundly. For it meant that in his mind she had the right to share the whole wretched business.

"Maurice did alarm me for a while. I was afraid of—I don't know what. That he'd kill himself. That maybe the whole setting here would get intolerable and he'd clear out—disappear, run away, abandon his work. I know what earthquakes rock that strange, violent mind. But if there were any danger of that, it's over. He's got hold of himself."

Dave smiled, touched her hand briefly, and was grave. "What scares me now is Paula. Something has happened to change her mind. If you can call mere virulence a mind. At first she was just defiant—denouncing Maurice, daring him to do his worst, asserting there was nothing he could do. Then she showed signs of reasonableness. She was willing to agree to a divorce—willing? She was crazy about it. If he'd hold off, she would go to Reno at once. Fine! That was the best answer. . . . Much the best—it was too good."

He sighed. "Who knows about women? Suddenly, she won't hear of a divorce. She champions virtues she hadn't heard of a month ago. She won't go to Reno. This is all a horrible mistake. She and Maurice mustn't be divorced. She's softened up suddenly; she's almost pleading. She drives me crazy telling me to make Maurice listen to sense."

"Do you try?" Caroline asked.

"No. But she'll go over my head. She'll go straight to him."

"Will he listen to sense?"

Dave laughed viciously. "After Fifield? No, but he'll be upset and all these passions will riot through him again. But that—" he said with sudden anger, "isn't what's bothering me. I want to know why she's changed her mind. What does she get out of these new notions? What has happened? What is she after now? What's going on?"

Thinking of all she knew about Paula, remembering that corrupt face, seeing a dozen scenes that had grown revelatory long after they were over, Caroline could think of no answer. She only knew that the tangle grew steadily more repulsive.

"She's having a big party on Friday," Dave said. "To show the world a gallant face while the tongues wag. I think we'll drop in on it and watch. I don't like to take you to the lioness' den, Caroline, but I'd rather take you than go alone."

On Friday she dressed with unusual care and then, having finished, decided to change the frock for another, prettier one. Helen, looking at her above a Fine Arts notebook, said moodily, "What's the girlish blush for?" It was not a convenient question to answer, for the truth was that, putting on the second dress, Caroline had suddenly thought: "Look here, this is pretty much like Emery's pressed pants."

"Don't tell me there's an evening when you aren't going out," she said.

"Ever hear of classes? If I want to keep on going out I have to stay in college, don't I?" Helen snapped. She looked restless and unhappy.

PAULA'S house was noisy. Caroline could not like either the crowd that frequented it or their rituals of jokes, singing and excitement. Dr. Fifield had a sullen look. He moved out of range of her and Dave and she decided that embarrassment would account for it. Paula didn't look hard and somber—she had an electric gayety. Extravagantly dressed, she was everywhere, passing from group to group, laughing, posing, being fascinating. With Dr. Fifield watching her.

She swept up to Caroline and kissed her cheek. "You never come any more!" The red mouth pouted, then smiled maliciously. "I'm not a jealous wife—let my husband pay his court to you; I'm sure you're very good for him. Don't avoid me on his account."

Bright malice billowed past, and Dave said, "That isn't alcohol, it's a stronger intoxicant. A new man must be admiring her."

Just any party at Paula's, with the brightest things being said, a conscientious emancipation and lots of squealing. In another room Tommy Pierce leaped to his feet at sight of her, and with Tommy it was alcohol. He was flushed, loquacious, and something more. Some urgency vibrating in him impelled her to get away from this room. It wasn't that the last two times she had seen him he had been a little tight, though Tommy had not used to need such stimulation. It wasn't even finding him here at Paula's when Helen was studying at the house, although that disgusted her. No, it was something else, nebulous, not to be phrased, but compelling enough to send dread clanging through her.

An hour later she had the answer. And if she had been criminally slow to find out what was going on, if she had been heedless and girlish and too plain

(Continued on page 72)

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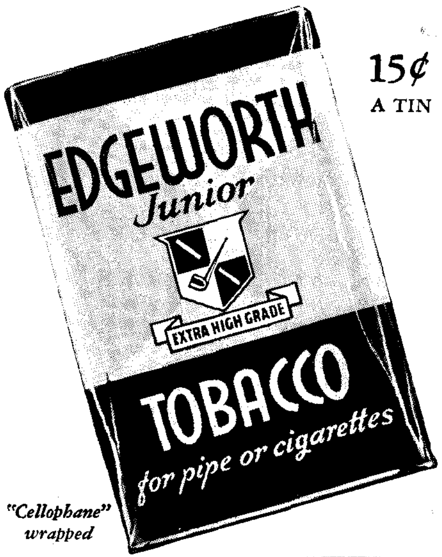

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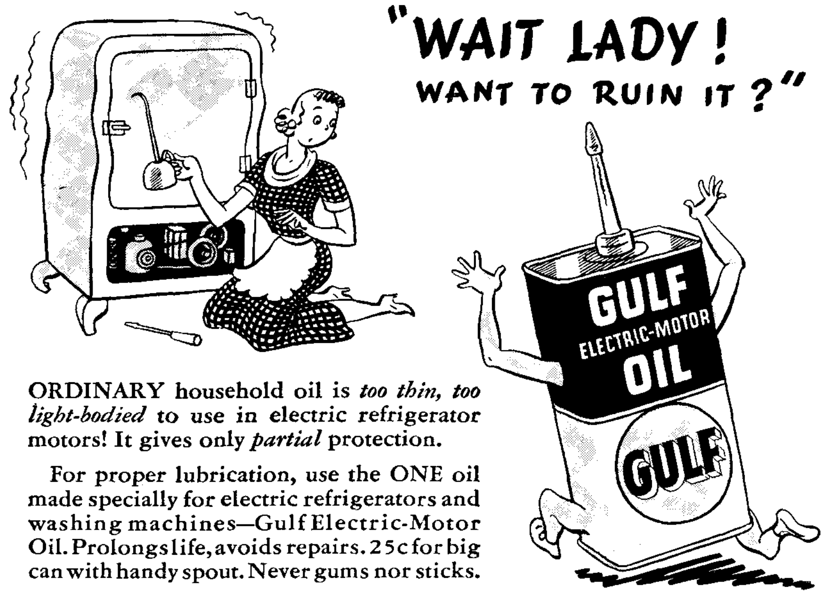

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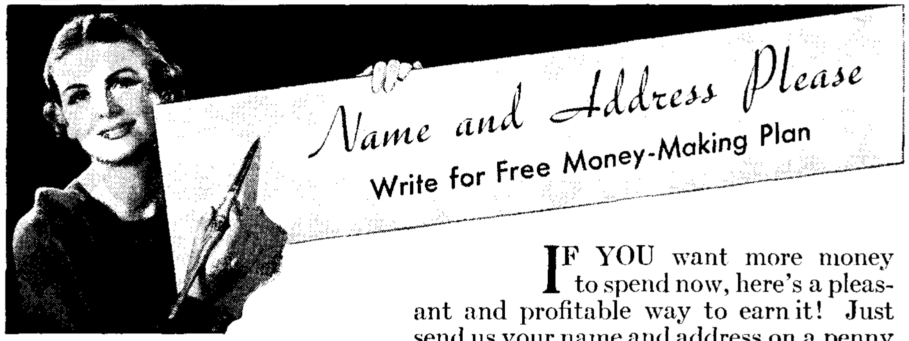
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(Continued from page 71)

dull to see a situation that stared her in the face, she did know a fact when she fell over one. . . . She was leaning on the rail of the front porch, smoking a cigarette with Dave, listening to the uproar within. Someone took Dave back into the house and Caroline wandered out to the side lawn alone. She finished her cigarette on a rustic bench, wanting to leave the party, but that was silly and she started back toward the house. Paula came to the side door and looked around. She called, "Tommy!" Tommy stood up from the steps and Paula said, "Come in, idiot, people want to see you." A moment later Tommy had reached for her and Paula had come into his arms and the light from the door fell on a tableau so passionate, so forgetful of the world, so regardless of anyone who might see, that not even a dull college girl who had suspected nothing could be in doubt.

CAROLINE turned noiselessly and went round the house, going in and through to the side door. Paula was just coming in, her eyes fervent. Caroline went past her to where Tommy lingered. "I want to talk to you," she said.

"Good!" He laughed excitedly, on the crest of the wave. "Why don't you always want to talk to me?" He went down the steps with her and, on the lawn, slipped an arm round her waist. She said, "No," almost absently and the arm dropped away. He laughed again, "You were always a little prude, Carol, but it's adorable of you. Prudishness is so provocative." His laughter was quick and nervous, almost shrill.

They sat on the bench where she had been so recently that the stub of her cigarette still glowed in the grass. Caroline felt not at all agitated. The core of her was shaken with disgust but she was cold and quiet, with a job to do. . . . Tommy was being reckless youth. "A bench on the lawn, Carol, under a tree and nobody around? Do you really expect me to keep my hands to myself?"

"Tommy," she said, "have you told Helen you're flunking out of college?"

"Of course. She thinks it's inexpressibly droll."

A lie. He hadn't mentioned it to Helen. "Have you told her why you were fired from the Year Book and how much you owe them?"

It was suddenly quiet on the bench, and music blared across the lawn. After quite a while Tommy said, "Where did you get that mad idea, Caroline?"

"I know all about it. . . . Then you haven't told her?"

THERE was an interval just long enough to prove his hesitation. Then he was both defiant and mirthful. "I have told her. She doesn't care. That doesn't make any difference when people are in love."

"I don't see just why you're lying. You haven't told her, Tommy."

He leaned close to her, vibrant in the darkness. Probably he was giving off the Pierce charm like an aura. He laughed deliciously and when he spoke, the same mirth was in his voice, confidentially summoning her to a secret, droll understanding of him. The gay spark, the mad and gallant ne'er-do-well. "Don't you think I ought to shield her from all these horrid things about a person she thinks so much of?"

"I don't," Caroline said. "That's why I'm going to tell them to her."

She didn't crack the surface of that gallantry. He laughed again, almost hysterically. "You can't know Helen very well, you can't understand true love, Carol dear, if you think she would believe you. It would just be scandal, just dirty lies, and told her by a girl I used to be engaged to." For the first time his poise cracked. "There's a lot in that," he said. "I didn't count on your being so jealous."

"That used to be a good line—it's kept me quiet quite a while. It's no good now." Her voice sharpened. "I didn't like this from the first, Tommy, but I shut up. Now I'm not going to. I know too much about you, and the more I learn the less I like it. And when I find you making love to Mrs. Traggas, with Helen home dreaming over your pin, I'm going to find out. You're probably right. She probably won't believe me. But we'll see. And there's her father. He may not believe me, either, but he'll come to Morrison and look into things."

That did the job. Mirth and arrogance were gone from Tommy at once; frenzy took their place and grew rapidly. He had been agitated the night of the dance, but he was beside himself now. "Why do you hate me so?" he cried dramatically. Then he was vehemently denying everything. "You're hideously wrong—the Year Book is just a misunderstanding, just a mistake. I'm getting it smoothed out—I've been cruelly persecuted. It will be all right. I'll take care of it." He was denying more, too, in bursts of denunciation and wounded righteousness. "You're wrong, Caroline, you're cruelly wrong. I can't bear to have you think such things. I'm in love with Helen—I'm mad about her."

"I all but bumped into you on the porch five minutes ago when you were kissing Mrs. Traggas," she said. "You don't have to explain that to me, Tommy, but you do to Helen."

HE HAD her shoulders and his voice was a desperate command. "You're not to say a word, do you hear? I won't stand for it." Only a foot from hers, his face was contorted with violence that would have made her panicky if it had not been for her cold contempt. Command went out of him and just as suddenly he was whimpering. "You couldn't ruin me, Caroline. Not out of spite and jealousy."

Another wild improvisation surged up in him. Now he was brooding and tragic. "It all began with you. It's you I'm crazy about, eating my heart out because you hate me. You could make everything come true for me." He raised his arms, reaching for her. "There's never been a time when a word from you—"

She said, "You ought to know by now that dramatics and loving speeches only bore me, Tommy. I'm sorry the world is cruel to you, but Helen means a lot to me. If she is to go on with you, at least she's got to know what she's doing. And you're too yellow to tell her."

"Give me time!" he said wildly. Just that—wildly. He was twitching, on fire with excitement. He took fast, short steps away, swung back, sank to the bench again. "You don't understand—nothing is the way you think. I can make everything come out right—I'm on the very verge right now. Carol, you can't ruin me now. Give me two weeks; give me even ten days. Don't say anything to her; don't say anything to anyone. Be decent to me! For just a little while. I'll tell her everything then—there won't be anything to tell."

He was fierce and embattled. What he meant, what difference ten days could make, what action he had under way she could not imagine. She couldn't even try to guess, but her thoughts fled back to what Maurice Traggas had said. No one, Tommy least of all, could stand excitement so fierce as this. Nor could she, in the face of it, make demands on him without risking the worst of all. She looked at him, fear beginning to crawl along her nerves. This was the second time she had seen him carried out of himself. And suddenly, as before, he threw himself across her knees and began to sob.

(To be continued next week)

Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 21

Cantavo replied. "I associate this neighborhood with trouble." Cantavo paid and dismissed the taxi.

West Sixty-seventh Street looked as quietly respectable as it had on the night that he had been kidnapped. The snow had been cleared from the walks and the street. Only the mound on one side of the street remained as evidence of that night's blizzard.

Cantavo entered the house. Tonight he didn't need a match to read the names on the boxes, as he had located Amy's bell when he had been there before. Top floor, three flights up. He noticed that the card was missing from above the bell. Amy had probably moved. He rang the buzzer. There was a clicking response as it was answered from the apartment. Someone was evidently in the apartment. He wondered why, if it was Amy in the apartment and if she was hiding from anything, she would answer the buzzer so confidently.

He walked up the stairs leisurely. Three flights are breath-takers if you are not used to them.

A man passed him on the second-floor landing, running excitedly down the stairs. He bumped into Cantavo and gave not even a fleeting thought to the amenities.

There were only two apartments on each floor. On the fourth floor, the door of one of them was opened a crack. As Cantavo drew near, it was opened widely, and he stepped inside.

"Mary Marsten!" he gasped stupidly. "But you are dead." Mary grabbed him by the arm and said, "Quickly, let's get out of here. Let's run while the door is open. I've been locked up in here for days."

"You'll need your hat and coat; it's cold."

"No, no. I want nothing." She rushed out of the door and downstairs ahead of Cantavo. "Hurry, hurry," she kept calling to Cantavo. Mary was well in front of him when they reached the ground floor. She stepped back fearfully and took hold of his arm.

"Take it easy, Mary," Cantavo told her. "You're perfectly safe now." They stepped out onto the street in search of a taxi. None was in sight, and they walked a few yards towards Broadway.

CANTAVO noticed a car turning slowly around the corner from Broadway, headed towards West End Avenue. Cantavo looked at it interestedly and apprehensively. Three men on the walk beside the car started brawling. A shot challenged the night and screamed as it ricocheted against a wall. Police whistles shrilled with a frenzied insistence. The car that had turned the corner from Broadway accelerated suddenly and sped past them, spitting gun fire furiously.

"It just isn't possible," Cantavo argued with himself, as he held Mary tightly by the arm and looked for a place of shelter.

"Stand close against the wall and don't move," an officer in uniform, stepping out of the doorway, called to him. "And protect the woman. Stand in front of her."

"It isn't possible that this kind of thing could happen a second time," Cantavo kept reiterating to himself.

At the corner of West End Avenue, brakes screamed as they were applied too quickly, and evidently too belatedly, for three cars jammed into each other with a terrific crash. Guns blazed in angry denunciation; outcries of execration and pain and command were interjected amidst sizzling bullets and the flaming explosions. There followed a sudden silence in which could be heard profanities and whimpering protests. Then the voices grew and the words became distinguishable.

"I think it's all over," the policeman said to Cantavo. "But you'd better stay quietly where you are for a moment."

"Let's go quickly," Mary expostulated.

"All traffic is held up at both corners—both pedestrians and cars," the policeman told them. "You'll have to wait."

The sight of the revolver in the officer's hand looked reassuring. "May we stand beside you?" Mary asked the officer. "I'm frightened."

"Certainly. I can't leave my post here at the moment, but when the traffic is all cleared up, I'll get you a taxi. Don't be nervous; there was just a little shooting, nothing much."

MARY stood between the policeman and Cantavo. She held on to both of them for reassurance.

"What happened?"

"Some trouble with gangsters. But the boys nabbed them," he said proudly. "They snatched a policeman. Can you beat that?"

Cantavo felt ill. "Was it Henderson?" he asked.

"Yes. How did you know?" the officer asked in surprise.

"Did they get away with him?" Cantavo asked.

"No, we were laying for them. The radio cars caught them. Someone must have been shot, though, with all those bullets flying."

A crowd, mysteriously and instantaneously conjured from an empty street gathered around the scene of drama. It was peremptorily dispersed. One of the three cars—evidently a police car that had been jammed in with the others at the corner—backed out and turned downtown with the sirens blowing threateningly. Pedestrians began drifting across Sixty-seventh Street toward Broadway, and toward Cantavo and Mary.

"I guess they got the gangsters in that car," the policeman told Cantavo.

The traffic officer's whistle at the Broadway corner blew and the traffic began its even flow again; the pedestrians being reluctantly sent on their way.

"Come along to the corner, and I'll get you a taxi and help push these people along. It's curious how they will stand and take a chance of getting shot, merely out of curiosity to see what's going on."

They turned towards Broadway. As footsteps behind them drew nearer, Mary kept nervously looking back over her shoulder.

"You're okay," Cantavo assured her.

The policeman got them a taxi. As they stepped into it, Inspector Henderson asked ironically, "Would you and Mrs. Marsten object to my riding with you?" He stepped into the car without awaiting an answer and closed the door after him.

Mary cowered into the corner with terror. "This gentleman is a police officer, Mary," Cantavo hastily reassured her. "Mrs. Marsten, Inspector Henderson," he hastily introduced them. "And for once, Henderson, I'm glad to see you."

"You have a genius for balling things up and not a small gift for deception."

"I thought you were just kidnapped," Cantavo said.

"Am I going to step into a car and remain out of the picture several hours when I see you walking off with Mrs. Marsten?" Henderson gave the driver Cantavo's address. "And step on it," he said.

(Continued on page 74)

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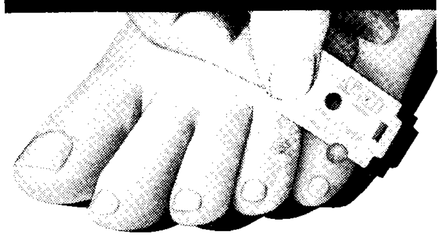

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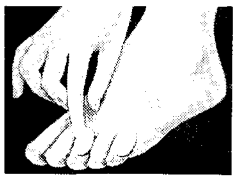

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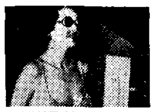

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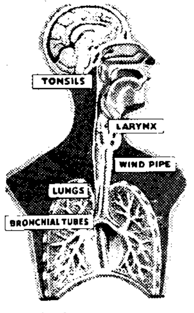

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PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF

COUGH RELIEF

(Continued from page 73)

"I'd like to go home," Mary quickly protested. "I want to go to my husband at once."

"You may go to Mr. Cantavo's apartment, or you may go to the police station, whichever you prefer," Henderson told her in no uncertain tone.

"The police station? What for?" she asked in amazement.

"For questioning," Henderson said.

"First, let her tell you, Henderson, what has happened to her." Cantavo was amazed at Henderson's harshness.

"I'd rather Mrs. Marsten said nothing until we reach your apartment. And then, I'll ask the questions myself. And you can be thinking up quick answers, too, Cantavo."

CANTAVO had never seen Henderson really mean before, except on the occasion when Tim had knocked him down. Mary shivered with nervousness and cold. Her teeth were chattering. Henderson took off his coat and wrapped it around her and closed the window. He offered her a cigarette and held a match for her.

Cantavo tried to comfort her. "You've been terribly frightened, Mary, but everything is all right now." He took one of her hands and held it reassuringly. "Inspector Henderson is a friend of mine. You have nothing to fear from him."

Henderson's glum silence was none too encouraging on that matter. Henderson spoke to the driver again. "I said step on it!"

Mary began to cry. Henderson spoke to her sternly. "Don't go to pieces now, Mrs. Marsten. There's a great deal to be done."

"I want to go home to Tim."

"You may see your husband after I have questioned you." He added contemptuously, "Do show some courage."

"Henderson, she's frightened!" Cantavo defended her.

"Don't encourage her to cry, Cantavo. Mrs. Marsten is an adult, after all." Henderson lighted a cigarette for himself.

Cantavo noticed that his coat was torn and there was blood on his hand. "You are hurt," Cantavo said.

"Not much. I got singed a bit in a couple of places, but it's nothing serious. Two of our men and four of theirs got seriously hurt, though. They've all been taken to a hospital. When we finish with Callingham's bunch this time, they won't ever again be in a position to cause any more trouble."

They drew up at the hotel. Inspector Henderson helped Mary courteously from the car. His overcoat which he had placed around her was much too long for her. It dragged on the pavement as she walked. "I won't need it any more. Thanks," she said.

HENDERSON was in no mood for pleasant thoughts, but he observed, with reluctant admiration, that Mary Marsten, hatless and coatless on a bitterly cold night, ever so frightened and walking beside a policeman who, she must inevitably know, was going to arrest her, walked through the lobby with a convincing lack of self-consciousness.

When they reached Cantavo's apartment, Henderson said: "Perhaps Mrs. Marsten would like some brandy or whisky."

"I don't want anything," Mary said.

"Take it, anyway," Henderson told her. He went to the telephone and dialed a number. "This is Henderson. Get District Attorney Davis up to West Sixty-eighth Street Station to question the Callingham gang. I'll be down there shortly."

As Henderson turned from the phone, Cantavo exclaimed: "You really are hurt, Henderson. Do you want a doctor?"

"A heel heeled me. That guy, Sandy, doesn't care what he hits with. I can't see out of one eye and my jaw feels as if it's paralyzed. I'd like to wash the blood off my hands, if you don't mind. It's not mine. It's somebody else's." And as he left the room, he said to Mary: "Drink that whisky."

When he returned to the room, Mary said to him: "Forgive me for being such a baby. I cried because I had been frightened for so long." She suddenly felt angry. "Where is Amy Martin?" she asked. "Why did she leave me in her apartment so long? Why didn't she tell someone where I was?"

"Suppose *you* tell us where you were," Henderson suggested.

"I've been locked up in Amy's apartment on Sixty-seventh Street. I was kept a prisoner. I couldn't get out."

"Who locked you up?"

"Two men. I don't know who they were."

"Where was Amy Martin all that time?"

"I don't know."

"Okay. Now tell me all about it, Mrs. Marsten. But begin in an orderly way. In other words, begin at the beginning. Tell me first where you met Amy Martin and how well you knew her; where you went when you ran away after your wedding; and why you ran away. After you've told me all those things, you may tell me what happened to you in Amy's apartment."

"I want to see Tim first. Why can't he come here while I answer your questions?"

"Your husband is under suspicion of the murder of Callingham and so are you. Therefore, I want to question you alone."

"But that's grotesque. Tim barely knew Walter Callingham—only to bow to him."

"Maybe he knew that you were better acquainted with Callingham."

"Of course, Tim knew I was acquainted with him. Walter Callingham was a close friend of my parents. His family were socially and financially important and Walter Callingham was extremely popular at one time. He used to be a frequent visitor at my home when I was a child of eight. Then, ugly rumors began being circulated about his gambling dishonesties and after that he just had drifted out of the picture. I never saw him again until a year ago."

"Where did you meet him then?"

"I have to go back a little ways to explain. Two years ago my parents died and left me the apartment and very little money. I tried to sell the apartment. You know how things have been. I couldn't sell it. I couldn't rent it for enough to support myself, so finally I had to find some kind of work. The only thing I could do was dance, so I tried to get in a show. The best I could do was get in the chorus—and I was glad to be able to do that. I didn't tell any of my friends, because I knew they'd all scream with disapproval and try to dissuade me. I couldn't afford to be dissuaded. I was hungry and needed money. So I changed my name, so that my friends shouldn't annoy me, and went into the chorus.

"I opened in a show called 'Lady Lightning.' It died on the road and never reached New York. In the show I met Amy Martin. I found her more companionable than anyone else in the show and saw her a lot. I liked her very much.

"I soon heard backstage gossip about Amy's being in love with Walter Callingham. And so, because I liked her, I told her that she had better be wary of him—that his reputation was none too good in regard to women and that he was said to be a confidence man."

"AND so, helped by your warning, your nice little girl from the country became a racketeer's girl?"

"A racketeer's?"

"They do say," Henderson replied. He was skeptical of her innocence.

"I didn't know that."

"She just liked him for his virtues, I suppose?"

"It's not strange that she should fall in love with him. Walter Callingham was a very attractive man, by anyone's standards, and she had never heard anything objectionable about him." She turned to Cantavo. "Could I have some coffee?"

"Of course," Cantavo said.

"Did you know that Amy Martin was Callingham's girl?" Cantavo asked Henderson.

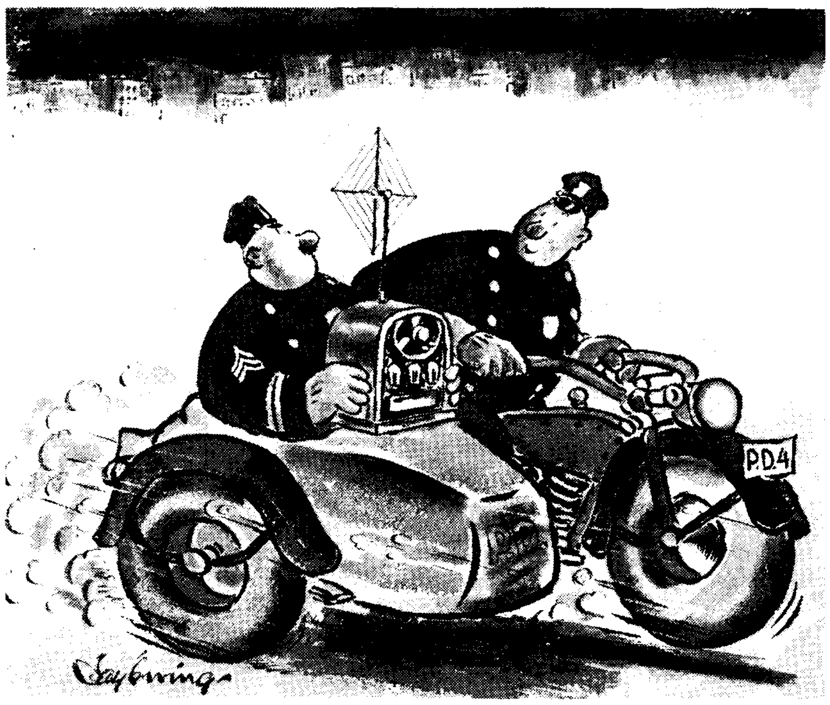
"I did," Henderson replied. "Why do you suppose all the cops in the city are looking for her?"

"Why didn't you tell me that?" Cantavo asked.

"As you have so often exclaimed, you are not a copper. You might be reluctant to help send Amy to the chair."

"After the show closed, I never saw Amy again for six months," Mary continued. "She had come to New York in

(Continued on page 76)



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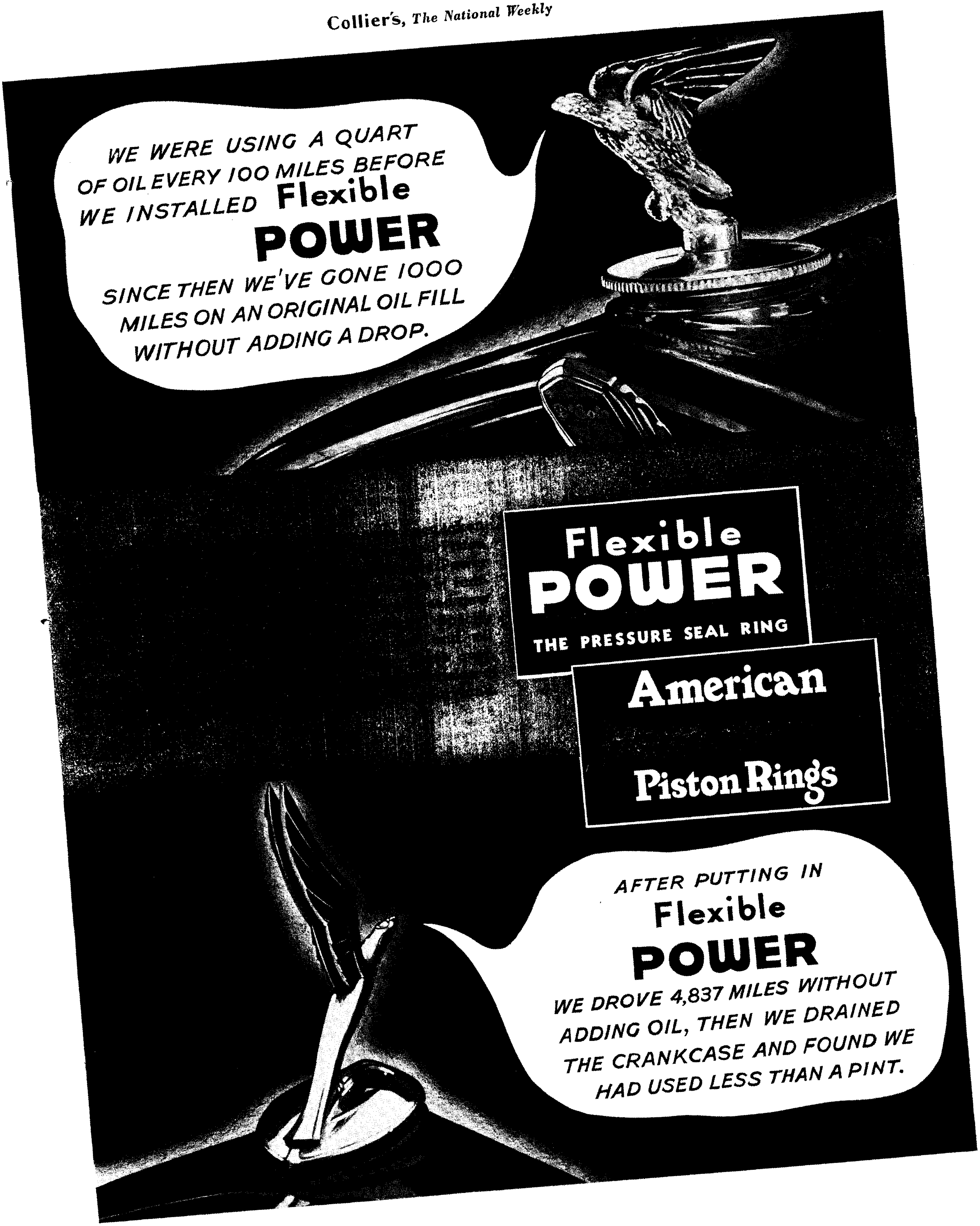
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Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 74

the meantime. She had given up working in the theater—"

"And was being kept by Callingham."

"I doubt that."

"However, it's true."

"I still doubt it. Amy was in love with Callingham. She got in away out of her depth, but I doubt that she was being kept by Callingham."

"All right," Henderson conceded her loyalty. "Go on."

"One day, a couple of months ago, she came to see me. She told me that she was in love with a man named Jernegan and that she was afraid to marry him because Callingham had said to her, 'Jernegan has plenty of dough. If you marry him, you can pay me.' Amy was terribly worried. She was also terribly frightened of Callingham. She had come to believe that he might be capable of violence. I thought she must be mistaken about it all, so I telephoned Callingham at the Plaza. I told him that Amy was seriously and advantageously in love. He couldn't have been nicer. He said he loved Amy more than anything else in the world and that he wanted her happiness above anything else. I told him that she had said he had threatened to blackmail her. He was angry—said he had been accused of a great many things, but never of blackmail. He convinced me that he wouldn't stand in the way of her marriage."

SAM brought in the coffee and started to pour it for Mary. "Scram," Henderson said to him.

"May I take my time?" Mary asked as she poured her coffee. "It's strange that I should be so sleepy. Perhaps it's because I'm not frightened any more."

Henderson was equally indifferent to her need of coffee and to the fact that she was feeling more rested. "And then?" he asked.

"I never heard from either Amy or Callingham again until the morning of my wedding. She phoned me and said that Callingham had just telephoned her to come to his apartment at once. That he had demanded that she marry Jernegan immediately and that he had been threatening again. Amy was jittering with terror. I thought it absurd of her to be frightened of him. I told her to go to Callingham's apartment at once and that I would meet her there. When I reached his apartment, I found that Amy had arrived ahead of me. She and Callingham had evidently come to an amiable agreement, for when the butler showed me into the room in which they were talking, Amy was all smiles and suggested at once that we leave. Callingham brought us both out to the street and put me in a taxi. I left the two of them standing on the walk. A taxi was drawing up behind me for Amy to get into. But, as I turned the corner, I noticed that Amy had not yet stepped into the taxi."

"That is a simple story, but why did you run away when I sent word to you that I wanted to talk to you?"

"I had a quick premonition that something dreadful had happened about Amy and Callingham. I dashed downstairs to telephone to her. When I got downstairs, I remembered that Amy had moved into a new apartment on West Sixty-seventh Street the day before and that the telephone had not yet been connected, so I stepped into a taxi and went to her apartment."

"Why did Amy have a new apartment?"

"I don't know. Amy wasn't at her apartment but her maid was. She told me that Callingham had been murdered and that Callingham's butler had sent word that she and Amy had better hide out—that the police might arrest her or that she might even get bumped off. I was amazed. I suddenly realized that I was involved in something really serious and really frightening. I told the maid she'd better find Amy at once and tell her to go to a lawyer and ask advice. The maid burst into tears and said she was afraid to go out onto the street for fear the police would arrest her.

"I told her to take my fur coat and my hat and to turn the collar up around her face and no one would recognize her. She did just that and she left the apartment. The rest of this you won't believe. It's fantastic. I went to Amy's closet in her bedroom and took out a coat and hat to wear home and had just started out the door when a man stepped in the room. He was an Italian or of Italian parentage. It's odd things don't happen in life the way you expect them to happen. Things don't happen melodramatically, I mean. Fantastic things happen so quietly. This man spoke to me courteously. He told me that I was to remain in the apartment; that I would in no way be molested unless I did something to attract attention. Really, I was speechless with surprise. He went on to say that my meals would be brought in to me and that I would find myself quite comfortable and that I had nothing to be frightened of.

"He then asked me, too, ever so politely, if I would be good enough to step into the bathroom a minute, and added. 'I'll slug you if you get ugly.' I stepped into the bathroom. I heard some hammering going on. Then he opened the door and said, 'I've locked the door into the living-room. You'll be quite comfortable with just this bedroom and bath. I've nailed the window down so you can't scream— And if you try to attract attention at the window, I'll do something worse than slug you.' And then he left."

"Did he lock the door?"

"I opened the door right after he left, but a man, not the same one, was sitting in the doorway of the apartment across the hall. 'If you open the door again, sister, I'll move into the apartment with you,' he said. After that they locked the door. It was opened only when the man brought my meals, which he did punctually every day; eight o'clock breakfast, twelve o'clock lunch, and six o'clock dinner."

"What did this second man look like?"

"He was blond, stocky in build, and had his head and his left hand bandaged."

"Did he talk to you when he brought your meals?"

"He just pushed a shoe box in the door with sandwiches and a cup of coffee, and then closed the door quickly. The meals never varied."

HENDERSON turned to Cantavo. "But the door wasn't locked when Cantavo found you."

Mary interposed an explanation. "Just before Mr. Cantavo rang the bell downstairs, I heard the telephone ring in the room across the hall. Right afterwards there was a knock on my door. I answered it. The man who brought my meals was at the door. He looked excited. He came in and closed the door after him and said, 'We may have to get out of here, sister.' He turned off the lights and peered excitedly out of the window. Just then the buzzer rang from downstairs and he jumped, apparently frightened, and ran out of the door and downstairs, leaving the door open after him."

Henderson turned to Cantavo. "Did you see any man on the stairs?"

"Yes, I did. A man bumped into me, hurriedly running downstairs."

"What did he look like?"

"I didn't look at him."

"As usual," remarked Henderson, annoyed.

"If you were to see those two men again, Mrs. Marsten, would you recognize them?"

"I most certainly would. May I go home now?"

Henderson went to the telephone and dialed a number. "This is Henderson speaking. Send two men to the top floor of the Raynor Apartments on West Sixty-seventh Street. Hold anyone who comes in or trace any phone calls that come in; also, don't touch anything in either apartment until we've had time to go over them."

HENDERSON then called the desk and asked to speak to Barnard, the house detective. "This is Inspector Henderson speaking," he said. "Are there any photographers or reporters in the lobby? Tell them that we are going to leave the hotel by the Fifty-seventh Street entrance. We'll be down in five minutes and will try to sneak quietly out by the Fifty-sixth Street door." As he hung up the receiver, he said: "You're in for some unpleasant publicity, Mrs. Marsten. You were recognized coming up in the elevator and now the lobby is full of reporters and photographers."

"What for? Why do they want to photograph me?"

Henderson hadn't time to tell Mary that she was supposed to be dead and that she was also supposed to have been Callingham's girl. Also, he didn't want her to hear that news. She would jump right into hysterics and have to be put to bed for several days. He didn't want any delay in her identification of the kidnappers. "You are news, Mrs. Marsten. You've been missing for several days and you have miraculously reappeared."

"I won't be photographed. I tell you I won't. I won't stand for that." Mary was verging on tears again.

Henderson showed no sympathy for her apprehension and distaste. "You will be whether you want to or not," he said gruffly, "so make up your mind to it and go through it with dignity."

"Are you taking me home?" she asked with suspicion.

"The West Sixty-eighth Street police station is not far out of your way home. It will take you only five minutes to stop by there." He turned to Cantavo. "Will you show Mrs. Marsten where she can find a mirror and some powder? I'm sure she'll feel more courageous in facing the world with a well-powdered nose."

"Do you have any face powder, Bill?"

"I have. Bachelors, fatuously, keep hoping for a lucky break."

"If you identify the two men that I think you could," Henderson called to Mary, "you can go home to your husband and live happily, I hope, ever after."

Henderson had been kind in forewarning Mary about the photographers. As they stepped out of the elevator into an excited throng, flashlights flickered. Mary walked through the commotion with a beautiful unawareness. Henderson envied her her poise. He felt a bit self-conscious. He wished that his face had not so obviously gotten the worst end of a fistic encounter. It hurt his pride.

"What happened to you, Henderson?" a photographer called to him. "Did a tractor plow you under?"

(To be concluded next week)

The man who hitched his wagon to 66 cents a day

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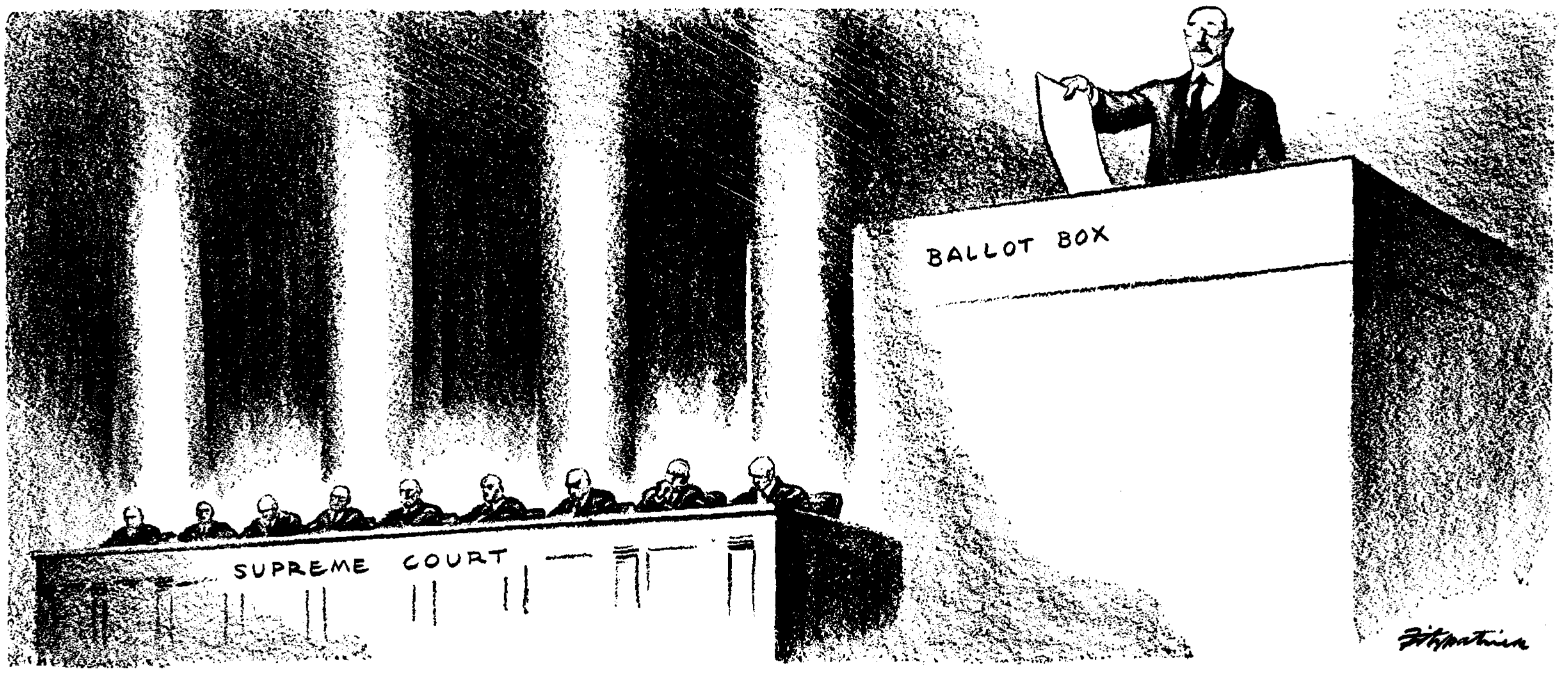


Last Resort

NOT since Lincoln's time has the Supreme Court loomed so large in public thought. The Civil War hinged on an interpretation of the Constitution. The Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court was an important factor in creating the anger out of which war emerged. Four years of fratricidal warfare were required to settle one constitutional issue.

The consequences of the Civil War wiped out the Dred Scott decision. As Lincoln himself passed from the scene the Constitution was amended to give authority to acts he had previously accomplished, notably the freeing of the slaves through the Emancipation Proclamation.

Soon afterwards the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments were adopted, immensely extending the scope of the federal government.

A Supreme Court, altered by the outcome of the war, continued as the final arbiter of what Congresses and Presidents might and might not do in accordance with the terms of the Constitution.

From the earliest days our Supreme Court has occupied a place unique in governments. If the Constitution had not provided a Supreme Court, it would have been necessary to invent one. Without some agency capable of interpreting the country's basic written law our system of government could not have endured.

When the British withdrew from what we call the United States, thirteen somewhat independent and theoretically sovereign colonies remained. The separate states were tied together by a loose agreement. Because the ties which bound them seemed too weak even for the requirements of a very simple agricultural civilization, a Constitution was written and adopted.

Nothing quite similar had happened in two thousand years. The men who wrote the Constitution went back to the little Greek states of the pre-Christian era for guidance concerning their problems. The contract they drew up divided power between the states and the new national government. It also divided the power allotted the national government. Checks and balances were set up so that Executive, Congress and the Courts might be kept to their respective functions.

Complicated rules require the services of an umpire. John Marshall, the great chief justice, was a man well able to serve in such a capacity. His decisions, which irritated more than one President, established the Supreme Court as the final interpreter of the Constitution.

The Court has no more power than the authority of its expressed judgment. The Court has no armies or police to enforce its decisions. It has no authority to levy taxes to maintain itself. It is not self-perpetuating. It can merely give its considered judgment concerning what is and what is not authorized by the Constitution.

Written 149 years ago, the Constitution left ambiguous answers to many questions which have since arisen. Abraham Lincoln was faced with the most difficult of all the issues which have come up. Did the states which agreed to the Constitution have the right to secede from it?

Although by his military decision in the emergency Abraham Lincoln settled the constitutional question of the right of a state to secede, he had previously criticized Chief Justice Taney's remarks in connection with the Dred Scott decision and he later ignored Justice Taney's ruling in a habeas corpus matter.

Lincoln said that while the Republicans would accept the decision ordering Dred Scott back to slavery, they would not accept Judge Taney's ruling that Congress had no authority to forbid slavery. Subsequently it was decided to adopt the Thirteenth Amendment, which gave the constitutional basis for the ending of slavery.

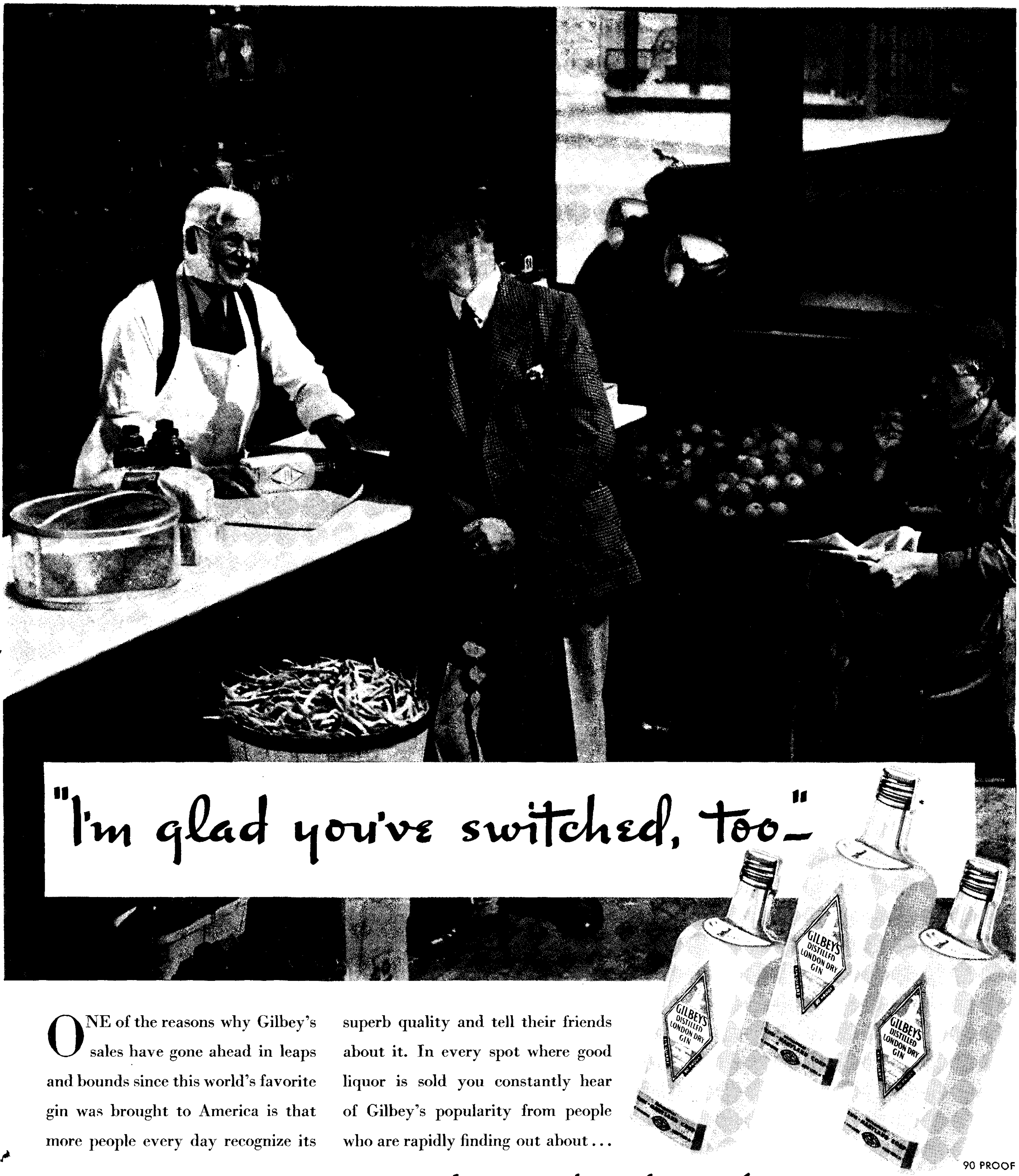
Even after the Civil War and the Reconstruction period the Constitution provided only definitely limited powers for the national government. During an actual war the central government might do anything deemed essential to defense and victory. But when peace returned the old rules prevailed. In the midst of peace, laws are not silent.

The problem which Lincoln confronted was how to use the powers granted in the Constitution to the federal government in the emergency. His great decision to preserve the Union was rendered without the aid of the Supreme Court or of Congress. Court and legislative body merely confirmed action which he upon his own initiative had taken.

The problem of how to adapt the Constitution to the requirements of a continuously changing civilization cannot, however, in peace times be solved by a forceful executive act. The surviving questions are not that simple.

The machinery of amendment is, of course, simple enough. It was not difficult in 1865 to pass an amendment outlawing slavery. It would, on the other hand, have been impossible to adopt such an amendment in 1856. It was easy to ratify the prohibition amendment in 1917 and it was equally easy to repeal prohibition in 1933. All that is necessary is a clearly defined majority opinion in three quarters of the states. If public opinion wants to change the Constitution in any respect, the way is open.

The historic difficulty has been to find amendments which sufficient majorities were willing to write into the Constitution. During 149 years just twenty-one amendments have been adopted, or, on the average, one every seven years. The voters have proved reluctant to approve any amendments which extended generally the authority of the national government at the expense of the states. So the Supreme Court has to interpret the existing rules and announce its decisions. Authority to change the rules is a power which hitherto the voters have been unwilling to surrender.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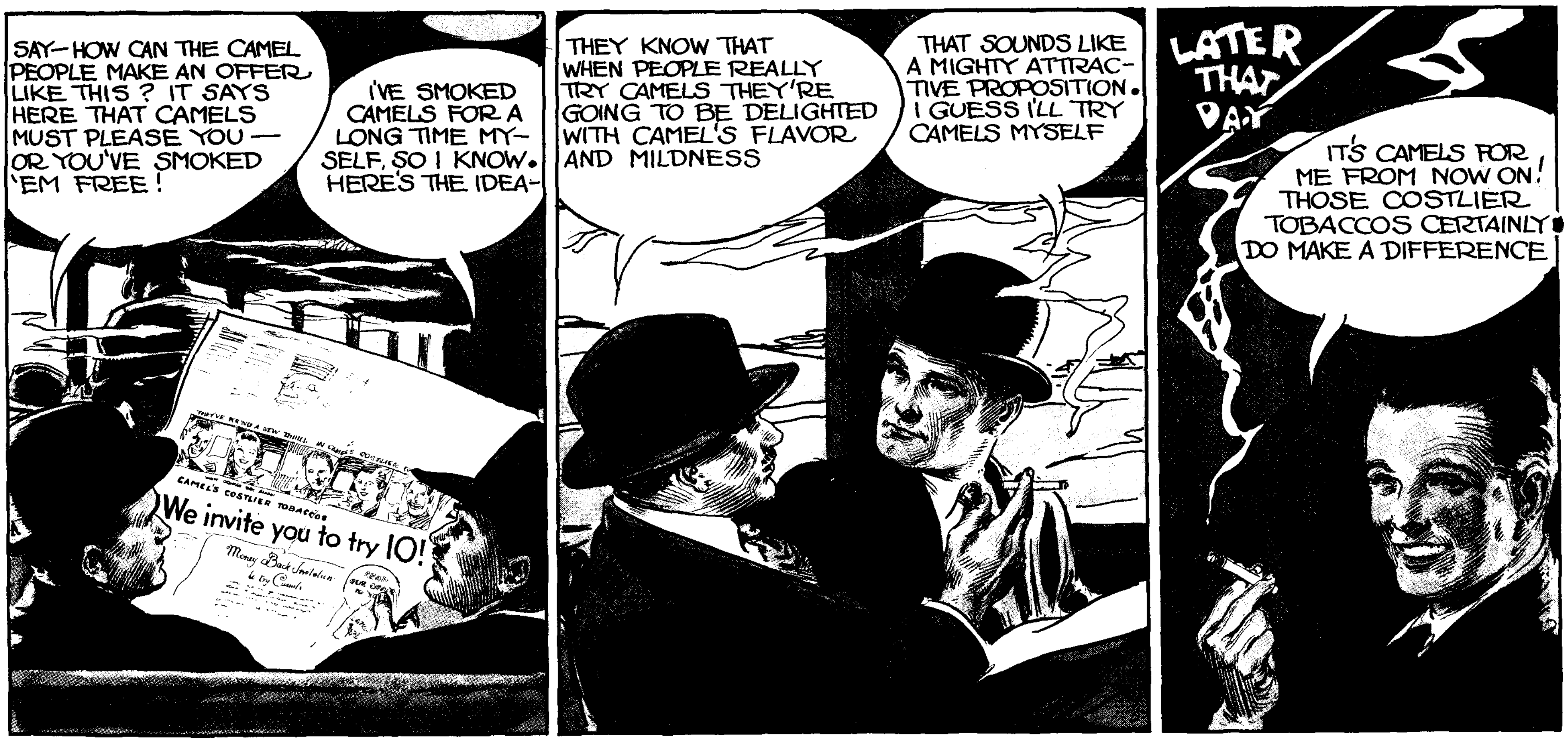
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